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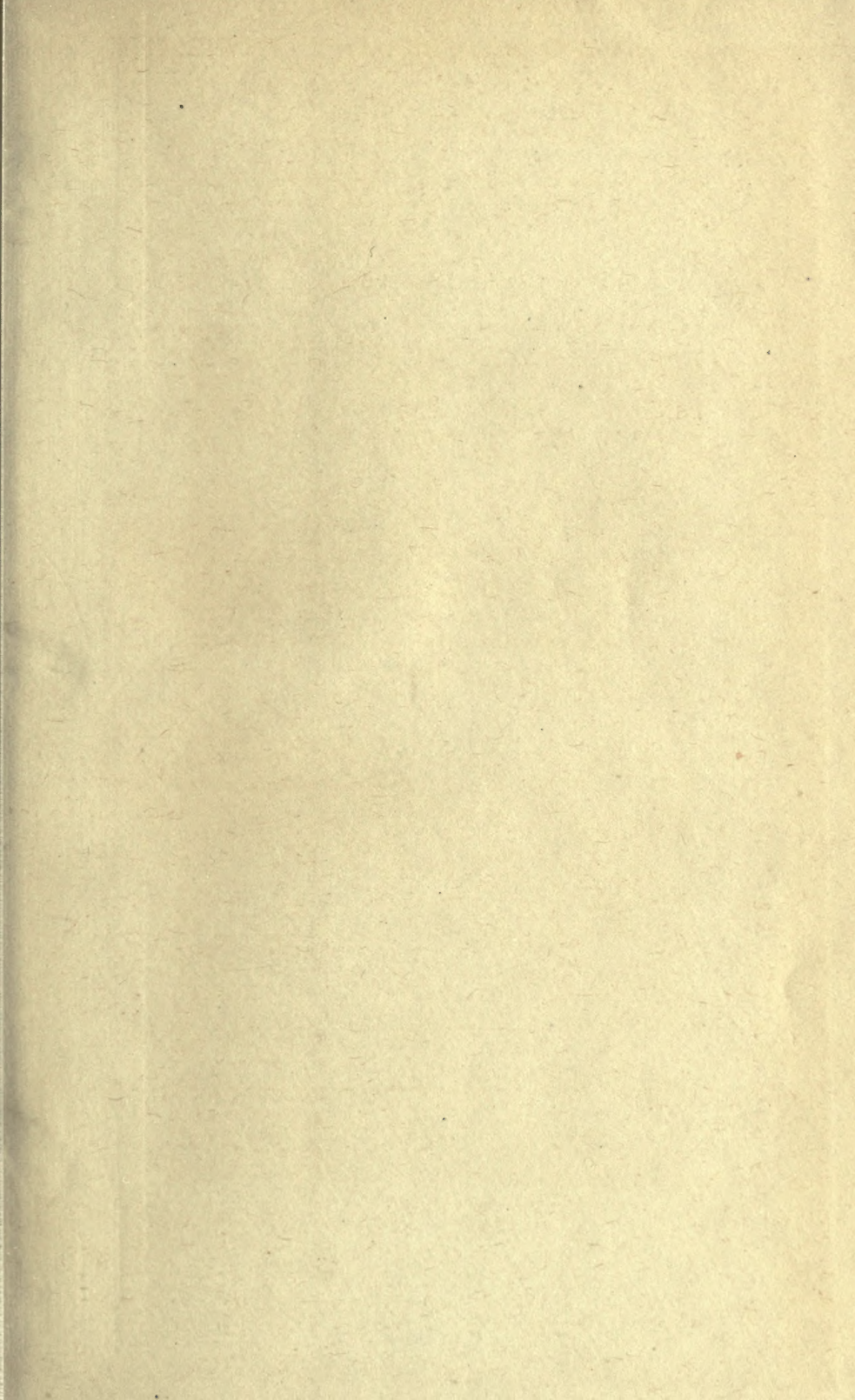





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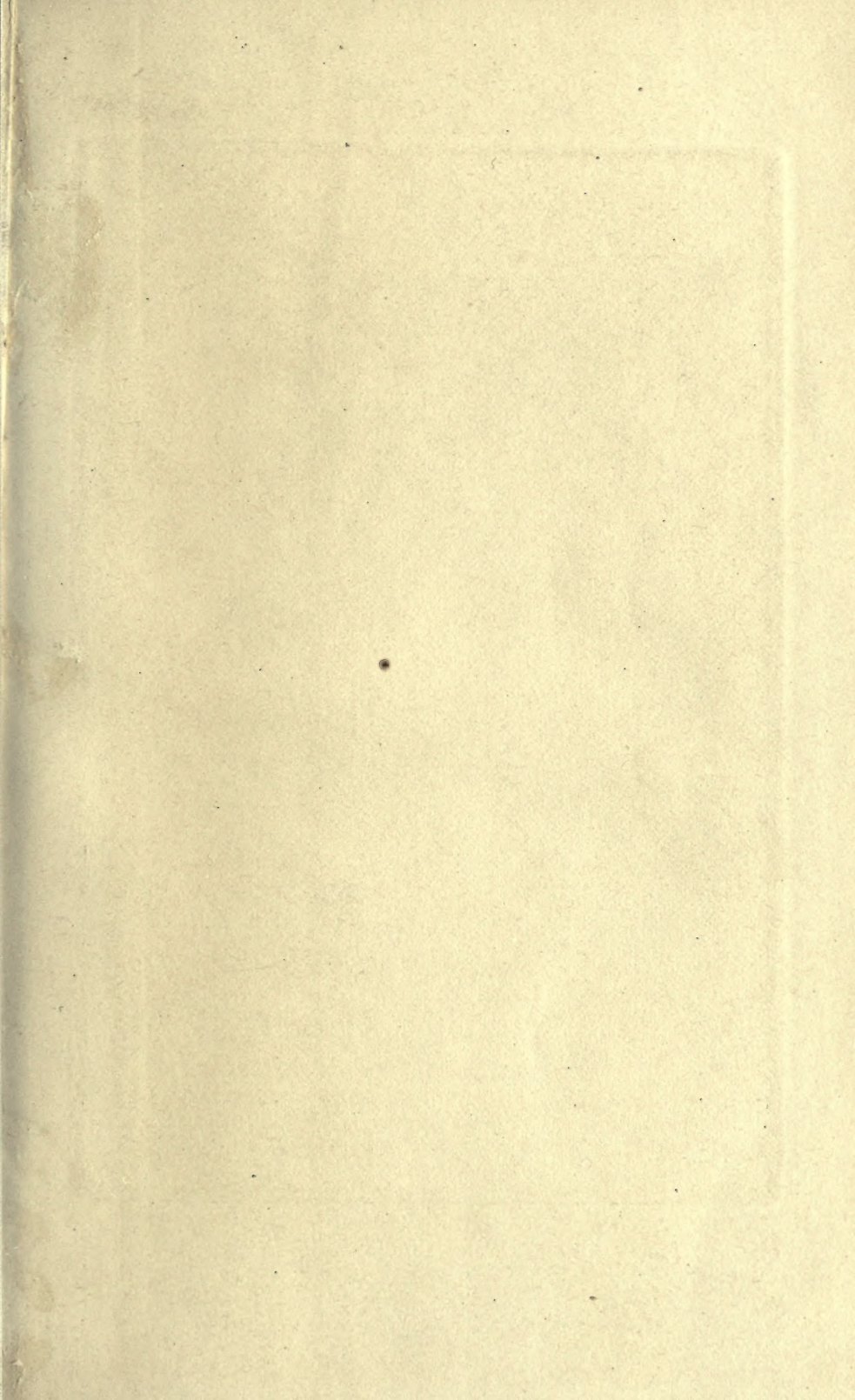
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etc. etc. etc.*

FOURTEEN YEARS OF DIPLOMATIC LIFE IN JAPAN

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF
BARONESS ALBERT d'ANETHAN

AUTHOR OF
"HIS CHIEF'S WIFE," "IT HAPPENED IN JAPAN,"
"TWO WOMEN," ETC.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
H.E. BARON KATO
JAPANESE AMBASSADOR TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES

WITH A PHOTOGRAVURE FRONTISPIECE AND
116 OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS IN HALF-TONE

LONDON
STANLEY PAUL & CO
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THIS RECORD OF
A PORTION OF OUR MARRIED
LIFE, AND OF OUR HAPPY COMPANIONSHIP,
IS DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY OF
MY HUSBAND
BARON ALBERT d'ANETHAN.

E. M. d'A.

LONDON, *April* 1912.

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AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

THESE pages herewith presented to the public are the daily annals of many happy years passed in Japan, and it is a pleasure to me to recall the fact that during the interesting and busy period employed by my husband at his post in the Far East, these simple records were from time to time of service to him for reference as to dates and to events.

It is in fulfilment of an earnest desire expressed during his last illness—that not only should these diaries be given to the world, but that they also should be presented in the personal form in which they were originally inscribed—that they are now published.

In complying with this desire (which to me is sacred,) I am fully confident that I have accepted a most difficult duty. These records were written with absolutely no thought of publicity, and on wading through volume after volume of the MS. it has seemed to me an almost impossible task—however interesting might be the country, the people, and the events referred to in its pages—to change the sketchy personal language of a diary, jotted down merely for the purpose of my own pleasure and reference, into a literary production worthy of publication.

I have therefore thought it wisest and best to refrain from the attempt; and with the exception of certain necessary corrections, and of considerable elimination (which is obviously imperative in a private and

profuse record such as this,) I have ventured to risk leaving the diaries in the simple form in which they were originally inscribed.

If, therefore, this daily history of a portion of our happy and united lives spent in a much-loved and progressive land, is found wanting in literary merit, if, in consequence of its plain, unvarnished style, the interest may flag at times, and, above all, if, which from the nature of the work is surely bound to be the case, the personal and egotistical note is struck too loudly and too frequently, I can but crave the indulgence of the critic and the reader.

I beg to offer my grateful thanks to Professor Conder, of Tokyo, for his kind permission of the reproduction in black and white of eight of the coloured illustrations in his valuable volume *The Floral Art of Japan*. I hereby also offer my sincere thanks to Baroness Sannomiya, Mrs. Ozaki, Colonel Hume, and others for various interesting photographs kindly lent to me for reproduction in my book.

E. MARY d'ANETHAN.

April 1912.

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INTRODUCTION

THE late Baron Albert d'Anethan, who represented his country with much distinction at the Court of Tokyo for the long space of sixteen and a half years, was a scion of an ancient and distinguished Belgian family, and the descendant of a long line of statesmen and diplomatists. He was named Secretary to Japan in 1873, remaining there till 1875, and after serving his country in various capitals of Europe and America in different capacities, he was appointed to Tokyo as Minister Resident of Belgium in 1893 and promoted in the following year to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the King of the Belgians, which latter office he held until 1910, when he died in harness in that city.

From the moment of his arrival in Japan he thoroughly entered into the life and sentiments of the Japanese people and obtained a wonderful insight into their characteristics. While no doubt aware of such failings as my countrymen may possess, he gave most generous credit to their good qualities and ungrudgingly appreciated their aspirations and desires to secure a prominent place in the rank of nations. In other words, he understood the Japanese to a degree very rare among foreigners residing in Japan, howsoever long their residence in that country may be, and, as he understood them, he completely sympathised with them.

For seven years during his residence as Belgian Minister he was the *doyen* of the Diplomatic Corps

in Tokyo, and discharged the duties incumbent on that position with singular tact and ability, giving equal satisfaction to the Government to which he was accredited and to his colleagues. The credit was all the greater because, although the Japanese have made considerable progress in the ways of Western civilisation, their intercourse with the outside world has been of comparatively short duration, and their manners, modes of expression, nay, even sentiments were in several respects somewhat different from those of other nations. Thus unpleasantness might unwittingly have resulted in the relations between the Japanese Government and foreign Representatives unless things were very adroitly handled; but in Baron d'Anethan's skilful hands no untoward incident was allowed to happen, and the relations between the two were always of a most smooth and pleasant description.

The friendly sentiments which Baron d'Anethan entertained towards Japan and its people were cordially appreciated and reciprocated by the Emperor and such of his subjects as had the privilege of coming into contact with him officially or otherwise. In consequence, they held him in respect and affection while he lived, and they sincerely lamented his death. The Belgian Government is to be indeed envied in having so long had a Representative in Tokyo who, while always endeavouring to promote the interests of his country, knew so well how to gain the respect and sympathy of the nation to which he was accredited.

In these endeavours, Baron d'Anethan was ably assisted by his wife, to whose interesting diary, kept during her sojourn in Japan with her late husband and now given to the world, these lines form the introduction. Being an English lady by birth and endowed with all the superior qualities of her race, she is quite a woman of the world, eminently fitted to be a diplomatist's wife. Her natural charm, grace, broad-minded-

ness, and sympathetic nature, in addition to her tact and discretion, must have been of invaluable help to her husband. Those who have had the good fortune to know them in their happy wedded life, like the writer of these lines, know that such was the case, and that her husband had the greatest respect and admiration for her in consequence. Baroness d'Anethan, like her husband, thoroughly appreciates my countrymen and is loved by them.

There was no social or charitable function of any importance during her long residence in Tokyo in which she did not play an important rôle, as the following diary clearly testifies—a diary which is in fact a history, social and otherwise, of my country during its most interesting period, well and concisely written. The help and sympathy which she invariably gave to all good undertakings either for the improvement of social intercourse or for the promotion of charitable objects will long be remembered by her numerous friends in Japan. May their sympathy and good wishes be some consolation to her in her great bereavement!

TAKA AKI KATO.

JAPANESE EMBASSY, LONDON.

August 10th, 1911.



FOURTEEN YEARS OF DIPLOMATIC LIFE IN JAPAN

CHAPTER I

1893

Arrival in Yokohama—First day in Japan—Tokyo—Audience at Court—Audience with the Empress—The Palace—Kamakura—The great Buddha—Enoshima—A weird scene—Audience with Prince and Princess Arisugawa—Asakusa—Audiences—His Majesty's birthday—Ball given by Minister of Foreign Affairs—A chrysanthemum show—A Japanese dinner.

October 2, 1893.—We (my husband, Baron Albert d'Anethan, Belgian Minister to the Court of Japan, my friend Miss Tuck, myself, and three Belgian servants) disembarked from the *Empress of China* and arrived at Yokohama about 8 a.m. We went off from the boat about 9.30, M. de Groote, our Secretary, meeting us on board. On arrival at the Customs House we all took jinrickshaws. A. and I nearly died of laughter watching Léopoldine, our extremely fat Belgian cook, with a face of agonised despair, clinging hold frantically to the sides of her 'rickshaw, nursing my dressing-case on her very capacious lap. No possible terrors would have induced her to relinquish this precious burden, and with an expression on her round and honest countenance greatly resembling the pictures of the early Christian martyrs, she gradually resigned herself to what she was evidently convinced was sure and speedy annihilation! We certainly went a

rattling pace. At first, to the uninitiated, this means of progression seems insecure and dangerous to a degree, and at night the effect is most weird, each 'rickshaw man holding a lantern to guide his steps through the rather dimly lighted streets. We put up at the Grand Hotel, and fortunately we were blessed with our usual fine weather. After lunch a party of shipboard friends started off with us to see a house of which A. had heard. We were eight or ten persons, each with two men for our 'rickshaw. We literally flew along, especially down the hills, and one's position seemed so perilous, that at times my heart was in my mouth. Mr. Thomas Cook (the originator of Cook's Tours), who had been on board the *Empress of China* with a party, joined us on our way. As we tore on our frantic course it looked for all the world like one of his personally conducted tours being conveyed by some extremely novel and unusual means. We were delighted with the house, which was amply and even luxuriously furnished. The lovely garden likewise tempted us, and in the distance there was a perfect view of snowy Fujiyama, so we decided at once to take it for a month while waiting for our Legation in Tokyo. We engaged three Japanese servants with the house. I was charmed with all three; they appeared so clever, polite, and obliging.

Afterwards we all, with the exception of A. and M. de Groote, trundled off once more to visit the Botanical Gardens and the Yokohama Nursery Company. The latter is a magnificent nursery-garden, comprising a wonderful display of the far-famed Japanese dwarf trees. Some of these plants are most beautiful and curious: one little fir tree they showed us, with a trunk of immense thickness, was, they told us, over three hundred years old. We saw them packing lily bulbs for exportation. They roll the bulbs in mud, in which covering they remain in perfect condition until the season for planting, which is the spring.

Then we all started off once again, this time around Mississippi Bay—a most exhilarating drive. I was somewhat disappointed by the appearance of the rice fields; the rice looked to me so stunted in its growth. It seemed as if the crop should have looked more imposing so soon before the harvest, which takes place in November. My 'rickshaw man, after much persuasion on my part, picked me some lovely red lilies growing by the sides of the rice fields. I could not resist them, they were such a glorious deep red. But now I understand the man's reluctance, as I am told the Japanese look upon these particular red lilies as unlucky, associating the flowers with death.

We finally reached a tea-house. We went in and partook of a pale-straw mixture without milk or sugar, served in charming little cups without handles or saucers. For food we were given wafers of different brilliant colours, inside of which were mottoes written in Chinese characters. We were waited on by half a dozen *naisans*, dressed most fascinatingly in brilliant *kimonos* and *obis*. They went into peals of rippling laughter at every word we said, the smallest and most trivial remark seeming to excite their mirth. One pretty girl, who told us she was sixteen, spoke English quite well. After we had finished our tea the girls offered to dance for us; but we should have been obliged to wait half an hour while they changed their garments, and it was getting late, so we declined.

October 7, 1893.—We went to Tokyo, and were met at the station by a brougham. Besides the coachman there is a running footman, who is called a *betto*. This man runs through the streets before the carriage, uttering a peculiar, warning, shrill cry to keep off the crowds. Tokyo, the seat of the Government, is a far bigger town than I imagined. I am told that the city one way and another covers an enormous area, consisting at least of fifteen miles of long continuous streets in one direction and twelve

or fourteen in the other. In fact a friend informed me it is as big as London and many of its suburbs put together. It certainly seemed to me a very busy city, and the numberless narrow streets were swarming with populace and with jinrickshaws and long slender carts, the latter mostly pushed and dragged by men who uttered strange cries as they struggled with their burdens up the steep hills. In the old feudal days before the Restoration, in 1868, and when it was still the seat of the Tokugawa Shoguns, Tokyo was called Yedo. During that Government every great *daimio*, or prince, was obliged to possess a palace in the city, and, accompanied by his immense retinue of *samurai* and followers, was forced not only to live certain months of the year within the precincts of the capital, but he was likewise obliged to leave his wives and families there as hostages for good behaviour the whole year round. I was struck by the massive and beautiful ancient gateways and mediæval moats and pine-grown ramparts, which in the old days enclosed the armed camps of every *daimio's* castle*; and we passed the great wall of the Palace, composed of gigantic blocks of stone kept together in some mysterious way without a vestige of cement.

We had tea later at the hotel, which was that evening beautifully illuminated with thousands of coloured lanterns in honour of a banquet given to one hundred and fifty business men. We saw the tables set out for this dinner, charmingly arranged with flowers, both *à l'européenne* and *à la japonaise*, the latter arrangement consisting merely of a branch of red berries on one side, and on the other a bunch of marguerites beautifully and artistically placed. This art of flower decoration is brought to a high pitch of beauty, and I am told that every arrangement has some abstruse and poetical meaning. We stayed and watched a Japanese conjurer performing his

* These gateways, moats, etc., have now mostly disappeared in this year (1912).



IN A CARRIAGE OF THE COURT: BARON d'ANETHAN EN ROUTE TO PRESENT HIS CREDENTIALS.

Photo by Baroness d'Auchan.



clever tricks, and we saw some perfectly marvellous fireworks, before we left to catch our train. On our arrival at Yokohama our drive in 'rickshaws through the dark, narrow streets at a tremendous pace, accompanied by the shrill cries of the 'rickshaw men was weird and exciting to a degree.

October 10, 1893.—Our presentation to their Majesties took place at 10 a.m. A Court carriage, very smart with beautiful horses, was sent for A., and a Court chamberlain came personally to conduct him to the Palace. They drove off in all their splendour, while I in solitary glory followed modestly behind in our own carriage. The Palace grounds are surrounded by moats and several walls of immense thickness, very massive and impressive, surmounted by gnarled and ancient pines. As we drove across the double bridge of stone and through the gates, a battalion of soldiers blew a fanfare and saluted, and all along from the gates to the Palace there were posted sentries, saluting.

At length we reached the Palace, a long, one-storied, unostentatious wooden building, and we were met at the door by a large suite, who conducted us along endless passages, adorned at intervals by beautiful black lacquer doors, till we reached an imposing room, where the chamberlains and *maîtres de cérémonie* awaited us. They were introduced to us, also a charming lady, Mademoiselle Kagawa, who spoke English very well, and who seemed very pleasant. She is one of the ladies-in-waiting of the Empress. Shortly after another lady appeared, Countess Takakura, Grande Maîtresse of the Empress, who did not know English or French; but all I said to Mademoiselle Kagawa was translated to this lady. Meantime A. had been conducted to the Emperor, whom he found most gracious and dignified. A. read his speech, and it was translated to H.I.M. by the interpreter; and the Emperor's reply to this speech was also read and translated.

After A.'s audience was over I was conducted along several passages, meeting him half-way, and we walked together to the rooms where the Empress awaited us. We made our bows and curtsies at the door, and approached to where she was standing, perfectly immovable. I was charmed with Her Majesty's appearance. She was dressed in a fabrication evidently straight from Paris, of lovely mauve *broché* satin, with a *gilet* of pale pink, and she wore as ornaments one large diamond brooch, and the star of her country. During the whole time of our interview she never moved a muscle of her face, keeping her small and beautifully shaped mouth partly open, and speaking in a whisper. She never seemed even to blink an eye. Her interpreter repeated all her remarks and mine also in a whisper. To speak in a whisper is, I am told, Court etiquette in Japan. The maids-of-honour of the Empress with her grand chamberlains stood around the room, immovable and silent. After Her Majesty had asked me a few questions about my journey and my health, she said "Au revoir," and I drew aside, and A. came up. She seemed extremely pleased when he said that the King and Queen of Belgium had desired messages of good will to be conveyed to Her Majesty.

When we had retired from the audience-chamber, the Grand Chamberlain showed us through the state-rooms of the Palace, which are built of precious woods. Electric light is installed, which, however, the Emperor will not allow to be employed, being naturally, in this land of conflagrations, very much afraid of fire. The vast rooms are full of beautiful lacquer, lovely china, and magnificent embroideries, and the ceilings are embroidered in little squares, each square a different and most elaborate design. During our procession through the rooms we were accompanied by seven or eight Court officials, but only two or three could speak English. One of these, M. Sannomiya, has an English wife. We returned from the Palace

in the same order as we came, A. still accompanied by his chamberlain, who came upstairs with us and remained some time.

October 11, 1893.—We met the Hardcastles at the station at 10.25 a.m., and we all went off together to Kamakura with the guide, to visit the famous Buddha, or *Daibutsu*. Kamakura, now merely a little fishing-village, was originally the seat of the Shoguns and was once a flourishing city. A most interesting temple still exists (*Hachiman*), which we visited. This temple, dedicated to the God of War, is situated on the top of the hill, reached by crossing a picturesque curved stone bridge and by mounting many steps. On the left of the steps is a magnificent tree, the nature of which is unknown to me, but I was informed it was over a thousand years old. In the temple are many religious and ancient historical relics, among others the sword of Yoritomo, the first Shogun in 1191, and the war-banner of Iyeyasu, the founder of the Tokugawa line, was also shown to us. The *Daibutsu* is situated beyond the village, to which place we all drove in 'rickshaws, each drawn by two men. The great Buddha was centuries ago first made of wood. It is now of massive bronze, and its height is over 49 feet; the length of the face is nearly 9 feet; the length of the eyes, which are of pure gold, is over 3 feet; the circumference of the thumb is 3 feet; and the curls on the head number 830. The silver boss on the forehead weighs 30 pounds. The face of this colossal figure is quite wonderful, and most peaceful in its placidity and dignity of expression. It made an immense impression on me, the proportions are so magnificent, and the appearance of repose and strength so entirely one's idea of the holy Buddha. We went inside the image, and climbed up into its head. By this means only can one appreciate its enormous size.

Later we continued our drive in 'rickshaws to the

sacred island of Enoshima, passing through charming scenery, and coming across a little cemetery, where the cremated ashes of the dead are buried. We also saw several solitary graves, marked—in the midst of high grasses and bushes—by a little moss-grown and ancient tombstone. At length we reached Enoshima, lying peacefully bosomed in the blue water, and after climbing up a steep and sandy hill, we found a height overlooking the sea, where we rested to picnic. The sand is of a greyish colour, but the sea, dotted here and there by curious fishing-junks or *sampans*, was blue and smiling. After lunch we crossed an immensely long and primitive wooden bridge, by which we reached the town. When the tide is in, this bridge, which is frequently washed away, is the only means of communication with the mainland.

The street that met our view was one of the most picturesque I have yet seen in this country. It is long and extremely narrow and up a steep hill, with wooden houses each side of the street, built with strange tumble-down-looking balconies, overhanging and almost meeting across the road, and adorned with many brilliant-coloured banners. We stopped at little shell-shops in the street, and bought curious shells, and weird objects cut from shells and pebbles. It was all intensely old-world and Japanese, and we were proportionately enchanted and interested.

We wandered on and on, up many steep steps, until we came to a tea-house, where we rested awhile, drank Japanese tea, and took lessons from charming *naisans* in the use of the chopsticks. We were all very awkward over this last accomplishment, but some of us were indeed triumphant when we managed, after great exertions, to pick up some of the gorgeous-coloured little cakes. There was a perfect view of snow-clad Fujiyama and of the lovely blue sea and the rugged rocks from this tea-house, and we were sorry to be obliged to tear ourselves away to

wander up still more steps. Our object was to reach a cave; but when, after climbing very high, we started clambering down precipitous and slippery rocks, and at length arrived near the spot, we found the tide was coming in so fast that it was perilous to attempt to cross to the cave. We contented ourselves, therefore, by sitting on the rocks overhanging the sea, and by watching and admiring the strangeness of the scene. We were surrounded by wild-looking men, who had but little on, except a narrow band around the waist. These men were fishermen and divers, and after we had watched for some time the waves dashing against the rocks, and the beaching of the huge junks controlled by individuals with skins burnt almost black by the sun and wind, the divers offered to dive for us. They did this from a great height, from the lofty rocks covered with seething foam, and each time they reappeared they brought up from the depths a lobster, which with smiles and bows they presented to us. A., however, promptly precipitated his particular lobsters back into their native sea. It was a curious sight to see us Europeans perched on these heights, surrounded by naked brown men and by numberless lobsters, the latter crawling all over the bare rocks, while the foaming waves were dashing below us, and above was the grey twilight sky. There was something very uncanny and weird about the whole scene, and it struck me at the time that this strange sight would have made a good subject for Doré's brush.

The walk back was fatiguing, and we were extremely glad when we reached our rickshaws. A frantic drive back to the station through the darkening semi-tropical vegetation, up hill and down dale, was very ghostly. We arrived, however, in good time for the train, and reached Yokohama about 7.30 p.m.

October 31, 1893.—A. and I went to Tokyo for an audience with Prince and Princess Arisugawa

Taruhito, the uncle and aunt of the Emperor. We were also received at the same time by Prince and Princess Arisugawa Takihito, the former Prince's younger brother and sister-in-law. The ladies were dressed in European dress, the Princes in the uniform of the Army and Navy. A. wore his frock-coat; I, *toilette de visite*. The palace was a capacious European building, and the *dame d'honneur*, Madame Inouyé, who acted as interpreter, and who spoke English perfectly, was quite charming. We were most kindly received and sat some time with their Imperial Highnesses.

November 1, 1893.—We bade farewell to our temporary quarters in Yokohama, and came up to the Imperial Hotel, Tokyo. We went in the afternoon to Asakusa to see a temple which is very ancient. There is held in the vicinity of the temple a fair, consisting of hundreds of booths of cheap and worthless curios, old books, toys, hair-pins and combs of quaint design, glass bowls of golden carp, and cartloads of dwarf trees and flowering plants. I found this fair a most picturesque and characteristic sight. Swarms of people—perfectly quiet and respectful—crowded round us whenever we stopped to make purchases at one of the numerous little stalls, but they were each time dispersed by the police, though they never annoyed us in the slightest. This temple, which is dedicated to Kwannon, the Goddess of Mercy, is thronged with worshippers both male and female, morning, noon, and night. I have been told that the middle- and lower-class Japanese have no great religious feeling, but it is difficult to believe this information when one observes the numberless temples crowded with their constant stream of devout worshippers.

November 2, 1893.—A. and I had audiences with Prince and Princess Komatsu, Prince and Princess Kan-in (the latter is very pretty, and the Prince speaks French extremely well), and with Prince and



THE GREAT BUDDHA AT KAMAKURA.

Nirvâna ! Such the song, the slumb'ring song of rest,
That springs from silent lips, unfathomable eyes.
Erect—grand—motionless ; bare, thy bronzed mighty breast ;
Wrapped in eternal calm—eternal calm supplies !

Photo by Baroness d'Anethan.



Princess Kita-shira-kawa, all at different palaces. At Prince Kan-in's palace we were given tea. These Princes and Princesses are all of the Imperial circle and are, one way and another, related to the Emperor. The nearest, after the Crown Prince, to the throne is Prince Arisugawa, with whom we had our audience on the 31st. The Crown Prince is still but a lad of thirteen, and he is unfortunately very delicate. He is under the medical care of Dr. Baelz, of the Imperial University, who has done wonders for him. I have not yet seen H.I.H., but I hear he is bright and intelligent and is very fond of foreigners. It is difficult to understand the various relationships of the Imperial family to the Emperor or to each other, as it is greatly complicated by the habit of adoption, the brother, nephew, or cousin frequently being adopted as a son.* M. and Madame Sannomiya received us at Prince Kan-in's. Madame Sannomiya is an Englishwoman, with very pleasant manners, and is, I am told, a great power at the Court. Her husband is Vice-Grand Master of Ceremonies.

November 3, 1893 (the Emperor's Birthday).—A. went off to a grand lunch given by the Emperor at the Palace in honour of His Majesty's birthday. E. and I walked to the Palace compound and saw all the Ministers and the high Japanese pass to the Palace in their many brilliant uniforms. Tokyo looked very gay and animated. The lunch was entirely Japanese, and they drank *saké* and ate with chopsticks. A. brought back his pretty *saké* cup, which was placed in his carriage, and two little white cranes made of silk. The *saké* cup is of delicate porcelain of white and gold, and is adorned with the Imperial Chrysanthemum. In the evening he dined with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Mutsu, and after the dinner he returned for us, and we all went later to a large ball, given by the Count at the Club. The

* This practice of adoption in the Imperial family has been done away with of late years (1912).

decorations at the ball were beautiful, the whole building being illuminated, both outside and inside, by strings and strings of millions of lanterns. The chrysanthemums, of which there were huge pots covered with a mass of blossom, were indeed a dream of beauty, and at the entrance to the ballroom there was a tiger made entirely of these flowers, which was most realistic and ingenious. The ball was very pleasant. The Princesses looked charming, and I introduced E. to those by whom I had already been received in audience. Both A. and I danced in the Royal quadrille, the former with Princess Kan-in, and I with a Japanese grandee who only spoke Japanese, but who did his figures very nicely and correctly. We danced most of the figures twice over, and in a very stately and dignified manner.

November 4, 1893.—Mr. Q——, our Japanese ship-board friend, and Baron Siebold lunched with us, and we went later with the former to see the show of chrysanthemums at Dangozaka. The flowers are twisted and turned into wonderful shapes, many representing some ancient picture or story. These arrangements are wonderfully clever, but I found them more curious and ingenious than actually beautiful. The pots are completely hidden from view, but this mass of flowers and vegetation is all growing. Mr. Q—— took us afterwards to a Japanese restaurant and gave us a Japanese dinner. On entering the building we had, of course, to take off our shoes, and we were shown into a sweet room of beautiful wood, the floor of which was covered with thick matting. First Japanese tea was served; then soup in lacquer bowls, with fish and meat floating about in it; then came raw fish daintily arranged in red and white slices; then cooked fish, then shrimps, then lobsters and lily roots, then seaweed, after which followed many articles of which I did not know the nature or the name; and finally we were presented with bowls of rice. We were given *saké* to drink; very

like hot sherry, I thought it. Our struggles with our chopsticks were manifold, sometimes by mere luck successful, but generally not. *Geisha*, two sweet little dancing-girls of thirteen and fourteen, adorned in brilliant-coloured *kimonos*, danced for us during the meal, while a third played the *samisen*. Their movements were graceful, while their arms and hands were very expressive; they were really most fascinating children. The dinner lasted over two hours, and we were somewhat tired at the end, from remaining so long in our unusual and cramped position on the ground. We left Mr. Q—— in the tea-house. He is a kindly and pleasant man whose English is somewhat quaint. Once on board ship, when I asked him if he would be so good as to tell A. I wanted him, he went to A. and said, "Baron, will you please come? The She-Baron is asking for you." A. and I thought this name for me most delightful and expressive!

CHAPTER II

1893

The Imperial Chrysanthemum Garden Party—A party at the Arsenal Gardens—A dinner at the Prime Minister's—Dinner with the President of the House of Lords—The "No" dance—The maples at Oji—The Belgian Legation as an historical house—A *fête* day—A Japanese artist.

November 10, 1893.—This was a great day, being the occasion of the Chrysanthemum Party in the gardens of the Court. We arrived about two o'clock at the Akasaka Palace, and traversed what seemed to me the most lovely gardens in the world. It was a very long promenade through verdure-bordered paths and up and down hills and wooden rustic steps. But every minute was full of beauty and interest, and I regretted when we at length reached the place, surrounded by tents arranged with pots of varied coloured chrysanthemums, where we were to await the arrival of the Court. The Corps Diplomatique took up their stand according to precedence, and opposite to them were placed all the high and official Japanese. After a time the bands struck up the impressive National Anthem, and the Emperor and the Empress, followed by the Imperial Princes and Princesses and all the Court, slowly passed us in procession. We curtsied as they passed, then followed in the cortège. It was a wonderful walk, and a charming spectacle to gaze back at these strings of gaily dressed people slowly wending their way under the shade of the spreading, brilliant-coloured maple trees and across the picturesque bridges. When we arrived at the marquee where their Majesties had taken their stand, we were received in audience according to our precedence. I was allowed on this occasion to introduce E. to the Empress. We were taken

up first of all to the Emperor, who was most gracious to A., then we went on to the Empress. She spoke very kindly to me and shook hands twice. To E. she only bowed. I bowed to all the Princesses, E. doing as I did. Then we returned to our places, and after all the Chefs de Missions and their wives were received in audience, we sat down to a lunch. The Emperor and Empress and Imperial family had a table *à part*, the rest of the company being placed at little round tables. Madame Sienkiewicz, wife of the French Minister, Countess Ito, wife of the Prime Minister, and myself were at the first table, the other guests being placed according to their rank. We were served with an excellent and sumptuous repast, and after it was over the cortège was re-formed, and the Imperial family, bidding us farewell, took their departure. We followed almost immediately, General Oyama (of military fame) giving me his arm. The walk lasted about twenty minutes, and I had plenty of time to admire this lovely park, with the maple trees in their full glory of colouring, as my companion could only speak a few words of French. The chrysanthemums were magnificent, one plant alone possessing seven hundred blossoms. These chrysanthemums are trained in a stiff and conventional manner, the result being that, though somewhat artificial, every blossom is shown off to advantage.

November 11, 1893.—We went to a promenade concert at the picturesque and far-famed Arsenal gardens. These gardens are one of the beauties of Tokyo. They are purely Japanese, and are laid out with little streams and lakes, stone bridges and stepping-stones, all intersected with overhanging, winding paths. Many of the younger Japanese ladies were wearing gorgeous-coloured *kimonos*, pink and mauve and pale blue, with richly brocaded *obis*. The story of the forty-seven Ronins was acted in the open air. This play, which was excellently performed,

presented us with that honourable spirit of loyalty and of self-sacrifice which is the chief glory, not only of ancient Japan, but of the present national character. I sat just behind pretty Princess Kan-in; and near by was an old lady with an interesting and expressive face, who I was told was Madame Atsuko, the poetess and friend of the Empress. She was dressed in a lovely *kimono* and brocaded *obi*. This gathering of people was by far the most Japanese thing we had yet seen, and we could not but help regretting more than ever, on admiring the beauty of the national costume *en grande toilette*, the present fashion of wearing European clothes, which can never have the charm or artistic beauty of the Japanese ladies' own lovely garments. It was a picturesque sight, watching these dainty personages in their bright-coloured and graceful raiment glistening in the sunlight, appearing like butterflies from the seclusion of groves of feathery bamboos. To reach the undulating plains beyond they tripped across the stepping-stones and crossed the ancient bridges of stone, for all the world just like a willow-pattern plate, and to my prosaic English eye, this first glimpse of the gentle, artistic beauty of Oriental life was a picture not easily forgotten.

November 16, 1893.—A. and I dined at Count Ito's, the Prime Minister, at his official residence. It was a banquet of forty. I knew I was seated at the table of a great man, a statesman of most enlightened views, and of singular perspicacity and cleverness, and I felt proportionately impressed. Still more did I feel interested when I remembered that A. had first known Ito so far back as 1871, when the Count, then quite a young man, had formed one of Iwakura's mission to Europe and America. At that period A. was likewise young, and was at the Belgian Foreign Office, having but a short time before passed his examination into Diplomacy. The Foreign Office considered him a fit person to attach to the Japanese

NOVEMBER.



THE AUTUMN CHRYSANTHEMUM.
From Professor Conder's "Floral Art of Japan."

mission, and he accompanied these interesting men during their visit to Belgium and to its various towns and institutions, and it was from that time that commenced A.'s many years' firm friendship with this brilliant statesman of Japan. It was during this visit to Europe that Ito drew up the Banking Regulations which form the basis of Japan's financial system. I am told that Ito has had many opportunities of enriching himself; but not only has he proved himself—from the beginning of the reforms which have marked the Emperor's reign—the greatest benefactor of his country, but he has, above all, kept his hands clean, and is, I believe, comparatively speaking, a poor man. During all his years of leadership, Ito has possessed but one paramount idea—namely, to transform Japan from a practically unknown Power into the great modern State into which she has developed.

I likewise found myself gazing at our hostess with considerable interest, for I had been told how it was owing to his present wife that Ito owed his life. Many years ago—during the days of Japan's disturbance and troubles—Ito was on one occasion flying from some armed enemies, who were seeking his life. He took refuge in a tea-house, and begged protection of one of the girls of the house. He did not plead in vain, for, with considerable presence of mind, the girl promptly deposited the refugee in the dust-hold in the floor of the house, replaced the planks, and covered them with matting. When the would-be assassins arrived, they found a simple maiden sitting over the dust-hold, busily employed with sewing a *kimono*, and though the house was searched, no one thought of the existence of this strange and unusual hiding-place. Thus Ito's enemies retired discomfited and baulked of their prey. The hero of this story was eventually extracted from his most unpleasant and odoriferous place of concealment; and finally the fair maid of the tea-house developed into the wife of the embryo great man whom she had

42 DINNER WITH MARQUIS HACKISUKA

so courageously protected in his hour of need. I found it difficult to connect the somewhat prim and middle-aged lady, wearing dark glasses that completely hid her eyes, with this very romantic history.

Prince and Princess Komatsu were at this dinner, likewise young Prince and Princess Arisugawa. I sat between Prince Komatsu and M. Castillio, the Spanish Minister, who took me in. It was a splendidly arranged dinner, and there were present a great many Japanese ladies, all of whom were in European dress. The Court band played during the whole of dinner. The Imperial Princesses left early, shaking hands with the Ministers and their wives, and bowing to their own compatriots. Both Princesses were beautifully gowned, and wore magnificent diamonds.

November 17, 1893.—To-day is the anniversary of our wedding-day. A. presented me with a colossal plant of white chrysanthemums, ninety-five large fluffy blossoms on one plant. It was like a mountain of snow, and required six men to carry the immensely heavy pot into my room.

November 22, 1893.—We dined at Marquis Hackisuka's, the President of the House of Lords. Prince and Princess Kan-in were there. I sat between my host and Mr. Mutsu, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Both of these gentlemen speak English well, having spent some years at their Legations in London and in Paris. Marquis Hackisuka was three years at Balliol College, Oxford, and took his degree. Mr. Mutsu is a small, spare man with bright, intelligent eyes, but he looks extremely delicate. He is most agreeable, and A. says he is a clever and pleasant Minister with whom to have dealings. I was the only European lady at this dinner. My hostess speaks a few words of French, and Princess Kan-in, who is so sweet and pretty, speaks a little English. As soon as the men came in from smoking, the Prince and Princess retired, and, being somewhat weary, we followed at once.

In the afternoon of the same day I had called on Countess Ito. It was her day of reception. I met there several Japanese ladies, all in rich Japanese dress, and it struck me as strange to see the same ladies in the evening adorned in beautiful Paris toilettes and lovely jewels.

November 24, 1893.—We dined with M. Sannomiya, who is Vice-Master of Ceremonies. Madame Sannomiya is very charming and clever, and I am told the Sannomiyas' house is one of the most hospitable in Tokyo. Prince and Princess Kan-in were present at this dinner, and many colleagues. We spent a very agreeable evening.

November 25, 1893.—In the afternoon Mrs. Ravenhill, E., and I went to see the "No" dance, a strange and very ancient national performance, half acting and half dancing, or rather sliding and gliding. The costumes, of marvellous brocades and embroidery, are unique and interesting. The performance takes place on a stage, but there is no scenery, and they speak ancient Japanese in the most extraordinary voices—the theatre voice. None but the initiated can understand this language. It was really very curious, and I was greatly interested, and I found it likewise an extremely amusing spectacle. It is long since I laughed so much. The back view of some of the performers, sitting in their stiff brocades with their legs wide apart was so very quaint, and their peculiar system of hissing and drawing in their breath before and after each phrase seemed to me extremely funny. The women's parts in the "No" are played by men dressed in lovely embroideries. This ancient ceremony is performed and put on the stage in exactly the same manner and in the same language as it was played and pronounced six hundred years ago, which fact is in itself interesting enough.

November 26, 1893.—At 12.30 we drove the Ravenhills to Oji to see the maple trees. It is a lovely

drive of several miles to the north of Tokyo, and when we arrived at Oji we found it beautifully situated, verily a dream of loveliness. We were, however, just a few days too late to witness the full glory of the autumn shades, for the frost had caused many leaves to fall. Still, the colours of the many varied species of maple trees, blood-red, crimson, vermilion, and bright yellow, were gorgeous, and we sat and lunched in the sun in full view of this lovely spectacle and this wealth of colouring. Afterwards we wandered about through the groves of trees, around the lake, up and down the gentle undulations, and across the picturesque bridges. We drove home about 3.30, as it was already getting chilly in the brisk autumn afternoon.

November 28, 1893.—A. went in full uniform to the opening of Parliament. The Emperor opened it and made a short speech.

November 29, 1893.—We slept in the Belgian Legation for the first time. Our new home is a house of historical interest. One of the first houses constructed on European principles—if not indeed the first—it was built in the early days of the Restoration by the Satsuma *samurai* Okubo, the faithful adviser of the Emperor. This clever man—Okubo—was assassinated for his advanced principles not many years after the great changes had been effected, and I am told that one of the reasons of his unpopularity, and incidentally the cause of this political murder, was indeed the construction of this very European house. After his assassination his body was brought home and laid on the floor of the room which is now our drawing-room, and, in *Kojimachi-ku*, on the spot where this leader of the Restoration was attacked and slain by his political foes is now placed a fine monument of stone to his memory, surrounded by vast groves of flowering wistaria and the fragrant cherry tree.

December 10, 1893.—This is a fête-day. We went

to a temple near the Legation and saw it arranged for the festivities. Offerings of straw and paper were sold at the gates to present to the gods. Suppliants first clap their hands, then ring a bell to draw the attention of holy Buddha to their prayers; then, while the priest, sitting on the floor smiles blandly at the worshippers, they throw their money into the temple, the floor of which is strewn with copper coins. I am told that among the lower-class Japanese their religion, which is a mixture of Buddhism and Shintoism, sits but lightly on them. It seemed to me, however, in watching these simple folk, that they were most earnest in the professions of their faith.

December 11, 1893.—Our Japanese artist put in his appearance and gave us our first painting-lesson. It was far more difficult than I expected, and we did not progress very fast with the painting of our bamboos. All Japanese painting has to be done from the wrist, and that is evidently the first thing to learn.

CHAPTER III

1894

New Year's reception at Court—Yokosuka dock-yard—Expedition to Meguro—Meguro—Dinner at Prince Kan-in's—Ball at the house of the Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs—Visit to the Emperor's garden—Duck catching—Dinner with the Minister of War—Lunch at the Palace—An interesting collection of curios—Dinner with the Minister of Finance—Visit to the University—Dinner with the Minister of Foreign Affairs—Historical trees—The Doll Festival—The silver wedding of the Emperor and the Empress of Japan—The Review—Dinner at the Palace on the occasion of the silver wedding—The "No" dance at the Palace—Supper at the Palace.

January 1, 1894.—M. de Groote, our Secretary, came to lunch, and afterwards at 2 o'clock we all three proceeded to the Palace for the New Year reception. I found myself the only lady at the Court, the wives of the Ministers of France and of Italy being indisposed, also the two Ministers themselves. The French Secretaries were there, and the other Legations were represented, except that of the United States. The Corps Diplomatique were ushered first into a large *salle*, and when all had arrived, we proceeded to the Throne Room, a magnificent and vast apartment, laid with parquet floors, where by Legation we walked past the Emperor and the Empress on their thrones, then past the Princes and Princesses, curtsying and bowing as we passed. Thence we were shown into a smaller room, where tea and coffee and cakes were served, each person being presented with a charming souvenir in the shape of a silver or bronze *bonbonnière*. After waiting about a quarter of an hour, we were ushered into another room, where, by Legation, we were received by the Emperor and the Empress, also by the Princes and Princesses. The



*à monsieur
Le Baron d'Anthès*

*Hirobumi Ito
August 1st 1897*

THE LATE PRINCE ITO, WHO WAS SHOT ON OCTOBER 26, 1909, AT
THE STATION OF HARBIN BY A KOREAN, AND WHO EXPIRED HALF AN
HOUR LATER.



Empress, who had been giving audiences since 8 a.m., wore an immensely long Court train of maroon velvet trimmed with fur; and the Princesses were gowned in very handsome brocade dresses and trains, accompanied by remarkably fine jewels. The Empress's diamonds, consisting of a magnificent tiara and necklace, were splendid stones of the purest water. Both the Emperor and Empress were most kind to A. and myself.

When all the Chefs de Missions had been received, our attention was attracted to warn us that the ceremony was over, and immediately afterwards the Imperial party and the Court, forming cortège, marched out of the room, the Corps Diplomatique following. The Palace was beautifully warmed, and all arrangements were carried out without a hitch.

January 12, 1894.—A. went to visit the dockyards at Yokosuka at the invitation of Prince Arisugawa (the Naval Prince). He was away all day, and was wonderfully interested in the men-of-war and all that he saw, so entirely up-to-date. He lunched with the Admiral and officers on board one of the battle-ships. On his return A. told me that, in case of war with the Chinese, he did not think the latter "were likely to have much of a look in."

January 13, 1894.—To-day was my first reception-day. Altogether about fifty visitors came to the Legation, including a great many Japanese. I find that these reception-days are great institutions in Tokyo society. Not only the wives of the foreign diplomatists, but every Japanese Minister's wife has an "at-home" day, and these functions prove a most agreeable means of drawing Japanese and foreigners together.

January 14, 1894.—Mr. de Bunsen called for me in his dog-cart. He is the British Chargé d'Affaires.* A., E., and Vicomte de Labry followed in our

* The Rt. Hon. Sir Maurice de Bunsen, G.C.M.G., is now British Ambassador at Madrid (1912).

carriage. We all drove to a charming lake about five or six miles from Tokyo. There was some slight confusion as to the correct way, the result being that the others went by another road, so when Mr. de Bunsen and I arrived at Meguro, we waited for them some time without their turning up. We employed the interval by visiting the Buddhist temple, which is extremely ancient and interesting. In a large basin within the precincts of this temple there exist two ancient bronze fountains, under which, in the depth of winter, sometimes for hours at a time, naked people stand with the flow of icy water pouring down upon them. These unfortunate individuals are chained to a priest, who meanwhile chants charms and prayers in a weird monotone, after the accomplishment of which penance the victim is supposed to have exorcised the evil spirit, and from henceforth to be entirely purified. Sometimes people who are possessed with foxes undergo this penance, for, according to Japanese superstition, foxes, the attendants of Inari, the goddess of Rice, can enter into the bodies of men and women, acting strangely and contrarily the while. At this particular temple, however, this operation of purification is used for many other maladies.

We visited two dainty tea-houses surrounding the temple, after which we drove on for another three miles to the lake, and found that the others had already arrived. We wandered around the lake, which is very beautiful with a secluded and wooded path surrounding it. By this time we had excellent appetites, so we sat down to a picnic lunch, which we had brought and which was prepared for us in a Buddhist temple. This temple was full of lovely *objets d'art*, ancient brasses, gold screens, lacquer, etc. The table from which we were eating actually touched the altar. We had a capital and very merry lunch, in spite of this seeming desecration, which by the priests them-

selves seemed to be looked upon as perfectly natural. Almost immediately afterwards we started homewards, Mr. de Bunsen, Count de Labry, and myself riding. It was a glorious ride home, and the whole way the road was soft and spongy, so we had delicious canters, and the most lovely gallop across the parade-ground.

January 26, 1894.—We dined with Prince and Princess Kan-in. Prince Kan-in took me in to dinner, and A. took in the pretty Princess. The Prince talks French perfectly, having been ten years in France training at the Military College. He is very good-looking, with a smart military figure, and he made a charming host; while the Princess, who talks English, was an equally pleasant hostess, and she was perfectly gowned in white satin and wore fine jewels. Like all the Imperial official dinners which we have attended in Tokyo, the function was over before ten o'clock, and we were home shortly afterwards.

January 31, 1894.—There was a very heavy snow-storm about two o'clock, but in spite of it I ventured out in the closed carriage, and called upon Madame Sannomiya and Countess Ito, both of whom were receiving that day. The snow was so heavy and balled so under the horses' feet that it was quite a difficult business getting home.

February 2, 1894.—We attended a ball at Count Hayashi's. He is the Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs. The house, which is almost next door to our Legation, possesses a splendid ballroom, and we spent a very enjoyable evening. The ball, which was largely attended by all the Japanese and diplomatic world, was, however, over early. As usual the decorations, consisting chiefly of the delicate plum blossom, were very lovely. The Japanese certainly possess the art of decoration to perfection.

February 4, 1894.—We drove in the afternoon to the Shinjiku Gardens, which are extensive parks belonging to the Emperor. It was Madame San-

nomiya's party, and the Longfords, Mr. de Bunsen, the de Boissons, and Kirkwoods were there. We inspected the Chin dogs which Mr. de Bunsen has procured, through the good offices of Mr. Sannomiya, for the Princess of Wales. They are lovely little creatures, with long black-and-white hair, nice snubby noses, protruding eyes, and with curly tails far superior to Yum-yum's, my own Chin. I took her to make acquaintance with her cousins, but, to my disappointment, they looked at each other with suspicion and even dislike.

Later on we were shown a large collection of birds and parrots belonging to the Emperor. These birds are kept in another part of the grounds, dwelling in ornamental cages. The cranes were strutting about the grass and on the walks, and there were several magnificent, fierce, and regal-looking eagles. The latter had a way of inspecting my beloved Yum-yum in a manner anything but pleasant. They showed us a cockatoo whose pedigree is proved to date back a hundred and thirty years, and for all they know he may be much older. He was a splendid bird, who chatted ceaselessly in the vernacular.

After visiting the birds we were shown over the hot-houses and orchid-houses. These glass-houses are a new departure in the Imperial preserves, and they were crowded with many rare plants. The gardens are very vast, and in the spring, when the trees are in flower, they must be a lovely and fairy-like sight, as there are numerous long avenues of the national cherry tree. Madame Sannomiya gave us tea in a Japanese house which is used as a hunting-lodge for the duck catchers. We were shown the ponds on which flocked thousands of duck and teal, and we were conducted down the long alleys in perfect silence, not a word being allowed for fear of frightening the birds. In the same silence we were permitted to look through little peep-holes at the teal swarming on the lake. The

sport of duck catching is interesting and unique. The teal and duck are driven into little canals, on the banks of which the sportsmen stand with nets. The birds are led to their doom by a decoy duck, a trap-door is shut, and as the duck fly up in the air they are caught in huge nets with long handles, something like bow nets, and then the poor things' necks are wrung. I believe it is a very exciting sport. We got home about six o'clock, after a charming day.

February 5, 1894.—We dined with the Minister of War, Count Oyama. Countess Oyama was one of three young ladies sent by the Empress many years ago to be educated in America. She took a very high degree and returned to Japan after a long sojourn. The Countess is an extremely charming-looking, well-read, and intelligent woman. After the dinner we proceeded to a ball at the French Minister's. There were great crowds, but though the rooms of the French Legation are not large, there was no confusion, and it was a perfectly arranged ball. Prince and Princess Kan-in were the only members of the Imperial family who honoured the fête.

February 11, 1894.—A. lunched at the Palace. On returning from this function, his carriage, in going through the gateway of the Palace compound, collided with another. Our carriage was considerably broken, and the horses bolted. Fortunately the two *bettos* stopped them before very long, and no serious mischief was done. But these double gateways to the high-turfed, pine-grown ramparts, though extremely picturesque, are very dangerous. What was in mediæval days suitable for the palanquin or *kago*, is no longer safe for the 'rickshaw or carriage.*

February 13, 1894.—I called on Countess Saigo, wife of the Minister of Marine, and on Madame Mutsu, wife of the Minister of Foreign Affairs. We went to tea with Signor Chiossoné, an Italian, who has lived

* The gateways to the compound of the Imperial Palace are almost the only ones that are now left in these days of modern Tokyo (1912).

here very many years, and we saw his wonderful collection of bronzes, lacquer, Japanese prints, and ancient embroideries. He also showed us his drawings of the Emperor and the Empress, which are the originals of the only existing portraits of their Majesties. Signor Chiossoné developed these excellent likenesses from sketches from memory, it being against the ideas of Japanese etiquette or loyalty to the throne that the Emperor or Empress should permit themselves to pose for either a painting or photograph. They say his collection of wonderful curios which we saw is even now worth £20,000.*

February 14, 1894.—We called on Viscountess Hichikata, the wife of the Minister of the Imperial Household. It was her "at-home" day, and the room of the official building was crowded. We dined with Count Inouyé, who is Minister of Agriculture and Commerce. It was a dinner of thirty. I was placed between Prince Komatsu and Count Kuroda, neither of whom could speak English or French, so I had nothing much to do but to think of my most excellent dinner.

February 23, 1894.—We went to inspect the Imperial University, invited by Professor Milne.† It was extremely interesting, especially his own department (seismological). About 1,200 Japanese study at this university every branch of knowledge, under the tuition of many European professors, each brilliant in his own particular line. These clever men find their pupils most apt and intelligent. Mr. Milne showed us the museum and library, pointing out everything in such an interesting way. This university, which not so many years ago started from small beginnings, has certainly budded into a marvellous institution.

* Signor Chiossoné, who is long since dead, left this fine collection to some town in Italy, and it is, if I mistake not, now deposited in the Museum in Genoa (1912).

† Professor Milne now resides in England, and is one of the greatest authorities on earthquakes (1912).



COUNTESS TAKAKURA, THE "GRANDE MAÎTRESSE" OF THE EMPRESS,
IN ANCIENT COURT DRESS.

Photo by Maruki, Tokyo.

We also penetrated into the depths of Professor Milne's cave, where he keeps his large and scientific collection of earthquake instruments, and he warned us we might expect an earthquake that evening. Consequently, on returning to the Legation, I, with great care, placed all my best Chinese vases and bowls in recumbent positions on the sofas, and I was quite disappointed, and felt somehow as if I had been cheated, when no earthquake took place.

March 3, 1894.—We dined with Count and Countess Mutsu. It was a very large dinner. Count Ito, the Prime Minister, took me in, and I sat between him and the Chinese Minister. Count Ito told me, during the course of our conversation, that when, thirty and odd years ago, the Emperor's friend and adviser Count Okubo built the house which is now our Legation, His Majesty planted the cherry tree, at present a magnificent specimen, outside our veranda.* This reminds me that the other day, when Count Ito came to see A. on some political business, he walked later with me in the garden, which we are busy beautifying and improving. On the summit of the artificial Fujiyama, he stopped before an ancient and gnarled *matzu*, or pine tree, which is one of the beauties, and my favourite tree of the garden. "From that tree," he said in a voice of deep reverence, "when His Majesty the Emperor did Count Okubo the immense honour of one day visiting him, I, who was accompanying His Majesty, saw Count Okubo pluck a branch of this *matzu*, which tree is emblem of long life and prosperity, and humbly present it to his Imperial master." I was naturally greatly impressed by this anecdote, for I know how seldom in those far-distant days the Emperor issued from the seclusion of his Palace grounds, even to visit a great and intimate friend.

But to continue the account of the dinner party.

* This cherry tree was removed later on by its owner, when the Belgian Government bought the property.

58 THE EMPEROR'S SILVER WEDDING

It was the anniversary of the Girls' Festival, and after dinner Madame Mutsu showed us a wonderful collection of Japanese dolls, all in ancient Court dress, also miniature furniture, musical instruments, carriages, etc., these dainty articles being fabricated in the most perfect old lacquer. These dolls, representing the Emperor, the Empress, the Court, and many noble personages, accompanied by their paraphernalia, are handed down in one family, generation after generation, most of the articles bearing the *mon*, or crest, of the family to whom they belong, and only being exposed on this auspicious occasion of the Girls' Festival. Consequently they remain in perfect condition, in spite of their great antiquity. Young Mr. Mutsu also showed me a beautiful collection of shells, some of which were such wee delicate things, and which were all found on the coast of Japan.

March 9, 1894.—To-day was the Emperor and the Empress's silver-wedding day. At eleven o'clock A. and I proceeded to the Palace. He wore full uniform, Grand Cross orders, and I was in evening dress. We arrived somewhat early, and it was very interesting and amusing watching the members of the Corps Diplomatique entering the large and lofty room. The Ministers and their wives were accompanied by their Secretaries and all the staff, both male and female, of their various Legations. First, those Ministers to whom letters or telegrams had been sent from their respective Sovereigns or heads of States were each in turn received alone. A. was the only Minister whose Royal letter for the Emperor had arrived, and it seems it was much thought of and appreciated by their Majesties in consequence. In delivering the letter A. made a little speech, which was translated by the Master of Ceremonies. The Emperor made a speech in reply, expressing his great gratification. After this ceremony was completed, we were received by Legation, by both

the Emperor and Empress, to whom we offered our respectful felicitations on our own account. The ceremony was a long one, and it was nearly one o'clock when we left the Palace, the Review, which was attended by the Emperor, being at 2.30. The weather was not very fine, but the rain held off, and every one says it was a grand sight. There were more than ten thousand troops on the parade-ground, and the marching was very good. I did not go to the Review, but rested. A. went off in uniform, accompanied by E.

The dinner at the Palace was at 6.40, but we had to be there twenty minutes before the hour named, and I do not think we sat down until some time after seven. We all marched in procession to the dining-room, the Spanish Minister being allotted to accompany me. We waited, standing behind our chairs, until the Emperor and the Empress and the Imperial Princes and Princesses came into the dining-room; then, after the Imperial family were seated, we took our places. The banquet lasted two hours. I was placed eighth from the Empress on her left, between the Spanish and Chinese Ministers. A. was placed between two Japanese ladies of high rank who did not know English. Towards the end of dinner, beautiful little silver cranes were handed round, a gift to each honoured guest. They were lovely works of art, and will be charming souvenirs. At the Emperor's table there were 112 seated. In the other rooms Japanese food was served; and in all 600 dined at the Palace. The table was a truly magnificent sight, weighed down with its gigantic silver epergnes of storks and tortoises, which animals are emblems of long life and good fortune. These massive centre-pieces were made especially for this auspicious occasion. I never saw anything like the wealth of flowers and orchids, the produce of the Imperial hot-houses.

When dinner was over, a procession was formed,

headed by the Emperor and Empress and the Imperial family, and we proceeded into another vast apartment, where we were once again received in audience. I wore a white satin gown, embroidered in silver all down the front, round the skirt, and on the bodice and shoes. It was expressly embroidered here in Japan for this occasion. The Empress wore a lovely gown of white and silver. After we had remained in the large room for an hour, during which time the audiences were taking place, the Emperor and the Imperial party retired for a rest, and the gentlemen went off to smoke.

When the Court returned, we re-formed procession, Mr. Fraser, the English Minister, giving me his arm, and we proceeded to the Throne Room, where the "No" dance was to take place. The other foreign Ministers' wives and myself were placed in the front row on the left of the throne; the Japanese Ministers' wives and other ladies of high rank sat on the right side. The various members of the Legations were behind us, and the wives of the officials of the Government, etc., sat farther down the room. The greater number of the gentlemen had to stand. Shortly afterwards the Imperial party, followed by their suites, took their places opposite the slightly raised stage, the Emperor and the Empress seated on their thrones, the Princesses on the left of the Empress, the Princes on the right of the Emperor.

The "No" dance, especially as performed at Court, is an interesting and weird spectacle, and the dresses are very curious and magnificent. This performance lasted about an hour, accompanied by special and what seemed to us very discordant music, but which I was told was thousands of years old. The performers go through a sort of dumb show in perfect time with each other. To the initiated every movement has a certain meaning and tells a certain story, but to the European spectator the performance after a time—in spite of its great

antiquity, which is a cause of interest—becomes extremely monotonous. After an hour and a half the Emperor and the Empress, both of whom must have been terribly tired, they having been *en évidence* from early morn, withdrew from the scene, leaving word with the *doyen* of the Corps Diplomatique that their guests were to partake of supper and to remain as long as they liked. The procession was once more formed, and we all proceeded to supper; but shortly afterwards we likewise left, being presented at the door with charming little silver *bonbonnières*, consisting of storks and tortoises.

We reached home about one o'clock, and retired to rest, extremely fatigued, but very delighted with the various ceremonies of this unique fête.

CHAPTER IV

1894

Ball at the Foreign Office—Fencing at the Palace—Miyanoshta—Expedition to Hakone—A view of Fujiyama—Return home—An expedition to the Big Hell—A concert at the Academy of Music—Cherry blossom at Mokojima—A dinner at Prince Arisugawa's—Dinner at the German Legation—The Imperial Cherry-blossom Garden Party—Dinner at Prince Komatsu's—An Earthquake Orphanage—A bad earthquake—A garden of azaleas—A Japanese dinner at the Maple Club—A picnic at Ikegami—Illness of the British Minister—Death of the British Minister, Mr. Fraser—A water-picnic at Futago—Kanasawa—A performance for the Red Cross Society—The worst earthquake for forty years—A dangerous position—Destruction caused by the earthquake—Funeral service for the late President Carnot—Expedition to the Great Hell—A journey to Ikao—Expedition to Haruna Lake—Rumour of war with China.

March 12, 1894.—A. and I drove some miles into the country, to Omori, where we called on M. and Madame Blockhuys. We went on from there to see the plum blossom in a fantastic and picturesque Japanese garden. The park was arranged with long avenues of gnarled and ancient plum trees, adorned with clusters of the lovely, fragrant blossom. The masses of these delicate flowers, both white and pink, are indeed a fairy-like spectacle, and there is something in these blossoms without leaves that greatly appeals to me.

In the evening there was a ball given by Mr. Mutsu, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, in honour of their Majesties' silver wedding. It was a most enjoyable ball, and several of the Princes and Princesses were present. I danced in the Royal quadrille with M. Sannomiya, A. with Madame de Martino, the Italian Minister's wife. The dancing was extremely animated, as many naval officers from the Russian,



PEERLESS FUJIYAMA.



English, and American fleets attended it, and danced with the greatest vigour. Most of the Japanese ladies wore their national dress, which added much to the picturesqueness and interest of the scene.

March 15, 1894.—We went in the early afternoon to witness the fencing in the Exercise Hall at the Palace. It was a curious and extremely exciting exhibition. The fencers were dressed in a species of divided skirt, and were protected by helmets, visors, and breast-plates, while the couples facing each other hammered away with all their might and main, using split bamboo staffs for the operation. There were also trials of skill between men with wooden swords and men with staffs and lances. It was very amusing and exciting, and these uncanny-looking objects showed wonderful agility and strength. All the time they were fighting and banging away at each other they uttered the most hideous sounds, a sort of war-cry, which sounds seemed to me far more alarming than the blows exchanged. We were the guests of M. San-nomiya, and Mr. and Mrs. Saxton Noble and Captain Münter were also there. We went on later to call on the ladies of the Palace, as it was their reception day, and all these ladies of the Empress receive together.

March 24, 1894.—We left for Miyanoshita at 11.40 a.m. It was a cloudy day, but the rain held off. At Kozu we got out of the train, and went for about eight miles in a funny, old-fashioned horse-tram; then we hired 'rickshaws and were dragged up the wild and beautiful pass. My 'rickshaw man slipped and fell, and I suddenly found myself, as he had nothing on but a waist-cloth, deposited on his oily, perspiring back. After this disagreeable experience, I walked most of the way—about five miles, I am told, and a stiff climb. It was a lovely walk, with a deep gorge one side, topped by magnificent wooded mountains. The Pownalls and Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain were at the hotel. We all dined together, and Japanese tops were spun

in the evening for our amusement. This is a pretty and ingenious performance.

March 27, 1894.—The weather began by looking discouraging, but after two pouring days it suddenly cleared up, and we decided to make the most of our one fine day, and we started, Mrs. Saxton Noble and our three selves, for Hakone. We were carried in bamboo chairs by four men, who seemed to think nothing of braving the steep mountain paths. One is in a very elevated position in these chairs, and it is not everybody who appreciates the jogging motion; but I did not mind it, and it is a splendid way of seeing the surrounding country. We were followed the whole way by a policeman, who has been sent up here by the Government to protect A. and M. Sienkiewicz, the French Minister. We went through very wooded and mountainous country, with deep gorges, and rivers rushing below over huge rocks and boulders. We very often got out of our chairs, on which occasions we found our long alpenstocks extremely useful for the stiff climb. After about two hours' journey we arrived at the hot springs of Ashinoyu, where we rested for an hour and partook of the excellent lunch which we had brought with us from the hotel. Before arriving at Ashinoyu, we had stopped for about ten minutes at a tea-house, where all the tired coolies squatted and took out their little pipes and had a smoke, while pale tea was handed to us.

After lunch the path became extremely rough and rugged, and as we got higher and higher we found we preferred our legs to our chairs, and we walked a good deal. We passed an interesting Buddha, carved out of the massive rock. Mrs. Noble and E. sketched the figure. It is extremely curious and ancient, carved in relief, tradition relating that a Buddhist saint, Kobo Daishi, executed this colossal figure in one single night. On arriving at Little Hakone, we alighted from our chairs, going on foot to Great Hakone, when suddenly we came upon the most

lovely view of Fujiyama I have yet seen. The mountain was completely covered with snow, dazzling in the sunlight, and its sudden appearance as we turned the road, standing out solitary in its grandeur and purity, was wonderfully impressive. Our coolies shouted and waved their arms, in fact they became tremendously excited on beholding it. This beautiful spectacle took us all by surprise, as we had imagined it far too cloudy to see the mountain. I can really well understand the veneration of the Japanese for Fujiyama. I have never seen anything like it; it is unique in its beauty and majesty and solitude, and as we saw it then, a pyramid of snow from summit to base, certainly a peerless spectacle. We sketched the mountain, with its middle distance of low blue hills, and the beautiful smiling lake of Hakone in the foreground. Later on we continued our way to a tea-house, passing the Emperor's palace (which, I am told, he but seldom visits) *en route*.

Our return journey was most exciting, as we were afraid of being benighted, and we had to hurry up, which was not very pleasant down those steep rocky paths, and on more than one occasion I was quite prepared to be precipitated out of my chair. E., with whom the chair disagreed, walked the greater part of the way home, having to maintain a sort of jog-trot to remain with us, but she managed to keep up splendidly. We saw one more perfect view of Fuji, with its reflection clear as crystal in the lake. This is a wonderful and inexplicable vision, as the mountain is at least fifteen or twenty miles away from Hakone Lake, in which it is reflected. We reached home safely and without any rain a little before seven o'clock, after a most delightful and successful expedition.

March 28, 1894.—The weather again looked uncertain, but we decided to be brave and to attempt another excursion, so we started valiantly off for Ojigoku, or The Big Hell, the crater of the sulphur

springs. We had a very steep and laborious climb of over an hour to the little tea-house, and shortly after we had left its shelter it came on to pour. As the rain showed no signs of abating, after partaking of our rustic lunch there was nothing for it but to return. We walked the whole way down the steep rocky path, which was dangerously slippery and streaming with rain. It was a picturesque sight, looking back at the string of coolies carrying our empty chairs, dressed in their straw rain hats and coats, and winding their way through the precipitous narrow paths. We got home simply drenched, and hastily plunged ourselves into the boiling baths awaiting us, one of the luxuries of the Fujiya Hotel.

April 1, 1894.—We are back in Tokyo once again. The Nobles, Pownalls, and Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain came to lunch. We afterwards drove to Uyen Park to inspect the old cherry trees, which are just now one mass of blossom. The trees are very ancient in this park, with great gnarled trunks and curved boughs, and a lovely weeping cherry tree, with the blossom a faint pink, was one of the most graceful and ethereal spectacles I have seen in nature. Thousands of happy sightseers were gazing at this sight, beautiful beyond words. Later on we went to Professor Dietrich's last concert of the season at the Academy of Music. It was very interesting to hear the scores of clever boys and girls performing in the orchestra, for the Japanese are being taught European music and have already made great progress. It is Professor Dietrich who instructs the members of the Imperial Orchestra.

April 4, 1894.—A. and I drove to Shiba Park, and saw the cherry blossom in its great beauty. The vast Buddhist temple, of great historical interest, and the resting-place of seven of the Shoguns, stood with its monastery and its sacred precincts in the centre of the park, buried in thousands of cherry trees in their full bloom and fragrance. The mausolea of

the Tokugawa Shoguns, bordered by lanterns of massive bronze and stone, and rich in lacquer, wonderful carvings, and gold, were shaded by the branches of the sombre wood-grown hills, interspersed here and there by a cherry tree in the glory of its snowy beauty. And everywhere and all around was the modern, laughing, gaily-bedecked crowd, a striking contrast to the solemn and stately magnificence of this sanctuary of the Tokugawa House. It was a wonderful sight, and A. and I wandered through the beautifully romantic surroundings for over an hour.

April 5, 1894.—There was a tremendously high wind to-day. About 8.30 p.m. our Belgian manservant came rushing in to say that there was a big fire near the Chinese Legation. We caught hold of cloaks, and tore to the top of the hill of the Sannō temple. From the summit of this hill the spectacle that met our eyes was one of the most terrifying and yet the most magnificent that can be imagined. The whole of one quarter of this vast city was being demolished by the flames, and the sparks were flying for miles around. The cherry trees on the top of Sannō Yama were in full blossom, and it was strange and beautiful to see the clusters of flowers turned blood-red by the reflection of the flames. It was a truly awful sight, watching the numberless little wooden houses catching fire one after the other, and flaming up like so many match-boxes. In a few minutes nothing was left of them, and over five thousand houses were burnt to the ground, the fire lasting from 8 o'clock p.m. to 3.30 a.m. A strong south wind was blowing, which was the chief cause of such terrible and widespread destruction.

April 6, 1894.—We took 'rickshaws and visited the scene of the fire. A spectacle of frightful devastation met our eyes. Whole streets were destroyed, with no sign of a scrap of building left. The wood was still hot and smouldering, in spite of the heavy rain during the night. These terrible fires seem to

be one of the much-dreaded features of Tokyo, where all is built with wood. They are far more destructive, indeed, than the earthquakes, which are bad enough.

April 8, 1894.—Some people came to lunch. Later we drove to Mukojima to see the cherry blossoms. We sent on Mr. Iitaka, the Legation interpreter, to hire a boat. He procured a large flat-bottomed boat, a sort of *sampan*, which, by the time we arrived with our carriage at the banks of the river, was all nicely arranged with carpets and chairs. We drifted on the wide river, and it was a most animated and amusing sight, watching the thousands of people on the shore wandering under the avenues of the blossoming cherry trees. Unfortunately the cherry flowers were somewhat spoilt by the late heavy rains, but they still looked very lovely and ethereal, and certainly the rain did not prevent a great crowd of flower worshippers from indulging in this, one of their national and yearly amusements.

April 9, 1894.—We dined with Prince Arisugawa at his palace. It was a banquet of many Japanese. I was placed between Viscount Hijikata and Count Kuroda, both of whom only spoke Japanese. After dinner Princess Arisugawa, who is most charming and gracious, and who was beautifully gowned, showed us her interesting collection of jade, lacquer, and other curios. Prince and Princess Komatsu were there, also young Prince and Princess Arisugawa and Princess Komatsu. Young Prince Arisugawa is well known in England. He is a naval officer, and was trained in England.

April 10, 1894.—I called on Madame Mutsu, the wife of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and on Countess Saigo, wife of the Minister of Marine. We dined at the German Legation. This dinner was in honour of Prince and Princess Komatsu and of the young Princess Komatsu. It was a very pleasant dinner, and not so formal as most official functions. The



THE DOLL FESTIVAL IN THE BELGIAN LEGATION.

Photo by M. Iitaka.



THE FESTIVAL OF THE SANNO TEMPLE.

Photo by Baroness d'Anethan.

Imperial Princes and Princesses evidently enjoyed themselves too, as they stayed unusually late.

April 11, 1894.—We dined at the British Legation to meet Sir William and Lady Robinson. He is the Governor of Hongkong, and he and Lady Robinson have come to Japan on a trip, and are staying at the British Legation. A Japanese conjurer performed his wonderful tricks for the edification of the guests. The dexterity of these individuals is quite marvellous, and the joy this particular man expressed on his face at the mystification and applause of his audience was by no means the least interesting part of the entertainment.

April 12, 1894.—We attended the Imperial Cherry-blossom Garden Party at the Hama-go-ten Palace. This is one of the loveliest of the Imperial gardens, and the grand and ancient cherry trees were in full blossom. It was a picturesque sight, witnessing the cortège of the Court, followed by the Corps Diplomatique and a vast concourse of people, traversing the artistic and beautiful bridges, bordered each side by overhanging cherry trees. The ceremony of introductions, followed by the lunch, is the same as at the Chrysanthemum party. Both the Emperor and the Empress were very kind and gracious to us. All the Princes and Princesses were there. The party was attended by thousands of globe-trotters, among them a vast crowd of Americans.

In the evening a banquet of sixty-eight was given by Prince Komatsu at the old Japanese Palace. All the Princes and Princesses were present. I was taken in by the English Minister, Mr. Fraser, and sat between him and the German Minister, Baron Gutschmidt. The dinner was over early, and we brought away with us dear little silver boxes.

April 13, 1894.—I visited the Azabu Orphanage, instituted for the many tiny, helpless children saved from the terrible earthquake at Gifu two years ago. This orphanage was started by, and is under the

special protection of, Madame Sannomiya. Each child is well educated, and taught some trade, and later on it is hoped a position may be found for all the members of this excellent charity.

At three in the morning we were aroused by a very bad earthquake, the worst that Tokyo has experienced for nearly two years. It was certainly most alarming, and all the Japanese ran out of the Legation. E. rushed into our room, and the house shook terribly. A. got up, but the ruling passion being strong in death, he promptly, but with the greatest *sang-froid*, filled his pyjama pockets with cigarettes, and quietly lighting a match, he started smoking. I remained in bed until it was over. The whole house rocked and made a terrible noise. Nothing—wonderful to relate!—was broken.

April 29, 1894.—We drove to Okubo to see the azaleas. This wealth of flowers was simply a dream of beauty. There were whole fields of blazing azaleas of every imaginable shade and colour, the salmon-coloured ones being, in my opinion, especially lovely. As usual in this flower-loving land, there were crowds of picturesque sight-seers enjoying the charming scene.

May 8, 1894.—We went to a Japanese dinner given by the gentlemen of the Corps Diplomatique in honour of the ladies of the Corps. It took place at the Maple Club, a famous place of entertainment. We mustered over thirty persons. It was an amusing sight. We had of course to take off our shoes and to sit on the floor, though some who objected to this lowly position were given stools on which to place themselves. We were waited on by pretty little *naisans*; and the dancing during dinner, performed by the best-trained *geisha* in Tokyo in their lovely embroidered garments, was fascinating to watch. All the dishes are served at the same time at a Japanese dinner, and are placed on little lacquer trays before each guest, who with his

DEATH OF THE BRITISH MINISTER 75

chop-sticks pinches up a minute morsel from each dish in turn.

May 20, 1894.—We attended a picnic given by Viscount de Labry, the French Military Attaché. It took place at Ikegami, where there is a very ancient temple. M. de Labry drove me there (about an hour and a half from Tokyo), and we had a splendid *al-fresco* lunch, arranged comfortably on tables in the shade of bamboo groves. Our host's guests numbered twenty-five, and after lunch we wandered in the environs of the fine old weather-beaten temple, and under the groves of trees, which seem, so far as I have seen, to surround every temple in Japan. Ikegami is a very picturesque and romantic spot, and I returned home impressed more than ever by the natural beauties of this charming land.

June 2, 1894.—Poor Mr. Fraser, the British Minister, who has been ill since May 9, has had another relapse, and is worse than ever. They say he cannot last the night. I feel so grieved for Mrs. Fraser—who is a sister of Marion Crawford, the famous novelist.

June 4, 1894.—Mr. Fraser was still alive this morning. The bulletin said, "Increased weakness, and situation most critical." Later, at 10 p.m., I received a note from Mr. Longford, of the British Legation, to say that all was over. Mr. Fraser died peacefully at 8.45 p.m., after great suffering.

June 6, 1894.—Preceded by a military escort, and followed by over sixty carriages and an immense concourse of people, Mr. Fraser was laid to rest at the Aoyama cemetery. A. and I attended the funeral. It was very touching and so sad. I felt greatly for Mrs. Fraser.

June 10, 1894.—We went to Futago. It was a picnic given by Mr. and Mrs. Kirkwood. Baron Gutschmidt, the German Minister, drove me in his phaeton. It was a drive of eight miles, through beautiful country, but it was very hot and windy. When we

arrived by the banks of the river, we walked some little way, then crossed the river, finding a shady place to lunch. We ate the *aï* fish, which we saw caught in the nets. These fish are delicious. Almost-naked men standing in the water cast great bow nets, each time catching millions of these little fishes. Later we floated down the river in a *sampan*, which was cool and refreshing, then we drove home. We had some more of the *aï* fish for dinner. It is cooked in *saké*, and served like this is very delectable.

June 11, 1894.—This was a most terribly hot day. It was 89° (Fahr.) in my room at 6.30 a.m. I felt like doing nothing all day, so lolled about in a Japanese *kimono*, certainly the coolest style of dress for heat of this description.

June 14, 1894.—We left, all three of us, for Kamakura. We at once took a bathe in the sea. The coolness of the water was simply heavenly. After lunch we drove, Mrs. Pownall with us, in 'rickshaws to Kanasawa, a delicious drive through lovely smiling scenery. On our arrival we found we had to mount a good many steps to reach the tea-house, but at the summit we came upon a glorious view of water, a sort of bay, studded with beautiful little islands. We had taken our tea with us, and we sat and rested in the cool, and enjoying the peaceful view to our hearts' content.

A lovely cool night, but quite sleepless from mosquitoes, the hotel mosquito-nets being remarkable for their holes. I felt I should be eaten alive if I remained, so returned to Tokyo.

June 18, 1894.—We all went to a Japanese dramatic performance, given for the Red Cross Fund. *The Forty-seven Ronins* was performed, and Danjuro, the famous actor of Japan, was in great form, acting magnificently, and causing many tears to flow over the chivalry and sorrows of these heroes of ancient days. His facial expression is simply wonderful, and I found it seldom necessary to glance at the

English translation. The *coup d'œil* was extremely typical and interesting. Where would be our stalls and pit were square boxes; these were crammed with Japanese, squatting on the *tatamis* (mats), breathlessly watching the play, though all the time both men and women were fanning themselves so vigorously that, looking down from the upper boxes, one appeared to be gazing at little else but one vast and seething sea of white fans.

The few times I have attended a Japanese theatre I have been greatly impressed by the acting, though it seems to me the Japanese drama, as now performed, will soon become too out-of-date for their modern ideas. So far, the classical plays, taken from their ancient history and full of tragedy and melodrama, are what appeal most to the popular taste; but a change must come with the advance of everything in Japan. At present all the women's parts are taken by men, the Japanese actress having many hundreds of years ago fallen into disrepute by her scandalous behaviour. I am told that the actors who play the female parts live almost the existence of women to enable them to execute these rôles to the life. It appears that Danjuro is particularly clever in women's rôles, but each time I have seen him he has performed the part of one of his own sex.

June 20, 1894.—There was a small earthquake in the night, the forerunner to a most terrible one at two in the afternoon. Clocks, vases, photo frames, ornaments of all sorts, were precipitated on to the floor, and nearly all the chimneys were cracked, and we thought they were coming down. The *godown* was cracked all through. The whole household rushed out of doors in the greatest terror, and it was truly awful watching the building from the garden, rocking backwards and forwards, and feeling the heaving of the earth underneath one. Mr. Iitaka, the Legation interpreter, says it is by far the worst he has ever experienced, and he is an old man. It certainly

seemed to me most awful and terrifying. We hear M. Goh's chimney is down—he is Secretary to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and he lives almost opposite to us. In the afternoon Mr. P. called, and told us of a ghastly catastrophe at the Club. I drove there later, and found that the porch had fallen in completely, crushing two men and two horses in its fall, and killing one man outright. This is the worst earthquake since 1854, the amount of damage caused is immense, and up to the present we hear of at least fifty people killed and a great many injured.

My Belgian lady's maid, the only person who seemed to have been upstairs at the time, completely losing her head, in a frenzy of terror jumped straight out of the window of the upper story. Providentially she lodged on a projecting gable of the roof, whence later on we dragged the semi-conscious girl back by ropes, into safety.

I drove later on to Tsukiji to inquire after Mrs. Francis, who I knew was bedridden at the time. The American church had one transept completely destroyed, and a school in Tsukiji had collapsed entirely, killing a teacher, who, for the sake of safety, was running out. Not a house in that quarter of the town seemed in a whole condition, or a chimney in its place, and the many streets looked as if they had been bombarded by cannon. Mr. Francis only just saved the life of his wife by tearing her from her bed and carrying her downstairs. Immediately afterwards the chimney crashed in, right on her bed. The German Legation is so injured that it will have to be pulled down, and all Baron Gutschmidt's pretty glass and china is smashed, to say nothing of his curios. The Italian Legation is partly destroyed, and part of the Russian Legation is unsafe. The Dutch Legation is cracked right through, and the Minister, Count Bylandt, has lost many of his handsome bronzes. The tower of the British Legation, which was built by Sir Harry Parkes, has collapsed.



SHIBA PARK, TOKYO, IN THE SNOW.

Photos by M. Grénade.

M. de Martino's priceless vases at the Italian Legation are broken, in spite of having been attached by wire to the wall. We ourselves have escaped most providentially, owing, I suppose, to the building being in wood. It seems a unique case. The only things broken were a few old empty beer-bottles reposing in the cellar, though many things, such as heavy clocks, etc., were thrown down. I picked up one bronze clock precipitated off a high chimney-piece, and found it still going !

There were two more shocks, one at 4.30, just as I was occupied in changing my dress, the result being that I rushed down into the garden somewhat lightly clad, followed by my maid, who had snatched up a towel instead of a shawl to throw over my bare shoulders. Another shock took place at 9.30 p.m. Many people camped out that night, as frequent shocks were feared, and the houses themselves were too unsafe for refuge. The little English church at Shiba is hopelessly ruined, and will have to be entirely rebuilt.

June 26, 1894.—We received the news of the assassination of President Carnot by an Italian anarchist. Also news of the birth of a future heir to the throne of England was announced.

I heard that during the big earthquake on the 20th a certain friend of ours was taking a bath. He made a hasty exit into the street, his only adornments being a high silk hat, a walking-stick, and an eyeglass !

July 1, 1894.—The funeral service for the late President Carnot took place at nine o'clock at the French cathedral. The men wore full uniform. The heat was intense, and the service was attended by a great crowd, Japanese and diplomats, the Emperor being represented by Prince Kan-in.

Another story of the earthquake. The two dear old Miss A.'s were at the Grand Hotel in Yokohama and in excessively light and airy garments, were taking a

siesta during the heat of the day. They fled on to the Bund, and took refuge in 'rickshaws with the hoods raised and the aprons up to their chins, where they, in spite of many persuasions to remove them, insisted on remaining the whole day and far into the night.

July 3, 1894.—E. left for Nikko, A. and I for Miyanoshita.

July 5, 1894.—We are at Miyanoshita, and we went on an expedition to Ojigoku, or the Great Hell. All were carried in chairs, except Professor Chamberlain, who is a splendid walker. A. and I and Mr. M. started to climb the Hell. The latter returned, but A. and I persevered and arrived at the summit after half an hour's stiff climb over sulphurous ground and loose rolling stones. We were met by such a weird, ghastly, desolate scene when we arrived at the Hell. The whole gorge reeks of overpowering fumes of sulphur. One sees it smoking and hears it bubbling in fury in the bowels of the earth. It is dangerous to walk on the loose ground, as one might easily sink in, and consequently get terribly burnt. In fact, this happened to an acquaintance of ours, who to this day bears the scars. We walked a good part of the way home.

July 10, 1894.—There were three rather bad earthquakes in Tokyo while we were still at Miyanoshita, where they were unfelt.

July 12, 1894.—We left Miyanoshita and returned to Tokyo.

July 14, 1894.—We left at 10.30 for the hot springs of Ikao. It was a journey of four hours in the train to Miyabashi, where we took 'rickshaws to catch the tram. We had a two hours' drive in the horse-tram, part of it through a very lovely, mountainous, and well-wooded country, stopping several times to rest at picturesque tea-houses and to take a drink of lemonade in which the ice was crushed. We eventually arrived at a place where we took 'rickshaws with three men each, and then began the

ascent. It was dreadfully stiff. A. and I walked part of the way, picking *en route* the lovely wild flowers, which grew in the greatest profusion all over the vast plains, great masses of white tiger-lilies, yellow lilies, etc. After a steady pull of two hours and a half up the mountain, we finally arrived at the Kindayu Hotel, Ikao. This primitive hotel is a charming Japanese building of two stories, and our little suite of rooms, which is deliciously romantic, is entirely Japanese. We have engaged the whole of the upper floor, each of us possessing a front room and a back room, divided by *karakami* (a paper division) and furnished with fresh *tatamis* (mats). Long wooden verandas run the length of the rooms both back and front. The outlook at night from these wooded balconies is very romantic. One gazes down a long mountainous street paved by irregular steps and lit by iron lanterns. Everything here is old-world and picturesque, and the mountain air is delicious and invigorating after the intense heat of Tokyo.

July 15, 1894.—We were up early after a good night's rest, and oh! Heaven be praised! no mosquitoes! The pillow and bed were both slightly hard, but one soon gets accustomed to that sort of thing. In this Japanese tea-house there are capital bathrooms with Japanese baths, reached by traversing long narrow bridges. A. and I went for a walk. The long main street is mounted by irregular and worn stone steps, which gives it the artistic appearance of an old Italian city. We walked through a delightful mountain path to the source of hot iron-water, and *en route* we passed some strange sights. In one place in the middle of the stream stood an extremely scraggy old lady, who, having denuded herself of the greater part of her garments, was enjoying a *douche* under a bamboo pipe. She smiled and bowed as we passed, and, perfectly naturally, wished us *konichiwa* (good day). We sat for long on the little rustic bench, and enjoyed the peace and

beauty of the scene. We bought some *ame*, a speciality of Ikao, and a species of Turkish delight, made of malt, and excellent for the digestion. We invested also in an ingenious little Japanese garden, with all its etceteras of miniature houses, bridges, rocks, lakes, and growing vegetation.

July 20, 1894.—We went for a lovely expedition to Haruna Lake. E. and I took a chair between us. It was a very steep climb. We started at 9.30, and, arriving at about 11.30, we picnicked in a Japanese tea-house on the borders of the lake. While digesting our lunch we saw an immensely long water-snake disporting itself in the water. They say these creatures are harmless, but—such is the cruelty of man—we tried to catch and slay it. I am glad to say it escaped. The weather was frightfully hot and very threatening, so we adorned ourselves in *kimonos* and took a siesta stretched on the *tatamis* of the tea-house. We started home about 3.30, running before the storm. A thunder-storm, however, broke upon us and we got drenched, but were consoled somewhat by the sight of the lightning in the hills, which was gorgeous and incessant.

July 24, 1894.—A. left for Tokyo, but I remain on at Ikao.

July 25, 1894.—A rumour has reached Ikao that war was declared between China and Japan. But, so far, I have heard nothing of this from A.

July 28, 1894.—The information about the war is premature.

CHAPTER V

1894—1895

War with China—The Imperial proclamation—Journey from Ikao to Nikko—Nikko—The hundred gods, Nikko—The Vermicelli Falls—A trip to Chusenji—An alarming thunderstorm and a narrow escape—A visit to the Holy of Holies of the Temples—A feast for the eyes—A Japanese victory—Captain Brinkley's collection of porcelain—An extra bad earthquake—My first visit to the Red Cross Hospital—The Chinese prisoners—Function for the Special Mission of Korea—Death of the Czar—The Emperor's birthday—Service for the late Czar—Rejoicings over the Japanese victories—Theatricals for the Red Cross Society—Expeditions at Miyano-shita—Atami—The Japanese Riviera—An earthquake at night—Damage caused by the earthquake—Prince Arisugawa's funeral—A 'rickshaw adventure at Atami—The Duke of Mecklenburg—Dinner at German Legation for the Duke of Mecklenburg—Admiration for the Japanese—Red Cross medal—The Peace Plenipotentiaries—Attempted assassination of Li Hung-Chang—Results of the attempt on Li Hung-Chang—Peace at last.

August 1, 1894.—I am still enjoying the freshness of Ikao. I received this morning a telegram from A. in Tokyo, announcing that war between Japan and China was declared. Later on, an Imperial rescript was issued, commencing thus :

“We, by the grace of Heaven, Emperor of Japan, seated on the Throne occupied by the same dynasty from time immemorial, do hereby make proclamation to all Our loyal and brave subjects as follows :

“We hereby declare war against China, and We command each and all of Our competent authorities, in obedience to Our wish, with a view to the attainment of the National aim, to carry on hostilities by sea and by land against China, with all the means at their disposal, consistent with the law of nations.”

After going on to say that the war was to be waged, not only for the independence of Korea, but to assure permanent peace in the Far East, the Imperial rescript concluded in the following terms :

“ Ardent as Our wish is to promote the prestige of the country abroad by strictly peaceful methods, We find it impossible to avoid a formal declaration of war against China. It is Our earnest wish that by the loyalty and valour of Our faithful subjects peace may soon be permanently restored and the glory of the Empire be augmented and completed.

“ Given this 1st day of the 8th month of the 27th year of Meiji.”

August 18, 1894.—We left Ikao for Nikko at 6.30 a.m., starting off in the *basha*, a very jolty, springless species of *diligence*; then we walked some way, and let the tram catch us up. We went for about an hour in the tram, then got out to cross the river in a primitive kind of ferry-boat, as the bridge had been swept away by the floods of the late terrific storm. It was decidedly exciting crossing this wide river, as, the current being so strong, a stout rope had been stretched from bank to bank, to which we, standing up in the ferry-boat, had to cling with all our force to prevent the boat being swept down by the strength of the waters. On arriving safely on the other side after this thrilling experience, we took the tram again; then the train, with various changes; and, finally, on our arrival at Nikko, our last of these varied means of conveyance was a 'rickshaw in the pelting rain.

August 22, 1894.—Nikko, where we are now staying, is indescribably beautiful. I shall never forget my first impression of these dark avenues of great cryptomeria pines. These avenues were planted as far back as the seventeenth century by wealthy *daimios* in memory of the great Shoguns, Iyeyasu



BARON d'ANETHAN AT WORK.

Photo by Professor Conder.



and Iyemitsu. The grandest and most romantic of these avenues lines the green moss-grown balustrades and the numberless steps, which eventually lead to the modest urn of bronze where lie the ashes of the famous Iyeyasu himself. It struck me what a truly poetical idea it was, this silent and mighty approach of lofty and sombre pines to this, the most humble and simple of resting-places. The temples erected to the honour of the two Shoguns are marvels of splendour. One traverses courtyard after courtyard, through acres of wooded vegetation, till one reaches these shrines of rich carvings and of marvellous gold, and there one can spend luxurious hours dreaming of the glory that is gone, and of these great men to the honour of whom these monuments were erected.

I walked with A. to the other side of the river to see the Hundred Gods. These gods are interesting stone images placed along the border of the torrent. They are, in reality, very ancient and defaced Buddhas. The legend is that an individual may count these images no matter how many times, and the result of the calculation is, on each occasion, different. The torrent in this part is very swift and rough. A. and I climbed on a rock and watched it, in angry fury, tearing and bubbling over immense stones and boulders.

August 25, 1894.—I took a lovely walk with Mrs. Blakiston to the Vermicelli Falls. We passed the tomb of Iyeyasu's horse, and also the magic stone that is supposed to cure every possible disease. The waterfall was a sight of fairy beauty. We went on up innumerable steps to the temple, which is quite deserted and is speedily falling into decay. It is placed in a lovely and romantic spot, surrounded by huge and ancient cryptomeria trees, where all was as silent as the grave. The moss-grown stone balustrade which encircled the building is beginning to fall to pieces. One crosses innumerable battered

bridges of stone, and one beholds tumbled-down and picturesque *toris*, half hidden by a wealth of vegetation; while beyond, surrounded by a railing, is the sacred stone where, in the ninth century, the angel appeared to old Shonin, telling him to persevere in his upward journey to Heaven. All was romantic and old-world to a degree, but what impressed me the most was the extraordinary silence and the peace of these truly lovely surroundings.

August 28, 1894.—A. and I started at nine o'clock for Chusenji. It was a perfect day, and the drive up in 'rickshaws by the side of the rushing torrent simply grand. We took three hours and a half to get up, resting a space at most of the tea-houses, and arriving at the Kirkwoods' Japanese house a little before one o'clock. This is the first house built by a European in Chusenji, and it is placed on the borders of the lake. Most lovely and peaceful is the view of this clear, placid lake, surrounded as it is by lofty and thickly wooded mountains. On this calm summer's day the lake looked particularly blue and smiling, and in many ways it reminded me of Como Lake.

On our return journey to Nikko a fog came down for part of the way, but after a time it lifted, and the views, as the sun set, were more than usually fine and striking. We got home in due course, rather fatigued with the bumping of the springless 'rickshaw; but the road, which every year, without fail, is washed away, was really not so bad as I had been led to expect.

September 6, 1894.—To-day is a terrible day of pouring rain after a week of the same kind of weather. About five o'clock a frightful thunder-storm burst upon us. Several of us, in despair at our confinement, had started out for a walk, the consequence being we got caught in the storm. The hotel was struck by lightning in two places, also a high post to which electric wires were attached, which stood

just outside the front door of the hotel, likewise some trees behind the hotel. A. and I had an uncommonly narrow escape of being struck by the lightning, for, rushing to shelter from the storm, we had just passed the electric post by a few seconds, when it was struck and shivered to atoms. This alarming incident happened before our very eyes. I never saw such lightning nor heard such terrifying crashes of thunder. In the night there was another storm almost as bad.

September 7, 1894.—Several of us went on an expedition to the Urami Falls. The effect of the three cascades, all witnessed from one point, roaring over the rocks into a great black pool beneath, is certainly a sight impossible to surpass. A great part of the road had been washed away by the recent storms, which made the climb somewhat hazardous. In many places the coolies were obliged to lift the 'rickshaws bodily, and to carry them across the lately formed streams on their backs, while, clinging to branches of trees and bits of projecting rocks, we paddled across as best we could.

September 8, 1894.—We went with our special permission (obtained from the Imperial Household, and only given to Foreign Ministers, outside the Imperial family) to inspect the Holy of Holies, within the temples of Iyeyasu and of Iyemitsu. We were shown within these sacred precincts a unique collection of ancient paintings, carvings, bronzes, brasses, and lacquer. We also saw two immense plaques of pure gold lacquer, on which were painted on one an enormous cock, on the other the holy phoenix. The ceiling of the room was of gold lacquer, of which every design was different. On our arrival we were received by the high priest in full canonicals, who was attended by several minor priests. The high priest was most ceremonious, and made A. a long speech of welcome, to which A. replied through his interpreter.

At the Iyemitsu temple we were led from a door into the Holy of Holies, and we promenaded on ancient black lacquer floors round the outside of the inner part of this marvellous temple, which is completely hidden from general view by wooden *amados*, or shutters. The glory of this Buddhist temple passes words. All the massive doors (and the outside seemed to be composed entirely of doors) are fabricated of embossed gold. Each door is of a different pattern and is divided by a gold lacquer pillar. The entire time we were walking on black lacquer (of course without shoes), and a red lacquer railing ran the whole length of the gallery. Such a feast for the eyes of richness and of glory I have never seen. It was a unique sight, and I found myself thinking the whole time of the temple built by King Solomon.

September 10, 1894.—We left Nikko for Tokyo.

September 17, 1894.—We heard of a Japanese victory—the taking of Phyong-Yang after bloody and very prolonged fighting. But no details are supplied, and indeed, so far as the war is concerned, it might hardly be taking place, for all we in Tokyo hear of its progress.

September 26, 1894.—We lunched with Captain Brinkley (late Royal Artillery), and met Lady Randolph Churchill. Unfortunately Lord Randolph Churchill was too ill to be present. After lunch Captain Brinkley, who has resided over thirty years in Japan, showed us his collection of Chinese porcelain. He has some marvellous and priceless vases, etc., and is one of the finest authorities in the world on Chinese porcelain and Japanese art.

October 7, 1894.—A ghastly earthquake took place at 8.35 p.m. We were at dinner when the shocks commenced. It lasted over four minutes, and started with a loud rumbling noise. We rushed through the verandas, out of the house, completely terrified. E. sank down on to the damp

grass, and moaned, "I can't stand this—I can't stand this," while I clung frantically to A., the ground meanwhile heaving up and down, and the house shaking backwards and forwards. Fortunately it was horizontal, not vertical, or with that length of time Tokyo must have been destroyed. My Belgian cook first fainted dead away, then, as she gradually recovered, she was seized with violent hysterics. Altogether it was a trying experience, and seemed to be quite as bad as the earthquake of June 20, and certainly longer, but, owing to its being horizontal, extraordinarily small damage was done.

October 29, 1894.—I paid a visit to the Red Cross Hospital, and was extremely interested. I was conducted round the wards, where I saw all the wounded Chinese prisoners—180 or more. The hospital appeared to me most complete from the top to the bottom. The operating-rooms, etc., were excellent in their arrangements, and entirely up to date. The Chinese prisoners themselves appeared extremely comfortable; the generality being very fine, handsome men. Some were without legs and some were without arms, while a considerable number were wounded in the back. They pointed out the absence of these limbs with considerable satisfaction, and as we passed they turned round in their beds and salaamed. Poor creatures! One felt that if only properly disciplined and officered, they would doubtlessly have developed into fine soldiers. They appeared very pleased to see us, and of course they know how well off they really are. In their own country they would probably have been left to die on the battlefield. All the nurses of the Red Cross Hospital are Japanese, likewise the doctors, likewise the whole management and the Committee. This hospital proves to me more than anything else has done the immense progress of Japan. Forty or forty-five years ago the Japanese would have tortured, instead of nursing and caring for, their prisoners.

It was the house surgeon and Madame Sannomiya who kindly showed us over the hospital.

The same evening we attended a grand fête at the Summer Palace at the invitation of M. Hanabusa. It was given for the purpose of introducing the Korean Embassy—headed by the young Prince of twenty—to the high Japanese and to the Corps Diplomatique. It was very interesting and amusing. I really pitied the poor Korean Prince, as he was being dragged around the room by each arm and presented to us one after the other. It was funny, too, later to watch the Prince giving his arm for supper to Princess Komatsu. He stared very hard at her, and indeed at all the ladies, regarding us with the greatest interest and curiosity. I doubt if he had ever beheld European ladies before—certainly not *décolletées*. Probably if one could look into his heart he was decidedly shocked at our appearance, the Korean practice being to keep their women of the upper classes muffled up and hidden away generally from public view.*

November 2, 1894.—We received the news of the Czar of Russia's death, which took place at three o'clock the previous day. Our first intimation of this sad event was seeing the flag half-mast high at the Russian Consulate in Yokohama. All entertainments are put off, and we are to wear Court mourning for three weeks.

November 3, 1894.—To-day is the Emperor's birthday. It is kept very quietly, and there is no ball at the Foreign Office, no lunch at the Palace, and no review, on account of the Court mourning and of the war. We wrote our names down at the Palace. The list will be sent to the Emperor at the military headquarters at Hiroshima.

November 4, 1894.—A service took place at the Russian Church in memory of the late Czar. The

* That habit is greatly modified in these days of modern Korea (1912).



BARON d'ANETHAN'S STUDY, BELGIAN LEGATION.

church is a fine domed building, in an elevated position commanding Tokyo, and the interior looked remarkably well filled with the numerous high personages in uniform. We had to remain standing the whole time, certainly for over an hour and a half, and I found it most fatiguing. The Archbishop's robes, and the robes likewise of the other priests, were simply gorgeous, and were stiff with gold brocade. The singing, which was executed by Japanese, was particularly beautiful. Lighted tapers were given to us, which we held in our hands during the whole of the service. This in itself was exhausting; I, personally, was in considerable anxiety about the guttering grease spoiling my dress.

November 19, 1894.—Another service for the late Czar took place in the Russian Church, the day being that of His Majesty's funeral. All the Corps Diplomatique attended in full uniform.

December 9, 1894.—A. went to Uyeno Park to see the rejoicings which took place in honour of the Japanese victories. Among other ceremonies they sank a Chinese man-of-war with torpedoes, and the lake was beautifully illuminated. The crowds in the park were enormous and the enthusiasm immense.

December 22, 1894.—Madame Sannomiya came to see me and brought the accounts of the theatricals which she and I had got up for the Red Cross Society, and in which I had acted on the 11th and 12th of the month. These theatricals were attended by several members of the Imperial family, and went off with great *éclat*. We have made 1,600 yen (£160) and have cleared 1,365 (about £136). This is the largest sum, so far, ever collected for a charity in Tokyo.

December 27, 1894.—After the Christmas festivities we left for Miyanoshita. Professor Chamberlain met us at Kodzu and climbed up the pass with us.

December 30, 1894.—We took a lovely expedition to Otome Toge, starting at 9.30. It was

a very steep climb through lovely country, till suddenly, through a great cleft in the hills, we came upon Fuji in all its dazzling glory. The whole of the mountain from base to top met our view. It was covered completely with snow, and I think I have never before realised its full beauty as when standing there in its solitary grandeur. We tiffined under a shed in full view of this pinnacle of snow, and our return home in chairs and *kagos* was very exhilarating.

January 2, 1895.—Accompanied by Mr. Trench, the British Minister, Mr. Tuke, Professor Chamberlain, and others, we left at 8.30 for Atami, some in chairs, some on foot, some in *kagos* (a kind of litter). It was a perfect winter's day of brilliant sun, and there were such magnificent views of the blue sea both sides of us, and of Fuji towering over us more glorious than ever in her snowy grandeur. We tiffined half-way between Hakone and the Sixteen Provinces Stone in a sheltered and warm spot in the sun. I walked a good portion of the way, but the road was very steep and slippery in some parts, and I fell down more than once—for the matter of that, so did many of the men of the party. The view over the nestling little village of Atami, glistening in the afternoon sun, with the brilliant blue sea as a background, was most exquisite.

January 3, 1895.—Atami is a lovely sheltered little spot, much patronised by consumptives and invalids. We sat all the morning basking in the sun on the beach. In the afternoon we took our tea to the plum orchard. Such a sweet, peaceful garden, with the plum blossom already in full flower.

January 4, 1895.—We left Atami, enjoying a 'rickshaw drive of four hours along the beautiful rocky coast. The scenery in these parts is very wild and grand, with great rocks and promontories jutting out into the sea, which is generally a brilliant blue colour. We Europeans call it the

Japanese Riviera. We arrived at Odiwara in fine style, the 'rickshaw men tearing along at a breakneck pace. We reached Tokyo by five o'clock. Thus finished [a delightful trip of over a week, with delightful people, in delightful weather.

January 9, 1895.—To-day is the first wet day for a whole month.

January 18, 1895.—We had just fallen asleep when we were aroused from our peaceful dreams by one of the most awful earthquakes we have yet experienced. I rushed under the door, which is supposed to be the safest place on these occasions. A. remained in the room vainly attempting to switch on the electric light, which was swinging all over the place, while I shrieked, "Come out of the room; the chimney will fall in," for I knew our chimney had a bad crack caused by the last earthquake. E., who was not yet in bed, rushed in her nightdress down the stairs, through the drawing-rooms, out on to the verandas, and eventually found herself right at the other side of the garden. There we later on discovered her, semi-conscious, cowering under a dark pine tree, with big cawing crows flapping over her head, and with her bare feet in the snow. Once again (thank God!) it was horizontal and not vertical, or but little of the city of Tokyo would have been left standing. Slight shocks continued all the night. Nothing would induce E. to return to her bedroom, so we made up a bed in one of the drawing-rooms. My Belgian cook once more collapsed, remaining for some time in a dead faint.

January 19, 1895.—We heard from Mr. Tuke, who is living there, that the Imperial Hotel was terribly damaged. Poor Mr. Thompson, the *Times* correspondent, was almost killed by the falling plaster in his room, being discovered half buried beneath it. We walked to see the damage, and met Baron Gutschmidt, the German Minister, who told us that he

100 PRINCE ARISUGAWA'S FUNERAL

had once more suffered considerably, and feared he would be obliged to turn out a second time. Poor man! *Il n'a pas de chance*. None of the other colleagues suffered as much as one might have expected, though some of the damage of last June is considerably increased. We ourselves, wonderful to relate, once more escaped, owing to our Legation being wooden.

There was a large reception at our Legation in the afternoon, the conversation being principally "earthquakes," and graphic details of everybody's experiences were related. Several people were killed in Yokohama, and the damage was evidently worse there than in Tokyo.

January 22, 1895.—We are very much alarmed about the condition of our chimneys since the last earthquake. The shocks continue—we have had one at least every day since Friday—and each shock increases those ominous cracks in our chimneys.

January 29, 1895.—To-day, His Imperial Highness Prince Arisugawa's funeral took place. A. and I went to his palace, which is just opposite our Legation, and saw the procession start from the house. It was a unique and interesting sight, headed first by over eighty bearers dressed in white, the Japanese sign of mourning, each carrying a huge tower of flowers, of which we sent a couple. Following these picturesque individuals were officers in uniform, holding cushions before them, on which rested the Prince's numerous grand crosses and orders. Next came various persons surrounding a casket which contained the favourite food, the shoes for the journey (large wooden *geta*), the sword to guard against the evil spirits during the soul's fifty days' wanderings, and the money to pay for the ferry-boat that crosses the river to Eternity. Finally appeared what we should call the coffin, but which in reality is a beautifully fabricated casket of pure white wood (the Shinto sign of purity), embossed with the family arms in gold, and in which the body

is arranged in a sitting position. Immediately following the coffin was the chief mourner, young Prince Arisugawa, brother and adopted son of the deceased. He was dressed in the old-fashioned Court mourning dress, consisting of a wide full black silk petticoat, covered partially over by a short white *kimono*, crowned by an unusual form of head-dress, made of what looked like stiff black muslin. The two Princesses Arisugawa also wore ancient Court mourning, a sort of greyish brown *hakama* (a kind of divided skirt). They wore their black hair puffed out at the sides like great wings, and hanging down the back.

After the procession had left the house, we returned to breakfast, and at ten o'clock we started for the cemetery of the Imperial family, which is across the river several miles from Tokyo. The whole of the way the road was lined by troops, and the order was perfect. On our arrival, we stood with the rest of the Corps Diplomatique waiting for three-quarters of an hour, until the funeral procession arrived. Then we waited another hour, during which time the altar was being prepared. Meanwhile we were supplied with refreshments. After this we were told to proceed (it was about midday by that time), and we walked up a path paved in wood and bordered each side by covered seats, at the end of which were high trestles supporting the coffin, the coffin being surrounded by the numberless pyramids of flowers, and the banner on which were engraved the arms of his house, which banner is buried with the Prince. We were each allotted seats. Nearest to the coffin were the members of the family, the priests, and the representatives of the Emperor and the Empress. The service now commenced, accompanied by the weird funeral music, the priests going through various forms and ceremonies. Low white wooden tables were placed before the coffin, all sorts of objects being offered to the deceased by

the priests. First was a long box, containing the name which H.I.H. is to bear in the next world. After this followed a repast of various kinds of fish, game, sweetmeats, and fruit. These articles were handed with great ceremony from one priest to the other. There were ten priests, and as each priest took the dish, which was placed on a stool of white wood, he clapped his hands twice to call the god, and the last priest, bowing very low, finally placed it on the table. After all the food, which is supposed to be the deceased's favourite articles of food during his lifetime, had been placed on the table, prayers were intoned from an immense scroll, the final ceremony being that each member of the family approached the coffin, carrying branches of some particular tree, from which floated long papers inscribed with prayers. These branches were disposed of on other trestles, evidently arranged for that purpose.

As each member of the family, likewise the representatives of the Emperor and Empress, adorned in ancient Court dress, walked up and placed their branches, we rose. When they had accomplished this solemn performance, the whole Corps Diplomatique also approached, and, bowing three or four times, disposed of the branches presented to them by the priests. This finished the impressive ceremony so far as we were concerned. The Corps Diplomatique withdrew, and only the relatives and friends remained to perform the actual office of burial, which took place some hours later, and with the remains of His Imperial Highness were buried the various articles of clothing and of food.

January 31, 1895.—At five, half Tokyo came to the Legation to tea, to meet Mr. Gerard Lowther* and his sister, Miss Lowther.† Mr. Lowther is the

* The Rt. Hon. Sir Gerard Lowther, G.C.M.G., is at present British Ambassador in Constantinople (1912).

† Now Madame Viengué, wife of the Conseiller of the French Embassy at St. Petersburg (1912).



H.I.H. PRINCE FUSHIMI.



H.I.H. PRINCE ARISUGAWA.

Photos by Maruki, Tokyo.

new First Secretary appointed to the British Legation. Both he and his sister seem extremely charming, and I am sure will be an agreeable addition to Tokyo society.

February 2, 1895.—E. and I, accompanied by Mr. Tuke, left for Atami, and A. went by sea to Kobe. We had to turn out of the Legation on account of earthquake repairs. All the brick chimneys are being replaced by iron pipes, which, though far from being artistic, at any rate are safe.

February 7, 1895.—Professor Chamberlain and Mr. Wilkinson * joined us at Atami, likewise Mrs. Pownall and Miss Forsyth. We made many lovely expeditions in the beautiful neighbourhood, and at other moments during our fortnight's stay in this ideal spot, we basked on the beach in the glorious sun.

February 12, 1895.—Mr. Tuke, E., and I left Atami. The roads were awfully bad after the heavy rain. E. was pitched out of her 'rickshaw, Mr. Tuke's 'rickshaw being sandwiched between hers and his own. Two of the 'rickshaw coolies were very much hurt. E. escaped with a severe shaking. The consequence of this adventure was that we were greatly delayed and we missed our train, only arriving at Tokyo late at night, where A. met us.

February 13, 1895.—We dined at the Sannomiyas' to meet the Duke of Mecklenburg. He seems a very pleasant, intelligent young man, and is a lieutenant on board the *Alexandrine*. He is a typical sailor in every way. I had a very long talk with him after dinner about Rio, and the revolution. He was there, as were we, during all that exciting time, when the Emperor and the Empress of Brazil were deposed and were obliged to fly in the middle of the night. I told the Duke how A. had hired a little boat and had managed to get on board to say good-bye to their Majesties just before they steamed away.

February 18, 1895.—There was a big dinner at

* Now Sir Hiram Wilkinson.

the German Legation in honour of the Duke of Mecklenburg. I was taken in by Prince Kita-shira-kawa. The Imperial band played during dinner, and three toasts were proposed : the Emperor of Japan, by the Duke of Mecklenburg ; the German Emperor, by Prince Kita-shira-kawa ; and our King, by Baron Gutschmidt. Following the toast the National Air of each country was played, every one standing the while. It was a terrible night, and the wind blew out the lamp which gave light to the musicians in the veranda. In the evening a large gathering of the German colony were invited to meet their Prince.*

March 1, 1895.—We called to inquire after Mr. Trench, the British Minister, who has been out of health for some time. We received a by no means reassuring account.

March 2, 1895.—Professor Milne and a few other visitors came to see me, in spite of deep snow and bitter cold. Captain du Boulay, the British Military Attaché, who has been all through the Chino-Japanese War, was introduced to me. He has evidently an immense admiration for the Japanese, and for their military tactics.

March 10, 1895.—I went shopping at a nursery garden and bought some pansies and other plants. After I had evidently paid far too much for them, the woman from whom I bought them ejaculated in Japanese, "What a fool!" My companion, who understood Japanese, was immensely delighted at being able to repeat and translate this complimentary remark!

March 13, 1895.—I called on Madame Sannomiya, and heard that M. Sannomiya was off to China. I also heard that I am to have the Red Cross medal presented to me. I was much gratified and pleased at this piece of information.

* This poor young Duke of Mecklenburg was drowned some years later in a torpedo boat. He might have been saved, but he heroically remained behind to share the fate of his comrades (1912).

March 19, 1895.—The famous Viceroy, Li Hung-Chang, one of China's greatest men, was sent to sue for peace. He was accompanied by his son, Lord Li, and other high officials. Count Ito, the Prime Minister, and Viscount Mutsu, Minister of Foreign Affairs, were sent by the Japanese Government to confer with the Chinese, at Shimonoseki.

March 24, 1895.—We heard of the attempt to assassinate Li Hung-Chang, the Chinese Plenipotentiary, during the peace negotiations. The assassin was a fanatic, who had travelled on foot from some remote province of Japan for the express purpose of carrying out his nefarious deed. He shot at and wounded the Viceroy in the cheek. The greatest consternation and grief was experienced by the Japanese at this attempt on the Viceroy's life.

March 26, 1895.—It was after the third meeting—during which the question of armistice, following long discussions, had been laid aside, and the terms of the peace were eventually mooted—that the attempt on the Viceroy was made. The deepest sympathy for the victim of this deed was experienced by the whole of Japan, the Empress with her own hands making lint and bandages for the wounded Envoy, while the most expert surgeons were sent to his aid. In consequence of this disaster, H.M. the Emperor accorded (what the Chinese Plenipotentiaries had hitherto vainly striven to obtain) an unconditional truce of twenty days' duration.

April 3, 1895.—Li Hung-Chang, the Chinese Plenipotentiary, being convalescent, resumed his sittings in the Council Chamber.

April 17, 1895.—We heard the blessed news that Peace was proclaimed between Japan and China at the last meeting of the Plenipotentiaries, their seals being finally affixed to the Treaty at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

CHAPTER VI

1895

A visit to Kyoto—A procession of *geisha*—The Kyo-Midzu Temple—A cherry dance—The Katsugawa Rapids—Sight-seeing—Visit to the Nijo Palace—A curious procession—The Kinkakuji Gardens—Intervention of the Powers—Return of the Emperor and his staff from Hiroshima—Rejoicings at the return of the Emperor—The Empress's gracious attention—Dinner given by the Italian Minister to the Duke of the Abruzzi—A pupil of Beethoven—Madame Sannomiya's dinner in honour of the Duke of the Abruzzi—Admiral Makaroff at Miyanoshita—His invention—Arrival at Miyanoshita of Sir Ernest Satow, the British Minister—A reward for climbing Fujiyama—M. Hitrovo, the Russian Minister—An electioneering attack on Rider Haggard—Departure from Miyanoshita—Cholera in Tokyo—The autumn tints at Nikko—An autumn expedition to Chusenji—A frustrated expedition—We return to Nikko—A Tunbridge M.P.—The Emperor's birthday—Sir Ernest Satow's library—Prince Kita-shira-kawa's funeral.

April 20, 1895.—A. and I left Tokyo to catch the Messagerie boat *Salasie* for Kobe. We met E. at Yokohama, and arrived at Kobe, a prosperous seaport town, the next day. We left in the afternoon for Kyoto. I am perfectly enchanted with Kyoto. So far I have seen no place in Japan that can compare with this beautiful city, either in the antiquity and interest of its temples and their romantic surroundings, or in its more natural beauties of wooded hills and of luxuriant vegetation. Kyoto was for many years the seat of the almost-forgotten Emperors. As one realises the charm of this unique city, it certainly seems a thousand pities that the event of the Restoration should have been the means of transferring the capital to Tokyo, a city which—in spite of its many advantages—possesses, with exception of its moated ramparts of stone and its

uncommon and handsome gateways, but few architectural objects of interest, being placed in flat, fen-like surroundings of paddy-fields, by no means either beautiful or healthy. Now, Kyoto is really "Old Japan," and, thank goodness! there are no smells! Yaami's Hotel, where we are staying, is beautifully situated. It is a great climb to get to it, but once there, one has before one's eyes a perfect view of the city and the distant hills.

April 22, 1895.—We went, accompanied by two friends, to see the procession of the unfortunate girls of the Yoshiwara. This procession takes place once a year, and to witness it there were enormous crowds, most interesting to watch, packed in masses and squatting down on their mats. We had to wait for over two hours and a half before the girls arrived. At last they came—fourteen of them—one by one, walking their slow walk, raised on their high *geta* (pattens), and dressed in gorgeous embroideries, while the *obi*, the huge stiff bows of which were tied in front, a sign of their unfortunate profession, was of the richest brocade. The head-dress worn was truly wonderful, rather like a Norwegian head-dress, with the exception that huge pins of different descriptions, jade, coral, lacquer, etc., were stuck in the hair in all directions, like formidable weapons of defence. The faces of the girls were daubed with white paint, and they wore a fixed, set expression, while their eyes never moved. Each courtesan was preceded by two children, likewise adorned in magnificent *kimonos*, the courtesans themselves each being escorted by an old woman, who is supposed to act the part of a mother, and who every now and then with deft fingers arranged the hair or beautiful dress. Every girl was called after the special embroidery on the *kimono*, such as "Miss Pine Tree," or "Miss Cherry Blossom," or "White Chrysanthemum," etc. It was a painful sight, though one could see, by the immense crowds

110 THE CHERRY DANCE AT KYOTO

gathered to witness it, this yearly procession is here looked upon as an interesting spectacle.

On leaving this quarter of the town we were accompanied by ten policemen to clear the way, the crowd being hustled and shouted at, till I begged for mercy for the poor inoffensive beings.

April 23, 1895.—Mr. Tuke came and took us sight-seeing. Among other places we drove to the Kyo-Midzu Temple, which is built on immense wooden piles, and from which we had glorious views of Kyoto and its distant hills, while far beneath, from the deep ravine, rose a wealth of varied and fragrant vegetation.

We went in the evening, with one of the officials of the Imperial Household, to see the far-famed cherry dance. It was certainly a lovely sight. About forty girls, gorgeously adorned, went through their peculiar but graceful motions, framed by beautiful and ever-changing scenery. The *geishas* arrive on the stage from both sides of the theatre, enacting picturesque scenes, which are supposed to represent each of the seasons. On this occasion they finished up with summer, the scene being laid in a romantic and fairy-like Japanese garden, lit up with lanterns and thousands of different coloured lamps. The stage arrangement and *mise en scène* generally were quite lovely.

April 24, 1895.—We started early for the Kat-sugawa Rapids. The party consisted of our three selves and three gentlemen friends. It was a very cold day, and we suffered from a bitter 'rickshaw drive of over three hours through flat and very exposed country. At length we arrived at the river, and we ourselves, coolies, 'rickshaws and all, were deposited into the flat boats and were started down the rapids.

This performance was by far the most exciting adventure I have ever experienced. Two men rowed and two steered, manipulating their long poles with

APRIL.



THE CHERRY BLOSSOM.

From Professor's Conder's "Floral Art of Japan."



SHOOTING THE KATSUGAWA RAPIDS 113

the greatest calmness and presence of mind. On reaching each rapid, it seemed a sheer impossibility to avoid dashing into the rocks towering above us. But through the seething water we bounded up and down like corks, whirling first one way, then another, at one moment up in the heights, the next down in the depths, meanwhile tearing along at a tremendous pace, and each time just escaping by a hair's breadth, through the dexterity of the men with the poles, the impediments that were ahead and alongside of us. The scenery both sides of the river is quite charming. The descent down these rapids takes about two hours, whereas to go up the river ten or twelve hours of arduous towing are employed. At Arashiyama we disembarked, and took our lunch at a picturesque tea-house overlooking the rushing river and the beautiful vegetation of delicate green on the opposite bank. Our expedition and the excitement combined had made us very hungry, and we were quite ready for a hearty meal.

April 25, 1895.—E. and I started off to Nishimura's to inspect the embroideries and the lovely cut velvet work. The latter industry, which is very artistic, is executed over fine wires, the beautiful designs being inserted, and closely cut. Later in the afternoon we visited the Inari-No-Yashiro Shinto Temple, founded in 711, when the goddess of Rice first appeared to some pious individuals on the hill behind. We went up a picturesque avenue of countless red lacquer *torii*, climbing a hill which dominated the whole of Kyoto. Thence we continued to the San-Jiu-San-Gen Temple, where are deposited the thousand and one gilt Buddhas, each five feet high. These Buddhas represent the eleven-faced, thousand-handed *Kwannon*, and we were told that no two have the same arrangement of hands. They are certainly most impressive and curious, and in a state of excellent preservation, dating as far back as 1266.

On our way home we visited the *Daibutsu* (or

Buddha). This figure is perfectly gigantic, but it is placed under a wooden roof, and by no means is it so remarkable or interesting as the beautiful Buddha at Kamakura. There is a splendid bell in the vicinity, with a deep rich tone. We were allowed to ring it on paying a small sum. It is 14 feet high and 9 feet in thickness.

April 26, 1895.—We went to see the Nijo Palace, built by Iyeyasu in 1601. It is necessary to have special permission to inspect this palace. It is, as Murray calls it, “a dream of golden beauty.” A magnificent gate, very seldom used, and the entrance by which was a special privilege, was opened for us; it was gorgeous with gold and curious carvings. After having signed our names in the book, we were shown all over the spacious rooms and audience halls. The decorations on the walls are particularly magnificent, bold and grand on a gold ground, the wood being cryptomeria and hinoki. The ceilings are very handsome and of precious woods. The most impressive apartment is the hall of audience. It simply blazes with gold, and the metal fastenings are gilt and of exquisite workmanship, while the painting of the pine trees on the walls is extremely striking. In every room the painting on the walls is varied—cherry blossom, birds, tigers, chrysanthemums, lilies, etc.—all beautifully and artistically depicted on a blazing gold ground.

In the afternoon we witnessed a so-called religious procession, one of the most curious spectacles imaginable. We were deposited by our guide in a tea-house to watch the procession pass. Half a dozen gorgeously painted cars or shrines attached to long poles were carried by scores of semi-naked men, shouting and yelling, screaming and scrambling. These men, who advanced at a jog-trot, were employed in jerking the shrine up and down with violent, spasmodic jumps. There was an interval of about five minutes between the arrival of each

of these huge shrines, and as each appeared round the corner the same mad scene repeated itself. There were a few priests on horseback accompanying the shrines, but the chief objects of interest were the brilliantly decorated shrines themselves, within the shelter of which was supposed to be reposing some unfortunate god, who surely must have suffered from a severe attack of sea-sickness as a result of the energy displayed.

April 27, 1895.—E. and I drove to the Kinkakuji Gardens, within which is placed a monastery, and a pavilion which is supposed to be golden. So far as I could see, there was but very little gold left. The garden itself is, however, a perfect dream of beauty. It is wonderfully laid out, with bridges and streams and winding paths, and in the midst is a lake studded with lovely little islands, while golden carp and venerable tortoises, perfectly tame, disport themselves in the water.

We visited more temples on our way home, and also two modest little houses whence much of the cut velvet is produced. In the evening we went to the Club to witness some dancing. A very graceful and pretty girl danced charmingly, manipulating eight fans the while.

May 3, 1895.—We left Kyoto in a reserved carriage, accompanied by three policemen. This protection was provided for us by the Government, who feared possible unpleasantness for foreigners owing to the intervention of Russia, France, and Germany with regard to the territory claimed by Japan from China, which claim, in spite of her victorious war, she was consequently reluctantly forced by the Powers to abandon.

May 4, 1895.—Two policemen are posted at our gate and at the gates of all the Legations, and everywhere we go we are followed and protected by detectives in plain clothes. Sometimes these men must have found it difficult in their 'rickshaws to keep up

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with our carriage; but they were excessively active, and always managed to remain in our near vicinity. Their services, however, were never required.

May 13, 1895.—A., after having been indisposed for several weeks, developed typhoid fever. He is very ill.

May 30, 1895.—A., on the road to convalescence, was moved from his bedroom into the library.

I went to the station to witness the return of the Emperor and his suite from the headquarters of Hiroshima. There were immense rejoicings on the return of His Majesty from the seat of war, and long before ten o'clock the route to be followed by the Imperial cortège was packed with an enormous concourse of people. Triumphal arches were erected all over Tokyo, and the great arch built in front of the station was very imposing. The station itself was magnificently decorated, all the pillars being wreathed in evergreens, while the ceilings and walls were hung with hundreds of flags and drapings of crimson, white, and purple. As the train entered the station the band struck up the impressive strains of the National Anthem, and, after a few minor functionaries had alighted, arrived Count Ito, the Premier, and, following him, the Princes Komatsu and Kan-in, and finally His Imperial Majesty descended from the train, looking remarkably well and in excellent spirits.

As soon as His Majesty had entered the state carriage, every head was bared with reverential salutation. Not a sound was heard, the stillness was most impressive; but as the carriage began to move, the pent-up excitement of the multitudes burst forth into terrific cheer after cheer, while stirring cries of "*Banzai!—banzai!*" rent the air.

I jumped into my carriage and drove by a back road to the Foreign Office, where, standing next to Viscountess Mutsu, I witnessed the passing of the cortège. The cheers were deafening at this point, and

the Field Marshals Oyama and Yamagata, Count Ito and Viscount Mutsu, also came in for a magnificent reception. Viscountess Mutsu looked extremely pleased and gratified at the enthusiasm shown as her husband passed the gates of the Foreign Office.

May 31, 1895.—The Empress returned to-day from Hiroshima. There were the same multitudes and the same enthusiasm. Her Majesty, charmingly dressed, looked extremely well and happy.

June 14, 1895.—A. underwent a serious but successful operation at the hospital.

June 15, 1895.—At 8.30 a.m., just as I was starting from the Legation for the hospital, a Court carriage drove up to the door, and Miss Kagawa, one of the ladies-in-waiting to H.M. the Empress, stepped out. She had come from the Empress with special inquiries for A. At the same time the Empress had the great goodness to send him a magnificent basket of orchids and other hot-house flowers. Miss Kagawa was very kind, and told me that the Empress was greatly concerned about A., and that she also sent many kind messages to me, that I was to take care of myself, etc. A. was delighted and greatly gratified by the flowers and this gracious attention on the part of Her Majesty. We are going to have the basket photographed as a souvenir.

June 21, 1895.—A. is still at the hospital, but is going on as well as possible.

I dined this evening at the Imperial Hotel at a banquet given by Count Orfini, the Italian Minister, in honour of H.R.H. the Duke of the Abruzzi. I received a note from Count Orfini asking me, as *doyenne*, to do the honours of his dinner. There were sixty-five people invited.

When the Duke arrived, Count Orfini brought him up to me and went through the form of introduction, after which H.R.H. at once begged me to introduce him to all the ladies present. It was somewhat of

an arduous business introducing the Prince to no less than twenty-five ladies, but I got through it all right. When this ordeal was accomplished, Count Orfini introduced the men to his royal guest; and immediately afterwards the Duke, giving me his arm, led the way to the dining-room. He is a very pleasant young man, but looks delicate. I had Count Ito, the Prime Minister, the other side of me, and Count Orfini sat opposite to me. Count Ito talked much of the Japanese mission to Europe and America in 1871 of which he formed a member, and to which A. was attached by the Foreign Office during the mission's stay in Belgium. He repeated an amusing incident which he well remembered during their stay in that country, and of which A. has often told me. They were visiting some important glass manufactory in one of the towns of the provinces, and placed at the end of one of the rooms was a huge sheet of very transparent glass. A., who is extremely short-sighted, was slightly in advance of the rest of the party. They saw him walking towards it, but they fancied his object was merely to examine more closely the beautiful quality of the glass. The next instant what was the horror of Count Ito and the others but to hear a tremendous crash and to see A. walk straight through the sheet of glass! The glass was of course shattered into a thousand pieces, but, wonderful to relate, A. was but little cut, though he still bears scars on his face and his wrist, a result of this extraordinary adventure. Count Ito told me, though correctly sympathetic, the owner of the manufactory was immensely proud of this proof of the beauty and transparency of his glass, and consequently he was by no means upset at the destruction of what must have been an article of considerable value.

When dinner was over, we led the way to the drawing-rooms, and in the evening there was some



A TOKEN OF SYMPATHY FROM
H.M. THE EMPRESS.



STRAINS ON THE KOTO.

Photos by Baroness d'Anclan.



AN AMARYLLIS: THE PRIDE OF
HIS HEART.

excellent music. Chevalier de Konski, an old gentleman, and, strange to relate, a pupil of Beethoven, played extremely well.

June 22, 1895.—In the evening there was a dinner at the Sannomiyas' in honour of the Duke of the Abruzzi. Prince and Princess Komatsu and Prince Kan-in were present. Prince Kan-in took me in. The garden was charmingly lighted with white lanterns. It was extremely pretty and romantic, and as it was a terribly hot night it was delicious to sit outside.

July 11, 1895.—We are at Fujiya's Hotel, Miyanoshita. The Russian Admiral, Makaroff, and his staff are staying at the hotel. The Admiral, suffering very badly from rheumatism, is walking on crutches, but his spirits are by no means affected. He is an extremely pleasant man.

July 28, 1895.—These last few days the weather has been perfectly delightful and we have lived out of doors. Admiral Makaroff and the Russian officers left to-day, and are greatly missed. The Admiral is the youngest admiral of the Russian Navy, a very clever man with a great future before him, they say. He is already well known for having invented an apparatus for lessening the danger of collision at sea. His health has greatly benefited by the Ashinoyu sulphur baths. We all made great friends.*

July 13, 1895.—Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain started from Miyanoshita to ascend Fujiyama for the fifth time.

July 16, 1895.—Sir Ernest Satow, the new British Minister, arrived here. He is a tall, slight, rather careworn-looking man, with an intellectual face and the stoop of the student. He seems most agreeable and interesting. He sat at our table. He and A.

* Admiral Makaroff was in command of the Russian Fleet during the war of 1904, and, with 700 souls, was blown up on the *Petropavlosk* (1912).

were old friends, having been colleagues together from 1873 to 1876, at which time Mr. Satow was Japanese Secretary to the British Legation, and A., whose first post it was, was Secretary of the Belgian Legation in Tokyo.

July 17, 1895.—We took tea out to Kowakidani, where Sir Ernest Satow joined us. Professor Chamberlain returned after his successful expedition up Fujiyama. He brought me a silver medal, which is presented by the monks who inhabit the summit of the mountain to those who have successfully climbed Fuji ten times. He has promised the monks that he would certainly accomplish this deed five times more. The medal is enclosed in a sweet metal box, and is an interesting little *cadeau*.

September 1, 1895.—Monsieur Hitrovo, the Russian Minister, is staying up here. His appearance is venerable and benign, and his inscrutable countenance is adorned by a long grey beard.

September 2, 1895.—I read in the *Times* an account of the electioneering attack on my brother Rider Haggard, who was standing for a constituency in Norfolk in the Unionist interest. It seems to have been a very disgraceful affair.

September 15, 1895.—We left Miyanoshita after more than two months' residence and repose among the hills. It has been a delightful summer, surrounded by charming friends. There were great farewells on our departure, and all our friends ran down the hill to wave *adieux* as I passed the steps, carried in my high chair.

September 27, 1895.—E. and I went out in the morning and called at the American Legation. The occupants were in a state of considerable anxiety as there had been three deaths from cholera in their compound. The Japanese, however, take on these occasions every possible precaution, and it is expected the epidemic will before long be completely stamped out.

October 19, 1895.—E. and I left for Nikko to wit-

ness the autumn tints. We were joined there by a party of friends, including Mrs. Bonar, Mrs. Reid, my cousin Norwood Young, and Mr. Tuke.

October 20, 1895.—We went for an expedition to a waterfall at Kirri-Furi. It was a charming walk up and down hill, and the maples which grow in the greatest profusion on the surrounding mountains had already turned colour and were most beautiful.

October 21, 1895.—We started at 9.30 for our climb up to Chusenji, which is 4,000 feet above the sea. Some of us were walking, some riding, some were carried in chairs, and some in a kind of litter called a *kago*: of the latter were Mrs. Bonar and myself, and a decidedly cramped position I found it for my long European legs, so I walked a good part of the way. Never in my whole life have I seen anything like the glory of these autumn tints. All the sides of the hills were one vivid mass of crimson, vermilion, carmine, scarlet, and bright yellow, intermixed with the dark green of the cryptomerias and the lighter greens of various other trees. It was a perfect, still day, with a touch of frost in the air, and the sun gleaming on the waterfalls and on these masses of brilliant colouring was really almost dazzling to the eyes.

We had sent on our Legation interpreter, Mr. Iitaka, beforehand, so that by the time that we arrived at Kanaiya's tea-house we found everything prepared, and our tiffin, with a table decorated with maple leaves, ready for us. We did full justice to the tiffin, and afterwards took boats and went on the lake. The reflection of these gorgeous tints in the clear still water of the lake was beautiful beyond words. We rowed right across the lake, and visited the site of Sir Ernest Satow's new house, at which the workmen were already busily at work. E. and I slept that night on the floor in the same room on *futons* (Japanese mattresses). Mrs. Bonar and Mrs. Reid were also together, and the gentlemen took possession of the rooms downstairs.

October 22, 1895.—The clouds were hanging around the mountains, but we hoped the rain would hold off, so we sent on Iitaka to Yumoto to make preparations, and we ourselves started in the boat about 10 a.m. However, it came on to pour, and after an hour of this sort of thing we returned to our tea-house, damper and wiser people.

October 23, 1895.—It was still raining. There was a dense fog on the lake, so we gave up all idea of going to Yumoto, and started back to Nikko. As we proceeded down the pass from Chusenji the rain stopped, and we had a delightful trip back. I employed my time in the *kago* by learning aloud my rôle for the theatricals, and Mrs. Bonar, who understands Japanese, overheard the conversation of the *kago* coolies, who decided among themselves that I was composing poetry on the beauty of the maple leaves!

October 25, 1895.—We returned to Tokyo, after a delightful week's outing.

November 2, 1895.—We dined with Mr. and Mrs. Kirkwood and met several globe-trotters, amongst whom were Mr. and Mrs. Boscawen. He is M.P. for Tunbridge. He sat next to me, and I found him very pleasant. He says his party were awfully disappointed about Rider not getting into Parliament.

November 3, 1895.—To-day was the Emperor's birthday. The ball which is generally given on this occasion in honour of the event by the Minister of Foreign Affairs was put off on account of poor Prince Kita-shira-kawa's sad death of fever in Formosa. A. went to the lunch given by the Emperor. He also dined with the Minister of Foreign Affairs in honour of the birthday, and brought in Sir Ernest Satow and Count Orfini later in the evening.

November 7, 1895.—We dined at the British Legation and met the Boscawens and others. It was a very pleasant dinner. Sir Ernest Satow showed me his library. He possesses a delightful collection of interesting books and wonderful editions. One of

PRINCE KITA-SHIRA-KAWA'S FUNERAL 125

the best rooms in the Legation is devoted to this object.

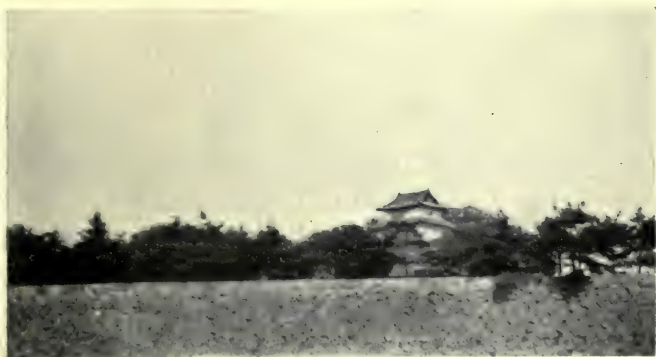
November 11, 1895. — Prince Kita-shira-kawa's funeral took place to-day, his body having been transported from Formosa for burial. I was too unwell to go, but A. attended it with his secretaries and two consuls. It was a solemn and impressive ceremony, on the same lines as the funeral of the late Prince Arisugawa.

CHAPTER VII

1896

New Year's reception at the Palace—A "Drawing room tea"—The Imperial *saké* cups—A Japanese wife—Dinner at British Legation—Dinner and soirée at Belgian Legation for Musin—An official dinner at Marquis Ito's—A Chinese dinner—The Musins perform before the Empress—Fête in honour of an Imperial marriage—The Tokyo Dramatic and Musical Association—A banquet at Prince Arisugawa's—A banquet at Prince Kan-in's—Ball at the Chinese Legation—Banquet given by Prince Komatsu—Visit to Imperial Gardens—A Japanese bungalow at Kamakura—The Kamakura fishermen—Dinner at British Legation for Lord Spencer—Imperial Cherry Party—Garden party at Captain Brinkley's—The wistaria gardens—Prince Arisugawa's peony garden—The Japanese sword—Garden party at British Legation for the Queen's birthday—Fête on board the *Centurion* in honour of the Queen's birthday—The iris gardens—Walk up the pass to Chusenji—Chusenji—My first acquaintance with Mrs. Bishop—An account of her adventures in China—A disastrous picnic—The Japanese pilgrim—The ascent of the sacred mountain—Visit of the Prince Imperial to Chusenji—A typhoon—Commencement of the great typhoon—Washed out—Destruction of the hotel bridge—News from Tokyo—Supplies are cut off—A perilous journey from Tokyo—Departure from Chusenji—Return to Tokyo.

January 1, 1896.—To-day is a cold but bright New Year's Day. The reception at the palace took place, and the Corps Diplomatique were received at two o'clock. In my capacity as *doyenne* I introduced four ladies to Her Majesty—Countess Coudenhove (the Japanese wife of the Austrian Chargé d'Affaires), Madame von Treutler (wife of the German First Secretary), Mrs. Barber (wife of the American Naval Attaché), and Mrs. Gubbins (of the British Legation). I had not seen the Empress since the celebration of the silver wedding. She wore a train of white satin, trimmed with ostrich feathers and richly embroidered in gold. Her Imperial Majesty was very



THE PINE-GROWN RAMPARTS AND MEDIEVAL GATEWAYS
OF TOKYO.

Photos by Baroness d'Anethan.



kind and amiable with me, and spoke and shook hands with all the ladies whom I introduced to her. It was a striking sight both inside and outside the Palace. There was a sprinkling of snow on the ground, but the brilliant sun was streaming into the rooms, lighting up the gorgeous uniforms of the men, and the ladies' beautiful dresses and Court trains. After we had been received in audience, and the introductions had taken place, we proceeded to the tea-room, where we waited some time, each of us being presented with a little bronze or silver box, enclosed in a sugared shell. We were not home till after three o'clock, when I held a "Drawing-room tea" to show off the trains. It was attended by all the Corps Diplomatique, everybody coming straight on from the Palace.

January 6, 1896.—A lunch took place at the Palace for the Chefs de Missions and a large number of Japanese. A. brought back another of the little *saké* cups. These *saké* cups, which are used during the lunch, are of the finest porcelain, adorned by the Imperial arms in gold. They are greatly treasured by the invited guests, to whom they are presented after the banquet, being, as a rule, placed in the carriage or 'rickshaw of each individual, and found there when they drive away from the Palace doors.

January 10, 1896.—A. went to the Houses of Parliament to hear Count Ito's speech. There have been three shocks of earthquake since yesterday, the last one unpleasantly severe.

January 13, 1896.—A dinner took place at the Sannomiyas' to meet Prince and Princess Komatsu and Prince Kan-in. Count and Countess Oyama were there; also the Austrian Chargé d'Affaires, Count Coudenhove, and his Japanese wife, Countess Coudenhove. The latter is really a wonderful little lady, showing perfect *aplomb*, and yet she is modest and quiet. She can already speak a certain amount of both

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English and German, and shows every sign of the cleverness, charm, and adaptability of her race.

January 16, 1896.—We gave a dinner here. Most of the Chefs de Missions were present. Amongst others, the Austrian Minister, Count Wydenbruck, dined with us for the first time. He looks a typical Hungarian, tall and dark, and is of a strong and decided personality, I should say.*

January 22, 1896.—We dined at the British Legation. It was a Chefs de Missions dinner, followed by a *soirée musicale*, the Belgian violinist Musin playing divinely. His wife also sang. She has a high soprano, which is beautifully trained; and the accompanist, M. Scharf, is also good. We were given a very classical programme, and this delightful concert lasted till past 12 o'clock.

January 24, 1896.—We gave a dinner here for the Musins. Count and Countess Oyama, the Lowthers, Sannomiyas, etc., dined with us. In the evening we gave a *soirée musicale*, which was attended by over a hundred and fifty people. We closed in the verandas and made them into extra rooms. Musin excelled himself, and Madame Musin's singing was brilliant. Equally so was that of M. Braccialini, an Italian amateur tenor, and the piano performance of M. Scharf was first-rate. Supper was served at small tables after the concert, and we broke up long after midnight. Just before Musin commenced his first piece, the "Moonlight Sonata," the electric light suddenly went out. Fortunately we had plenty of lamps already prepared. After a time the light came back again, but it was a strange *contretemps*. We were quite prepared for an earthquake, but hardly for the light being extinguished. Evidently, however, it met with M. Musin's approbation. He had plenty of light to play by, and after he had accomplished his

* Count Wydenbruck is at present the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in Madrid (1912).

piece he came and thanked me warmly for my delicate attention in having turned out the electric burners!

January 29, 1896.—We dined with Marquis Ito, the Prime Minister. It was an official dinner of thirty-six. Prince and Princess Arisugawa were there. The Chinese Minister took me in, and Princess Arisugawa was on Marquis Ito's right, while I was on his left. The room of the official building was arranged with huge branches of real cherry trees, with the artificial blossom fabricated in paper, and imitated to the life. The table was decorated very prettily, with a semi-European and a semi-Japanese arrangement of flowers.

January 31, 1896.—The British Legation are in mourning for Prince Henry of Battenberg, whose death took place from fever at Ashanti. I paid a long visit on Marquise Oyama. She was educated in America, where she took high honours at college, and she is a particularly charming and cultivated woman. E. attended a Chinese dinner at Herr Meinke's pretty Japanese house. He is the German Military Attaché. She came home starving, after her repast of birds' nests, sharks' fins, and eggs that had been buried for at least six years.

February 1, 1896.—A crowd of over seventy people attended my reception-day. M. and Madame Musin came to call after their musical performance before H.M. the Empress. These clever *artistes* were immensely delighted with their reception, the Empress having asked for a piece on the violin to be repeated. H.M. was very gracious, and presented them with 500 *yen* (£50). This is the first time that foreign *artistes* have ever performed in the Palace before the Empress, and we felt proud that they were Belgians who were thus honoured.

February 6, 1896.—We dined at the Chinese Legation. Such a funny dinner—a mixture of European and of Chinese food served in alternate courses. It seemed to last for years, but we left as early as we

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could for the fête at the Akasaka Palace, later on in the evening. We were presented on our arrival at the palace to the newly married Princess Yamashina. She and her husband gave the fête to celebrate their marriage. She is nice, dainty and pretty, speaking quite good English. Several other of the Princes and Princesses were present. The fête was also attended by the Corps Diplomatique, and a large quantity of high Japanese. The English could not go because of their Court mourning. After half an hour's standing about, we proceeded to supper. The bride and the bridegroom took each other in to supper, Prince Arisugawa being allotted to me. Marquis Oyama and Marquise Nabeshima and ourselves were at the same little table, and at the next table were the other Ministers and their ladies. It was so early in the evening that not much of the plentiful supper was consumed, and the repast soon came to an end. Immediately after supper the Imperial family took their departure, the rest of us staying on for about half an hour longer. We were home before eleven.

February 10, 1896.—To-day was the first general meeting of the Tokyo Dramatic and Musical Association, at the Imperial Hotel. About a hundred people were present, A. being in the chair. I am one of the founders of this Association. After a considerable amount of warm discussion it was, through A.'s influence, finally arranged that the Society should from henceforth be formed, and a mixed committee of nine ladies and gentlemen, Japanese and European, was decided upon. The first meeting of the committee is to be held at the Belgian Legation next week.

February 14, 1896.—We dined at a banquet given by Prince and Princess Arisugawa. There were thirty-eight people present. General Marquis Yamagata, the Commander-in-Chief at the beginning of the war, took me in to dinner, and I sat between

FEBRUARY.



THE EARLY PEACH.

From Professor Conder's "Floral Art of Japan."

him and Prince Arisugawa. The latter is a charming man, and speaks very good English. He was at the Naval College at Greenwich for two or three years. Princess Arisugawa quite fulfils the Japanese ideas of beauty, and indeed she is very pretty, with her long refined face and beautiful eyes, recalling the type depicted in the old Japanese prints of the aristocratic beauties of ancient times. She also speaks excellent English, and she is a charming and amiable hostess. Prince and Princess Komatsu were also present. A. sat on the left of the latter, having taken in Miss Kagawa. At dessert lovely little black lacquer boxes, with the *mon*, or crest, of the Arisugawas in gold lacquer, were handed to us as souvenirs of the evening.

February 15, 1896.—We dined at Prince and Princess Kan-in's. The Princess did not appear, as she was unfortunately indisposed. The banquet of fifty people was held at the Akasaka Palace. Prince Kan-in, who saw much active service in the late war, took me in to dinner. He was very agreeable, and speaks good French, having been ten years in France. We went on to Vicomte de Labry's farewell dance. It was very pleasant and spirited, and the dancing lasted till far into the night.

February 17, 1896.—Some men came from Yokohama to dine with us, and we proceeded to the ball at the Chinese Legation. It was the first time that I had seen Lady Yu, the Chinese Minister's wife, and her two painted but rather pretty daughters, adorned in European dress. The former, who is half a Javanese and half a Chinese, wore a bright mauve brocade, trimmed with quantities of white ostrich feathers on the dress and in her hair. She looked rather handsome, but painted, and covered with barbaric jewels, exactly like one's idea of a Begum. The two girls were also dressed in very brilliant colours, and did not look half so well as when clothed in their beautiful oriental silks. The staff of the

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Legation, amounting to no less than thirty Chinese, awaited the guests at the door, their magnificent brocades constituting a picturesque and brilliant mass of colour. As we arrived, each lady was taken possession of by one of these young Celestials, and was armed upstairs to the cloak-room, her attendant waiting for her at the door and arming her down again. The son of the Chinese Minister danced the whole evening through, likewise his sisters, all three appearing at the height of bliss and enjoyment. The pig-tail of each young Chinaman waved frantically in the air, as he tore furiously round and round in the Russian *contre-danse*—a very energetic dance, by the way. The effect was extremely quaint.

March 21, 1896.—Ella Tuck left us to-day for England. She has been with us two years and a half, having come out with us. I shall miss her greatly.

March 26, 1896.—I drove out for the first time since my illness. Mr. Conder came and begged me to act with him at our first performance of the Tokyo Dramatic and Musical Association. I was obliged to decline on account of my health. This Association, formed by Madame Sannomiya, myself, and a few other active individuals, promises to be very successful, the Imperial Household having lent us indefinitely as a theatre a splendid room in the Shorei-kwai Engineering College. We can place a large stage in this fine hall.

We dined at the Akasaka Palace, a banquet given by Prince and Princess Komatsu. The Prince was unfortunately in bed with influenza. Prince and Princess Arisugawa and Prince Kan-in were there. I was taken in to dinner by Marquis Hijikata, Minister of the Imperial Household, and I sat on Prince Kan-in's left, he acting as host. There were fifty people present.

April 1, 1896.—Sir John Dickson-Poynder,* Mr.

* Now Lord Islington, Governor of New Zealand.

Ernest Beckett,* Sir Ernest Satow, and Captain Brinkley came to dine. The two former are globe-trotting; they are delighted with Japan and are collecting many curios. Mr. Beckett is an old acquaintance of ours, and it was a very pleasant little dinner.

April 5, 1896.—The Sannomiyas and several others came to meet Sir John Dickson-Poynder and Mr. Beckett at luncheon. We drove them later to visit two of the Imperial gardens, the Shiba-riku and the Hama-riku. We first went to the Shiba Gardens, which were looking lovely, with the cherry in full blossom, and then we drove on to the Hama-riku Gardens. Tea was provided for us in the Japanese palace of the latter by Madame Sannomiya. It was restful and pleasant, and we stayed till after six, sitting and chatting on the wooden veranda that overhangs the quiet, limpid lake.

April 8, 1896.—I went to Uyeno Park with A. and Sir Ernest Satow to see the cherry blossoms, which are just now in perfection. Uyeno Park, with its ancient avenues, is always beautiful, but never is it so lovely as in the spring, when the fine old cherry trees are in full bloom. There was a crowd of happy, laughing, appreciative sightseers to-day, and the gay dresses and the simple, unaffected joy of the flower worshippers gazing up into the branches adorned by thousands of snowy white blossoms made a delightful picture. Later on we visited in another portion of the park the tombs of the Shoguns, for many of the later members of the Tokugawa line are buried here. Also it was in Uyeno Park that the last battle before the Restoration was fought in 1868; and the fact that our old interpreter, Mr. Iitaka, an ancient *samurai*, and one who was entitled to wear the two swords, fought in that battle on the side of the Shoguns, seems to bring those years of civil war and unrest particularly near to one. I have, however, found it difficult to

* Now Lord Grimthorpe.

get Iitaka to talk to me much about himself or those exciting times, but I believe that after the restoration of the Imperial Power, Iitaka, like many other noble *samurai*, having forfeited his fortune, was only too thankful to find employment. In Iitaka's case he succeeded in obtaining some subordinate position in the Japanese Foreign Office, where he remained for some years and learnt the French tongue. Later on he obtained the post of interpreter to our Legation, the successive members of which he has served ever since with the greatest fidelity and devotion.

Mr. Longford called to say goodbye before starting for his post as Consul at Formosa.

April 9, 1896.—A. and I, with our servants, left for Kamakura, some friends having lent us a house there for a fortnight. It is a lovely Japanese bungalow, placed straight on the sea. The house used to belong to Count de Bylandt, the Dutch Minister. He built more rooms on to it, and succeeded in making it comfortable, roomy, and picturesque, with a wide veranda running the whole length of the house.

April 10, 1896.—It is glorious weather. A. and I were on the beach the whole day, watching the fishermen, in long rows of nine or ten, drawing in the heavy nets laden with fish. This operation goes on slowly for hours, and is a very picturesque sight. Most of these fishermen—burnt, by exposure to the elements, a deep copper colour—are splendid-looking fellows, their heads being swaddled up in head-cloths. Indeed, it appears to me that the head is the portion of the body which is favoured with the largest amount of covering.

April 14, 1896.—A. and I returned to Tokyo for Sir Ernest Satow's dinner in honour of Lord and Lady Spencer. It was a pleasant dinner, and the Spencers are agreeable people. Lord Spencer was First Lord of the Admiralty in the last Liberal Government, and was formerly Viceroy of Ireland. Lady Spencer



A FISHER-MAID.



DRAWING IN THE NETS.

KAMAKURA.



AN ANCIENT PILGRIM.



THE MORNING WALK.

Photos by Baroness d'Aethan.

is a handsome woman. They are immensely interested in Japan, and have been much fêted by the Japanese. They are staying at the British Legation. I sat next Lord Spencer at dinner, and found him an interesting companion. He told me many sporting yarns.*

April 23, 1896.—The morning looked bad, but it cleared up and the sun shone brilliantly. Mrs. Bonar and her mother, the Honourable Mrs. Napier, and Miss Napier, came and tiffined with us, and we all proceeded later to the Imperial Cherry Garden Party. There was an immense crowd, and more globe-trotters than ever present at the party, but everything was beautifully arranged. The Emperor was indisposed, and did not appear; but the Empress looked very well in pink brocade. I had only two ladies to introduce on this occasion—Madame de Carçer (wife of the Spanish Secretary) and Mrs. Miller (of the American Legation).

May 2, 1896.—It was a beautiful day. We went to a charming lunch at the Van der Polders' to meet M. Testa, the new Dutch Minister and an old Vienna colleague of ours. Later on, we proceeded to a garden party at Captain and Mrs. Brinkley's. Captain Brinkley, late R.A., arrived in this country many years ago when there were English regiments in Japan. He is a charming and cultivated man, besides being a great authority on Japanese and Chinese art and on all things Japanese. He fell in love with the country, became the editor of the *Japan Mail*, and married a Japanese lady. Mrs. Brinkley is sweet and fascinating, understanding English but speaking little of the tongue. The Brinkleys' garden was looking perfectly lovely, with sloping banks covered with masses of brilliant red azaleas. There was dancing going on inside the house, but I greatly preferred sitting out in the garden and gazing at this glorious wealth of colour. We met Sir Andrew Noble, Lord Armstrong's partner, and Lord Cairns.

* Lord Spencer died in 1910. (1912.)

May 3, 1896.—A. and I drove to Kamedo to see the wistaria. Such a glorious sight! There were simply masses and masses of these hanging purple blossoms, some of the flowers being, without exaggeration, literally as long as my umbrella. These immense wistaria plants, some of them extremely ancient, are trained over pergolas, and I never saw anything more picturesque than the sight of the crowds of Japanese, the women dressed in brilliant *kimonos*, sitting on *tatamis*, drinking their tea under the shade of these hanging blossoms.

May 5, 1896.—I went with A. to see the show of peonies in Prince Arisugawa's garden. The peony here is cultivated to an enormous size, and the blossoms are of every imaginable shade of colour—a glorious sight! They look to me more like colossal roses than anything else. I never thought before that I cared much for the peony, but since seeing this mass of colour and these gigantic blossoms, I have quite changed my opinion. There is nothing in England in the way of a peony to compare with the Japanese cultivation of this lovely flower.*

May 14, 1896.—We gave a dinner of twenty-two for Sir Andrew Noble, his son and daughter.

May 15, 1896.—We went to tiffin at the Sannomiyas'. Besides ourselves, Count Wydenbruck and M. Testa were there. After lunch we went to the forge to see M. Sannomiya's special old sword-maker, fabricating a steel sword. This ancient art of sword-making is dying out, and I am told that there are only two men left in Japan who are really first-rate swordsmiths, one of them being this family retainer of M. Sannomiya's. The Japanese from early childhood have been taught to honour and respect the sword above all other weapons, and in consequence it is difficult for a foreign collector to obtain a really ancient sword of the finest steel,

* Since writing this, peonies are cultivated to equal perfection in Europe (1912).

it being considered a great offence for a Japanese dealer to dispose of such a valuable and honourable article to a foreign purchaser.

May 20, 1896.—We received the news of the death of the Archduke François Louis of Austria. There is Court mourning in consequence.

May 23, 1896.—It was a glorious day. The Queen's birthday was fêted to-day, instead of on the 24th, by a garden party at the British Legation. It was a delightful party, with various entertainments arranged for the amusement of the guests in the beautiful grounds. Sir Ernest Satow was a very charming and hospitable host.

May 25, 1896.—We went to Yokohama and lunched with Captain Henderson, R.N.,* and Mrs. Henderson. Later we went on board the *Centurion*, where a fête was held in honour of H.M. Queen Victoria's birthday. All the ships in the harbour were beautifully "drest," and the *Centurion* was particularly gorgeous. We were shown all over the ship, and initiated into the newest inventions in cannon, etc.

May 28, 1896.—We attended a banquet given by Sir Andrew Noble at the Imperial Hotel. There were forty guests. Sir Andrew took me in, and Viscount Enomoto was the other side of me. The Imperial band played during dinner, and it was a very pleasant evening.

June 7, 1896.—A. and I called on Baroness Sannomiya, with congratulations on her husband having been created a Baron—an honour which he indeed merits.

June 11, 1896.—Count Wydenbruck and several others came to tiffin. We all drove later to Horikiri to inspect the iris gardens. It is a pleasant drive of an hour. The beds of irises of every shade of purple and of white, surrounded by the picturesque little tea-houses, and divided by many winding paths and artistic bridges, is one of the

* Now Admiral Henderson (1912).

most charming spectacles imaginable. We took our tea with us. It was served in one of the little *bessos* (houses) by neat-handed Ganymedes, and the look-out on these fields of brilliant, graceful blossoms, gently waving in the summer breeze, was like a peep into fairyland.

June 27, 1896.—We left Tokyo for Nikko. Considering the season of the year, it was a fairly cool journey.

July 1, 1896.—Sir Ernest Satow turned up at the Arai Hotel, Nikko. He started an hour before us for Chusenji, whither we were all bound for the summer. We had, in the most perfect weather, a charming walk up the pass. We are very pleased with our little Japanese house of wood and paper on the borders of the lovely lake. It is much more roomy than I expected, and everything has been nicely prepared for us by the servants whom we sent up two days ago with our furniture and luggage.

July 7, 1896.—It poured in torrents yesterday and to-day. Baron Gutschmidt brought the new German Minister appointed to Peking and his wife, Baron and Baroness von Heiking, to call on us. Baroness Heiking is a charming and accomplished woman, and paints beautifully. She showed me some of her lovely sketches.

July 13, 1896.—At last a glorious day after many wet days. A large party of us rowed to Senji, which is quite at the end of the lake. We had sent the tiffin on with Alphonse, our Belgian servant, earlier in the day. We took a lovely walk through the wood, then picnicked outside the weather-beaten temple. Later we took another very scrambly walk of over two hours to a beautiful little lake, on the borders of which some charcoal burners had built a modest shelter and were busy at their occupation. We had to ford two rivers *en route*, and the ladies and children had to be carried across these very wide and quite deep rivers by the men of the party. This was our only somewhat



THE IRIS GARDENS.



A CHRYSANTHEMUM BED IN THE GARDEN OF THE BELGIAN LEGATION.

Photos by Baroness d'Anethan.



THE ADVENTURES OF MRS. BISHOP 147

uncomfortable means of getting to the other side, and I saw the moment when I personally just escaped being deposited in the middle of the rushing river. As it was, we got extremely wet, having to trust to the walk home to dry ourselves.

July 15, 1896.—It was another pelting day. Sir Ernest Satow walked up from Nikko and stopped at our house, *en route*, soaking wet. He was partially wrapped up in my mackintosh before proceeding on his way to his own house, across the lake. Mrs. Bishop, *née* Bird, author of *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan*, etc., stopped at our house to tiffin on her way to Umoto. She looked a curious sight as she crawled forth from her covered jinrickshaw. She was dressed in a jinrickshaw man's mushroom-shaped hat, and wore a Chinese upper garment, of some pale blue cotton stuff, over her European clothing. The costume was a peculiar mixture of Japanese, Chinese, and European. She was very interesting, and related to me many of her experiences in the interior of China, where she, a woman of delicate health, and aged sixty-three, had travelled in the most out-of-the-way places, entirely alone. She told me that three times she was attacked by hundreds of howling Chinese, and that once her head was cut open by a big stone. Another time she escaped into a house, where she barricaded herself behind a door, sitting motionless and silent, with her revolver on her knee. Hundreds of infuriated beings were storming at this door, and it was just on the point of being burst open when the Mandarin arrived, accompanied by troops. She is going to Umoto for quiet after all these truly unusual and exciting experiences. She intends to write her book on Korea while she is there. She was in Korea when the Queen was murdered, and she describes her as an intelligent and really charming woman.

July 16, 1896.—To-day is a heavenly day. I was on the lake all the morning. In the afternoon

we passed through Sir Ernest Satow's grounds. He showed us all over his charming house and garden, both of which are almost finished.

July 17, 1896.—To-day the Senji picnic took place. The morning broke gloriously. We rowed to the end of the lake and had tiffin in the temple. The von Treutlers, Mr. Cholmondeley, Mr. Parlett, Mrs. Reid, and ourselves formed the party. Just as we were starting to go home it came on to pelt with rain, and the quiet lake turned into an angry sea. For our personal *sampan* we had two *sendos* (boat-men), so at first we got along without any great danger, though it was decidedly anxious work against the tremendous wind. The *sampan*, however, in which were the servants, the picnic things, and the remains of the provisions, was unfortunately provided with only one *sendo*, and it soon became completely beyond control. Eventually, after whirling round and round in the seething water, it went ashore, and then quietly settled down to sink with everything on it, the servants managing with considerable difficulty to half wade, half swim, ashore. With regard to our own progress, half-way across the lake it was found not only dangerous, but impossible, to continue, and the *sendos* succeeded at length in landing us at the nearest spot available. It was a great relief to get out of the boat safe and sound; for more than once we thought we must go to the bottom—no pleasant idea with the knowledge that Chusenji Lake is unfathomable, a body that sinks never being known to rise again.

On landing, we had still a long way to walk. The rain continued to come down in sheets, and our progress was through rivers of water. One of the ladies had the misfortune, during this melancholy and damp procession, to lose the heel of her shoe, which calamity did not add to the comfort or to the hilarity of the party. We got home at last, however, the rain still coming down in torrents and with the

shades of night upon us. None of us possessed a dry thread on our bodies, and we were very weary. Truly it was a most disastrous picnic.

July 21, 1896.—We have been treated to a terrible typhoon which lasted two days. We had to keep all our *amados* (shutters) closed on account of the powerful and howling wind, or certainly our poor frail little wooden house would have been blown bodily into the lake.

August 9, 1896.—The day of the eclipse of the sun. It was raining, but the sun came out for a second or two, and through a smoked glass we distinctly saw the moon cross the sun.

August 10, 1896.—Sir Ernest Satow came round and took me to the village to see the crowds of pilgrims on their pious way to climb the sacred mountain of Nan-tai-San. There were thousands and thousands of these picturesque worshippers, who for the last month have been working their way from shrine to shrine. They are all dressed alike, in snow-white flowing tight-fitting nether garments, and enormous white straw hats. A *tatami*, a piece of matting, on which they sleep at night, is thrown across their shoulders, and this appears to be their sole baggage. They were on their way to worship at the shrine of Nan-tai-San, the mountain that dominates Chusenji, and also to visit the various temples and other shrines that surround the lake. These pilgrims are most picturesque objects, with the long white staff that aids them in their laborious ascents, a rosary of many beads around their necks, and a little bell attached to their waistbands that tinkles gently with each step taken. They also wear strapped in front of them a wooden emblem on which is carved the name of every shrine visited. Down in the village along the borders of the lake are long bare sheds, the resting-place on the return of these many thousands of most orderly individuals from their weary pilgrimage to the summit of Nan-

tai-San. Later on that night I saw them ascending Nan-tai-San, and it was a curious and weird spectacle to witness the thousands of twinkling, moving lights caused by lanterns carried by each pilgrim, and gleaming like Will-o'-the-Wisps on the steep sides of the mountain. Before making this ascent it is the duty of each pilgrim to bathe in the lake to purify himself. This especial pilgrimage is a yearly ceremony, and thousands, old men and women, young men and children, come for this holy purpose from all parts of Japan. On certain occasions many travel for two years at a stretch before sufficient shrines are visited, for the object of fulfilling a vow, or for the hope of securing eternal salvation.

August 21, 1896.—It was a peerless day. The Prince Imperial came up to Chusenji, followed by no less than thirty very smart jinrickshaws containing his suite, consisting mostly of elderly gentlemen, and preceded by ten policemen. They have for days, greatly to our satisfaction, been preparing the rough and rugged road from Nikko for this journey of H.I.H. up to Chusenji. He smiled and bowed to us very politely as he passed our house. In the afternoon, on his return from Umoto, he passed our little house again, and went out fishing on the lake in the Imperial *sampan* arranged for the occasion. He was surrounded by over a dozen other *sampans* containing his suite. They sat on chairs in the boats, and fished just opposite our house, but it seemed merely a form, and I do not think that any of the party had much success or caught much, and eventually they disembarked at our little landing-place. In the evening the lake was illuminated, and there were fireworks in honour of this visit. There was a glorious moon, and A. and I rowed out on the lake to enjoy the spectacle.

August 31, 1896.—The morning dawned with tearing wind and pelting rain, which gradually increased in fury to a typhoon. It was a most terrible night,



A MODERN DOMESTIC SCENE.

Photo by Baroness d'Anethan.

and we all made up our minds that our houses would be blown into the lake. Many were up a good part of the night, prepared for this emergency. A great deal of damage was done, and the typhoon caused great destruction among the boats, many of which broke loose from their moorings and got smashed to pieces.

September 1, 1896.—It is a lovely day after the storm of the day before, and it is difficult to believe that Chusenji can be the same place. Sir Ernest Satow and his party rowed across to visit us, and to see what damage had been done on our side.

Mr. Valentine Chirol, the *Times* correspondent, came to tiffin. He is an extremely interesting and pleasant man.

September 8, 1896.—A. is in Tokyo.

It has been pouring with rain for three days without cessation, and is still pouring. The lake is rapidly rising, and postal and telegraphic communication with the rest of the world is entirely cut off.

September 9, 1896.—It is still hopelessly pouring, but in despair at our confinement to the house we ventured forth in the pelting rain to see the Kegon cascade. It was simply magnificent in its snowy fury. Also we visited Madame O'Gorman, to try to persuade her to turn out of her house, which is in a most perilous position right on the borders of the lake, and in the kitchen of which the water was already four feet deep. I begged her to come to me, who am, so far, in comparative safety. She replied "No," and asked me instead to stop and dine with her! However, later on, she came to tiffin with us, turning up with a tale of woe. Her cook—in despair, I suppose, at the impossible condition of his kitchen—had got drunk and had tumbled into the lake. He had, however, been saved from a watery grave by Count Wydenbruck jumping in after him. Meanwhile her landlord had come to her to tell her she must certainly turn out at once, as in an hour at latest the house would be washed

into the lake. So, with this prospect before her, she thought better of it, and decided to come to my little house for shelter.

September 10, 1896.—Baron Gutschmidt came round while we were still at breakfast to say that Mr. Lowther had been obliged to turn out of his house, the water being ever so deep in the drawing-room. He, Gutschmidt, had taken him into his house, also he had sheltered M. Caro, the Spanish Secretary, and a German from the hotel. It cleared up for a few minutes, and we breathlessly watched the overflowing lake pouring over the hotel bridge, sweeping all before it, while the people of the hotel, who were on the other side, amongst them our friend Mr. Wilkinson, were waving to us signals of distress. They were quite isolated. It came on to pour again later, but we managed to get out in a boat for an hour's row, Edith Divers and I rowing, and Madame O'Gorman acting as cox. We got round to poor Mr. Lowther's house, and actually rowed in our boat right through his dining-room. It was a terrible night of tearing wind and beating rain.

September 11, 1896.—It is pouring worse than ever. The lake has reached the road and is nearly up to my steps. I at length received some news of A., who is weather-bound in Tokyo. I don't know how the letters got past, both postal and telegraphic arrangements being cut off.

September 12, 1896.—It is still pouring. The lake is rising rapidly. It is really frightfully exciting, for it is very nearly up to the house now.

September 13, 1896 (Sunday).—It continued to pour till 10 a.m. when, after eight days' ceaseless downpour, it suddenly cleared! Count Wydenbruck came round and asked himself to dine, as he had no provisions left. We are all very short of provisions, and it is not very pleasant to see starvation staring us in the face. The road between here and Nikko, whence all provisions are supplied, is almost entirely washed

away. Madame O'Gorman, Mr. Wilkinson, Edith Divers, and I walked down as far as we could to the end of the pass, reaching the place where the torrent had washed away the road. There was absolutely no road left. It is a curious sight, simply a mass of *débris*, great boulders, trunks of trees, etc., all where the road used to be. We got back to tiffin at two, and half an hour later who should turn up but Sir Ernest Satow, with the glad news that A. and his servant Alphonse were following behind. They were the first to get up to our rescue, but they had experienced a most awful and adventurous journey, both from Tokyo to Nikko and from Nikko up here. The iron railway bridge at Kuribashi was almost under water, and for twenty minutes they were obliged to walk along a very narrow plank, with a torrent rushing in fury below them, and meeting people on the plank coming from the other direction. Fortunately, both A. and Sir Ernest have good heads. After that experience, they had to wade up to their middles in water for over an hour; then for another hour they were conveyed over part of the railway line in a tiply-toply little boat. The road up here being in great part washed away, there had been a terrible scramble to get to us. Our deliverers had been forced to clamber partially over the pathless mountains, and partially along the old road, crossing torrents with the bridges washed away, and finding nothing but temporary narrow planks to walk upon. Wonderful to relate, A., whose health is just now so delicate, was by no means so very exhausted. Their astonishment was great at seeing the metamorphosis in Chusenji—half the houses swamped, landslips from the mountains blocking the way, and with the lake up to my very door. I, however, have escaped better than most, as our house is some way from the lake, the other side of the road.

September 15 and 16, 1896.—Rain poured again both days. Really at times one gets into a condition

of hopeless desperation at the sight of these sheets of rain and at the frightful noise it makes on the roof of the house.

September 17, 1896.—It is fine at last! A. and I rowed to Shokonohama to witness the waterfall. It was a stupendous and awe-inspiring spectacle after all these torrents of rain.

September 20, 1896.—We left Chusenji for Nikko. I walked the whole way down the pass. A large part of the road is entirely washed away, and it is now the bed of a rushing torrent. I had to climb a few nasty places, and to creep along a narrow temporary path over the mountain. When A. came along this road a week ago there was no path at all, and he and Sir Ernest Satow had simply to scramble like cats along the side of the mountain. Also the bridges were washed away, and in one place they had to cross the torrent, sliding along two poles. We left Chusenji at 1.30 and arrived at Nikko at five o'clock.

September 23, 1896.—We left Nikko, after a very pleasant stay of three days in lovely weather, which we surely deserved. We travelled with Mrs. Bishop, whom we looked after. We arrived at nine p.m. in Tokyo, and after this adventurous summer we once more took up our ordinary official life.

OCTOBER.



HANGING POEMS ON THE MAPLE TREE.
From Professor Conder's "Floral Art of Japan."

CHAPTER VIII

1896—1897

A Japanese fortune-teller—A suicide—A suspicion of murder—The races—The Emperor at the races—The Emperor's birthday—The electric light goes out—Chrysanthemum Garden Party—An official dinner at the British Legation—A terrific explosion—Was it a bomb?—The Botanical Gardens—Satisfactory profits—Garden party at Count Okuma's—Mrs. Carew awaits her trial—A dinner at the Belgian Legation—Stuck in the mud *en route* to an official dinner—Japanese water-colours—Dinner at the Prime Minister's—Smallpox in Tokyo—Dinner at German Legation—Dinner at Austrian Legation—The Carew case—Nikko in the winter—A wily coolie—New Year's reception at Court—Illness and death of the Empress Dowager—The Carew case—Court etiquette—The Bonin Islands—Funeral service for the late Empress Dowager—Mrs. Carew is found guilty of murder—Mrs. Carew's sentence commuted to imprisonment—A carriage accident—An attempt to climb Fuji in winter—A dinner at the Tokyo Club—Farewell audience at the Palace—Departure from Tokyo—Shanghai—Chinese Minister to London on board—Hongkong—Dinner on the *Alacrity*—We leave Hongkong—Saigon—The Opera House—The heat of Saigon.

October 2, 1896.—I went down to Yokohama, tiffing with Mrs. Walter, and going with her and Edith Divers, who acted as interpreter, to have our fortunes told by a Japanese fortune-teller. He lived in a back street, in a distant part of Yokohama, in a picturesque little house. When we entered the room, we found an aged man with a bald head, horned spectacles on his nose, and piercing eyes, squatting on his heels on the spotless *tatami* of the room. He was adorned in rich vestments of silk, which stuck out in stiff lines around his body. Though his eyes were so piercing, the rest of the face was entirely impassive. He murmured something to an assistant in a low and

impressive voice ; then I went up and knelt on the floor in front of a little low table. The old man wrinkled up his face and closed his narrow eyes devoid of eyelashes, mumbling and muttering incantations between his toothless lips. I held the palm of my hand out to him ; he would not even look at it, but lifting the divining rod reverentially and solemnly to his forehead, he bent his head in deep thought on the low table, always muttering and groaning to himself. After this he glanced at me with a quick and comprehensive look. He asked my age, and reckoning by the Japanese signs of the Zodiac, he parted the divining-rod into two bundles. He then proceeded to take a magnifying glass, intently examining the lines of my face. He seemed more or less satisfied with this inspection, for a grim smile gleamed in his cunning old eyes, and he proceeded to count the number of twigs in each of the already separated packets of divining rods. Once more he examined my face, and then started telling me my fortune. He certainly told me some rather queer things, both of the past and the future, amongst others that we should be going home in the following spring and returning within the year. He also informed me that A. was very ill, but that he would recover, and many other things of which he could not possibly know the truth.*

October 5, 1896.—A committee meeting of the Tokyo Dramatic Association was held at our Legation, and the announcement was made that for the future Princess Komatsu will honour us by becoming our President.

October 21, 1896.—I heard that poor Mr. Boag has shot himself in Yokohama. He was found dead across his bed. He was such a nice man, and in the prime of life. I only met him a few days ago in Yokohama, when he said that he was coming to see me. It is a terribly sad case.

* All these events came to pass, as the soothsayer foretold (1912).

A. returned from Kobe by the French mail, looking all the better for his little sea-trip of a week.

October 25, 1896.—There was a lunch party here. Admiral Buller and his flag-lieutenant, Sir Ernest Satow, the J. P. Reids, etc. The Reids are full of the awful suspicions which have arisen against Mrs. Carew of having poisoned her husband by arsenic. Mr. Carew was the secretary of the Yokohama Club, and was much liked and respected. He was, comparatively speaking, a young man. I knew him well, having acted with him up here in our theatricals. He died a few days ago under suspicious circumstances.

October 28, 1896.—I went down to Yokohama for the first day of the races. There was a tiffin party at Mrs. J. P. Reid's. Admiral Buller was there. At the races everybody was talking, with bated breath, of the Carew tragedy. The inquiry is put off for a few days, but the suspicions against Mrs. Carew are of the strongest.

October 29, 1896.—It was the second day of the races, and the Emperor's Cup day. A glorious day, worthy of H.M. the Emperor, who honoured the races by his presence. Sir Ernest Satow, as President, had to be there at twelve o'clock to receive the Emperor. There was a tiffin party at the W. B. Walters', including Admiral Buller, Colonel Sartorius, V.C., and Mr. and Mrs. Gubbins. H.I.M. seemed extremely interested in the racing and to be much enjoying himself.

November 3, 1896.—To-day was the Emperor's birthday, and a lovely day. A., as usual, attended the lunch at the Palace, likewise the dinner given by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Okuma. The ball which followed was a great crush. There were eighty American globe-trotters alone! I danced the Royal quadrille with Prince Kan-in, and I also went in to supper with him.

November 7, 1896.—Last night was the first per-

formance of the Amateur Dramatic Society. The play acted was *A Lesson in Love*. I was the first character on the scene—at the best of times, a trying ordeal—and to make matters worse, on this occasion, just two minutes before the curtain was due to go up, the whole of the electric light, both in the hall and on the stage, went out! Fortunately—as of late the light had been behaving most erratically—Mr. Conder, the stage-manager, had made every arrangement for illuminating the stage by candles, but during the whole evening the audience had to remain in darkness, while the stage was really only partially lighted. In spite of this most disturbing incident, the play went off famously, and was met with great applause by a full room. Among the audience was Prince Kan-in, and a great many Japanese. To-night there was, fortunately, no such *contretemps*, and after the second performance we wound up at our Legation with a very jolly supper given to all those who had taken part in the acting and the arrangements.

November 11, 1896.—To-day the Imperial Chrysanthemum Garden Party took place. The Empress was very kind in what she said about our efforts for the comfort of her poorer subjects. She had sent me, generously, 200 yen (£20) for the theatricals, which had been got up for Japanese charities. I had only two introductions to make at the garden party—Madame Inizo (wife of the Spanish Naval Attaché), and Miss Dun (the half-Japanese daughter of the American Minister, and a very sweet girl). I enjoyed the party much; the gardens and the maple trees were looking particularly lovely this year.

November 12, 1896.—Sir Ernest Satow came round to ask me to act as hostess at his official dinner. Count Okuma, Minister of Foreign Affairs, took me in. The table was quite lovely, arranged with roses. In the evening European music was performed, and very well performed, by Japanese. We saw all Sir Ernest's guests away, and then we stayed on



H. E. BARON SANNOMIYA.



H. E. BARON SANNOMIYA IN HIS DRESS AS A BUDDHIST
PRIEST.

some time chatting over the horrors of the Carew case with him and Mr. Lowther.

November 13, 1896.—I paid an official call on Countess Okuma, the wife of the Minister of Foreign Affairs. It is her first reception-day since Count Okuma came into office, and there was consequently present an enormous crowd of both Japanese and foreigners.

November 14, 1896.—Miss Dening and I went down after dinner to the Shorei-Kwai Hall, to be photographed on the stage with the rest of the performers of our late theatricals. Professor Burton had undertaken to do this by flashlight. He took one of the scenes successfully, when, just as he was about to photograph the next scene, after the flash was immediately heard a frightful explosion, and the next thing we saw were flames of fire darting all over the stage. We were deafened by the explosion and terrified by the fire, and we were busily occupied in attempting to stamp out the latter, when I saw the poor Japanese man who had been employed in helping to take the photographs being carried towards us by Mr. Conder and Mr. Burton. He was quite insensible, while the blood was pouring down his face. We laid him on the floor of the green-room, sending off at once for the doctor, meanwhile doing what we could for him. Fortunately, his eyesight was spared, but he was awfully cut about, his hand and face and chest being in parts cut to the bone, while bits of tin, evidently portions of the apparatus, were sticking everywhere in his flesh. He showed true Japanese pluck, and after the doctor had come and dressed his wounds and he had recovered consciousness, he quietly got up, thanked us for our attentions, and, walking out to a 'rickshaw, was taken to the hospital. I heard later that the poor man lost two of his fingers, and we sent him some assistance. The explosion was so terrific that it was heard at the Russian Legation, likewise at the Italian Legation, where they imagined it was a bomb that had

been thrown against the Russians. Count Orfini, the Italian Minister, came rushing to the hall in a great state of mind, so did poor A., provided with brandy, although I had written to him that no one was seriously hurt. Miss Dening was a long time recovering from the dead faint in which she had been thrown by this terrifying experience. We really had a most miraculous escape.

November 15, 1896. Sir Ernest Satow drove me to the Botanical Gardens, which I had never seen. It took over an hour to get there. They are beautifully laid-out gardens with many valuable plants, and they were looking particularly lovely just now with the gorgeous colours of the maple trees.

November 16, 1896.—A committee meeting of the Tokyo Dramatic Association took place at our Legation. On settling up our accounts, we found we had realised with our two performances 1,100 yen (£110) for Tokyo charities.

We hear that poor Mr. X. is implicated in a very unpleasant manner in the Carew trial.

November 17, 1896.—We attended Count and Countess Okuma's garden party. The garden is a dream of beauty, and laid out with great taste in the Japanese style. The Count possesses also many glass-houses, his collection of orchids being especially valuable. There were multitudes of Japanese ladies wandering about through the trees, and their *kimonos* and their bright *obis* completed the charm of the picture. Countess Okuma wore Japanese dress. We strolled through the gardens with our various friends, till the hour of refreshment arrived. Prince Komatsu, the young sailor, took me in to the tent in which many small tables were arranged. He is extremely pleasant and so good-looking, speaking both English and French perfectly, having passed ten years in Europe.*

* Now Prince Higashi-Fushimi. H.I.H. and Princess Higashi-Fushimi attended the Coronation last year of the King and Queen of England (1912).

November 20, 1896.—Mrs. Carew is now in prison awaiting her trial for the poisoning by arsenic of her husband.

November 22, 1896.—It is extraordinarily hot for this time of year. The thermometer in the Japanese rooms marks 82° (Fahr.).

November 28, 1896.—Mrs. Bonar is staying with me, and we gave a dinner party—Count and Countess Okuma, Mr. Yoshida (Count Okuma's secretary), Viscount Kagawa (Grand Maître de la Maison Impériale) and his daughter, Baron and Baroness Sannomiya, Captain and Mrs. Barber, Sir Ernest Satow, Count Wydenbruck and Count Orfini, Countess de Pimodan, etc. Count Okuma, the clever Liberal statesman and present Minister of Foreign Affairs, is a great authority on education and the founder of the Waseda College. He lost his leg in 1888, owing to a political attempt on his life, a bomb having been thrown at him. The one replacing it is an articulated wooden leg, and was presented to him by the Empress. He manipulates it with extraordinary dexterity.

December 4, 1896.—A. dined with Colonel Sartorius, V.C., C.B., at the Imperial Hotel. It was a man's dinner of thirty, attended by many interesting Japanese.

December 7, 1896.—We attended a big official dinner at Baroness Sannomiya's. On passing the Shiba temples our carriage got stuck in the mud, and was very nearly turned over, the mud reaching right over the steps. Eight men appeared from out of the darkness. But the vehicle was immovable, in spite of their attempts to lift it. Fortunately, at that moment a rickshaw happened to pass, and I clambered into it, while there was nothing for it but for poor A. to step out into the sea of black mud. At last, after about twenty minutes, with one mighty heave they lifted the heavy landau out of this slough of despond. The next process

was for the 'rickshaw in which I had sheltered to pass through the mud to reach the carriage. I clung frantically to the sides, being also held in tightly by the unfortunate *betto*, who was standing with the mud far over his shins. We started along, when, without warning, the 'rickshaw coolie slipped, and fell down flat on his face in the mud! I should certainly have promptly followed him, dressed as I was in my best frock, if my *betto* had not been supporting me. Finally, after all these adventures we got off, arriving at the Sannomiyas' not more than half an hour late. Baron Sannomiya lent A. a pair of bedroom slippers while his own pumps were drying, and it was an incongruous and comical combination when he entered the drawing-room, wearing his Grand Cross and a pair of gaudy carpet slippers! Our adventure caused great amusement, excitement, and congratulations. Prince Kan-in was at the dinner. We were naturally greatly overcome at appearing late at a dinner honoured by H.I.H., but to the Municipality of Tokyo lies the whole blame.

December 9, 1896.—A. and I went to see an exhibition of water-colours by Japanese artists in European style. Some were extremely charming, and they evidently go in for the impressionist style. Mr. Valentine Chirol,* the foreign correspondent of the *Times*, called on me. He is passing through Japan on his way from China. We dined at the Prime Minister's, Count Matsukata. Prince Kan-in was present. Count Matsukata, who is wonderfully clever and the originator of Japan's financial prosperity, took me in to dinner.

December 14, 1896.—Dr. MacDonald came and vaccinated the whole household—a necessary precaution as smallpox is raging in Tokyo.

December 19, 1896.—We dined with Count Wyden-

* Now Sir Valentine Chirol (1912).

三

下関の父子書

明治三十年十月廿日

信重隈大



H.E. COUNT OKUMA.

bruck, the Austrian Minister. It was an official dinner, and I acted as hostess. Count Matsukata took me in, and Count Okuma, Minister of Foreign Affairs, was the other side of me. His secretary, Mr. Yoshida, was the other side of Count Okuma and acted as interpreter. Count Matsukata spoke very enthusiastically about Belgium, and said that the Japanese had modelled their banking system on that of the Belgian banks. It is owing to Count Matsukata himself that the monetary system of Japan is now upon a gold basis.

December 23, 1896.—A. and I lunched at Yokohama at the Club Hotel. Mr. X. was there. This young man is mixed up in the Carew case, which is coming on. I felt very sorry for him, and we invited him to our table. He told me he did not know how he would live through the trial. The fact that many of his letters will be read in court can hardly be a pleasant or reassuring anticipation.

December 26, 1896.—We left for Nikko to see it by the snow, accompanied by Sir Ernest Satow and Count Wydenbruck. We arrived at 7 p.m. It was bitterly cold, but, to my keen disappointment, there was no snow.

December 27, 1896.—It was a terrible night for us all in the Arai Hotel. More than one of us just escaped being asphyxiated by those horrid charcoal stoves. I personally woke up in the middle of the night with a splitting headache and just managed to get to the door in time. Even bitter cold is preferable to charcoal in up-country hotels in Japan.

December 30, 1896.—The von Treutlers and Count Wydenbruck returned the day after we did from Nikko. The former gave me an amusing account of their unsuccessful expedition up the mountain of Ohno San. The coolie who was carrying their tiffin, on seeing the lofty pinnacle covered with snow, evidently got alarmed, for he declared he had forgotten his own *bento* (food); so the mountaineers,

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being soft-hearted, sent him back] for it, the result being he never turned up again. Consequently, after seven hours' climb on empty stomachs on a bitter day, starvation staring them in the face, they were forced to turn back before they reached the top.

January 1, 1897.—It was a beautiful New Year's Day. I took a sharp walk before dressing for Court. The Emperor was unfortunately ill, and on our arrival we were informed that the Empress would receive alone, and that the filing past through the throne-room would, in consequence, be suppressed this year. The Empress's train was magnificent—magenta velvet, greatly embroidered, and trimmed with bunches of magenta ostrich feathers. It was carried by six little page-boys dressed in Louis XV. costumes. The usual pretty lacquer boxes were presented to us, though this time A. had an ivory figure instead of a box. On arrival at the Legation I found my drawing-rooms already full. All the ladies of the Corps Diplomatique assembled to show off their trains, and the male members came on from Court in their uniforms.

January 11, 1897.—A. and I called at the Aoyama Palace to write down our names. The Empress Dowager is supposed to be *in extremis*. We dined at the British Legation. European music was performed by Japanese after dinner.

January 12, 1897.—We received the official announcement of the death of the Empress Dowager, which took place yesterday. Mourning is to be worn by the Japanese Court for a whole year. Full mourning for the Corps Diplomatique from January 11 to February 4. All entertainments, music, theatricals, etc., are put off for a month. All our engagements are cancelled, and we ourselves are postponing an official dinner we were giving next week.

January 13, 1897.—A. went down to Yokohama and went into court to hear a portion of the famous

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Carew case. It was so painful to him that he stayed but a short time. Poor Mr. X. had actually to read aloud his own letters written to the accused, which was surely a refinement of cruelty. The fact was his writing was so difficult to decipher that no one but himself could read it.

January 14, 1897.—We woke up to find the ground covered with 8 inches of snow. It is a perfectly lovely sight to look out upon the beautiful *matsu* trees in the garden enveloped in their mantle of dazzling frost and snow.

January 21, 1897.—I went to tea at Baroness Sannomiya's, and found both her and Miss Hayes in the very deepest crape. Court etiquette will not allow of the Baroness going anywhere or of even stirring from the house until after the Empress Dowager's funeral, which I hear is to take place at Kyoto some time about February 8. All the Chefs de Missions are to be invited to attend the funeral, which, of course, will be on the grandest scale.

January 22, 1897.—Mrs. Walter and the Reverend Lewis Cholmondeley lunched. The latter told me some interesting details about the Bonin Islands. There are, on these distant islands, fifty-three settlers of all nationalities, the greater part of whom are shipwrecked people, who seem to have intermarried with Japanese. Hardly any of these people can read or write, and religion they have none, though some of them have just a faint notion of Christianity. English is the language principally spoken there. These islands delight in an almost perfect climate. The men make their living by sealing, being absent on the high seas from March to October; while the women, who wear European dress and hats of strange forms, and Japanese *geta* (clogs), stay at home to till the ground. The whole island is, I hear, overrun by a plague of cockroaches. From time to time some good missionary like Mr. Cholmondeley takes the perilous voyage to these far-off islands for the pur-

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pose of trying to instil some notions of religion in these poor exiled and ignorant people.

February 2, 1897.—The funeral service took place at the late Empress Dowager's Palace, in front of her coffin, before it was removed to Kyoto. The Corps Diplomatique arrived at the Palace before nine o'clock, the men being in full uniform and the ladies in deep crape. The whole Corps Diplomatique were there. We were shown into a small room, where we waited for half an hour, whence we proceeded to a larger apartment, where the coffin was partially concealed in a dark little alcove. The Court musicians were on the right, the Household was on the left, and facing the coffin were the Imperial Princes and Princesses and the Corps Diplomatique. Prince Arisugawa, as chief mourner, and the Imperial Household were all in the old Court funeral costume. The ceremony that followed was a repetition of that which took place for the funeral of the late Prince Arisugawa.

When the food offerings had been made, and the members of the Imperial Family had placed their branches of evergreens on the coffin, the *doyen* (who on this occasion, in the absence of Baron Gutschmidt, was Mr. Dun, the American Minister), accompanied by Count Okuma, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, bowed several times before the coffin, and placed his offering. After that A. followed, accompanied by another Japanese Minister, then Countess Okuma and I, and so on, till everybody had performed this act of respect to the dead. The Corps Diplomatique did not go to the station to see the departure of the body.

February 3, 1897.—We heard that Mrs. Carew was pronounced guilty of the murder of her husband from poison by arsenic. The jury racked their brains for some loophole on which to recommend her to mercy, and the half-hour of their absence was, I hear, employed thus, for their minds as to her guilt had for days been firmly made up.



CONGENIAL SOCIETY: BARON d'ANETHAN AND THE KONDO FAMILY.



THE GARDEN OF THE BELGIAN LEGATION IN THE SNOW.

Photos by Baroness d'Anethan.

We tiffined with the Reids. Mr. Wilkinson, Crown prosecutor in the Carew case, was there. I was told by some one present that when the verdict was pronounced, the prisoner was the sole person in that vast assemblage who showed no emotion. Thus ends one of the most extraordinary poisoning cases of the century. It is strange to think that we were not only acquainted with the unfortunate victim, but that we also know the culprit, the counsel for the defence, the Crown prosecutor, the doctors, and the greater number of the witnesses in this extraordinary and most painful case which has so greatly stirred Far Eastern society.*

February 4, 1897.—Sir Ernest Satow, who, as British Minister, possesses here the powers of the Home Secretary, has commuted Mrs. Carew's sentence to death, to imprisonment with hard labour for life. He has cleverly taken advantage of the decree of the Emperor of Japan, pardoning all criminals on the occasion of the Empress Dowager's death, to make use of clemency in this sad case.

February 17, 1897.—I went to Yokohama. Mrs. Walter drove me back to the station, and just as we were passing the Russian Consulate we had a carriage accident. Our carriage collided with that of Prince Labanow, the Russian Consul's. The horses met each other full breasted, and our horse tried to bolt. Fortunately, it was stopped before going very far. Meanwhile Labanow's horses had turned completely round, and, slipping on the curb, both came down in a heap. The children who were in the carriage jumped out, but it was thought at first that both horses were killed, one horse having turned a complete somersault, its head being where its hind legs ought to have been. At last, after many efforts

* After a time, it was found that at the Yokohama tea-parties this burning and all absorbing topic had positively to be *taboo*, so a special card game was introduced to divert the conversation and thoughts of society.

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the pair got up, to our astonishment, unhurt. Prince L. spoke sharply to Mrs. W.'s coachman, who flew into a violent rage, using various insulting names, so Labanow ended by having both his coachman and that of Mrs. W. conveyed off to the police-station. It is hardly to be surprised at that I missed my train after these somewhat disturbing incidents.

February 21, 1897.—I heard that Count Wydenbruck was back from his attempted ascent of Fujiyama in mid-winter. He slept out for two nights in the little shelters on the mountain, but did not succeed in getting to the summit. It appears that one reason of the non-success of the attempt was as follows: Count Wydenbruck had imported from Europe a wonderful pair of top-boots especially for this ascent. The second day the boots got soaking wet in the snow, and the next morning, when he wished to put them on, he discovered, to his fury, that the zealous guides had placed them to dry too near the fire, the natural consequence being that it was absolutely impossible to get his feet into them! The language used on this occasion was, I hear, considerably warmer than the temperature on Mount Fuji.

February 26, 1897.—We were honoured with farewell audiences with Prince and Princess Komatsu and with Prince Fushimi, prior to our departure on leave.

February 1897.—Farewell luncheons and dinners were kindly given us every day for some weeks.

March 2, 1897.—A farewell dinner was given to A. at the Tokyo Club. Eighty people subscribed, which is, so far, the largest number ever known to put down their names. Mr. Lowther, as President, proposed A.'s health in the most kind and laudatory terms; and A., every one tells me, made an excellent speech in English in return.

March 3, 1897.—Sir Ernest Satow tells me that A.'s speech was really first-rate, so well delivered

and expressed. There were more Japanese present than there have ever been before at a Club dinner.

We were received in farewell audience at the Palace, when both the Emperor and the Empress were very kind to us. Court mourning was worn on this occasion. We dined at Count Okuma's that evening.

March 4, 1897.—A splendid banquet was given to A. by the staff of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha line of steamers. In consequence of the influence that A. has brought to bear, this line can now take advantage of the important port of Antwerp.

March 5, 1897.—We left Tokyo for Yokohama by the 3.25 train. There was an enormous crowd at the station to see us off. I quote from the *Japan Mail* of the 6th :

“The Belgian Minister and Madame la Baronne d'Anethan had a splendid send-off when they started from Tokyo on the afternoon of the 5th. The station was literally crammed. Owing to an important Cabinet Council, the Ministers of State were unable to attend, but they sent representatives; and for the rest, everybody that was anybody assembled to bid farewell to the much-liked Minister and his wife. The Emperor and Empress sent delegates, and every department of State was *en évidence*, as well as, of course, the whole Corps Diplomatique. Madame la Baronne was loaded with beautiful flowers, and the parting cheer as the train moved out of the station was of the lustiest and heartiest description.”

M. de Cartier and M. May, our two secretaries, travelled down with us to Yokohama. M. de Cartier will be left in charge of the Belgian interests.

March 7, 1897.—We left Yokohama on board the *Melbourne* (Messageries Maritimes). I received many more beautiful flowers, and we felt much touched at every one's kindness to us.

March 12, 1897.—We transhipped to the *Oceania*

at Wosung, and then went on to Shanghai. Lady Hannen and Edith Divers met us on the wharf. It was bitterly cold and was raining hard. Mr. Wilkinson has kindly lent us his house in Shanghai, though he himself is obliged to be absent in Nagasaki, to our very great disappointment. It is a charming house, and his servants looked after us splendidly. A large dinner-party that evening was actually arranged for us by our kind host.

March 14, 1897.—The Chinese Minister to London, Mr. Luh, also the Chinese Chargé d’Affaires for Belgium, are on board. Both gentlemen have their wives, and the secretaries are also accompanied by their wives. There is a suite of thirty-six people. The Minister is an intelligent man, delighting in up-to-date English novels and speaking the tongue perfectly. It was he who made all the speeches for Li Hung-Chang on the mission to Europe last year. The Chargé d’Affaires, and the secretaries likewise, speak English and French well, and they are agreeable and intelligent travelling companions.

March 16, 1897.—We arrived at Hong Kong at one o’clock. Admiral Buller sent his flag lieutenant, Mr. Bradshaw, with a steam launch to take us off, and with a kind note inviting us to dine on board the *Alacrity*. We accepted the latter, but we went off in the steam launch of our Consul, M. Vincart. We were met at the landing-place by chairs, four bearers each, wearing a ribbon of the Belgian colours across their white garments. They looked so smart. We went straight to the Consulate, which is a very nice house half-way up the Peak. Up, up, through the beautiful vegetation, we climbed. The Consulate is charmingly situated, with such a perfect view of the distant harbour. When one sees all these lovely palms, trees, and ferns growing in every nook, to say nothing of the fine buildings and pretty houses, one cannot help marvelling at what



THE VOLCANO OF ASAMA AT SUNSET.

Photo by Baroness d'Anethan.



my countrymen have developed out of this bare old rock.

We dined on board the *Alacrity*, the Admiral sending a steam launch to meet us, which also took us back. It was a charming dinner of twelve. Sir William Robinson, the Governor, was there. He was as pleasant as ever. Poor Lady Robinson died shortly after her visit to Japan. Both the Admiral and Lady Buller were delightful to us. We enjoyed our evening immensely, and the trip back in the steam launch, with the myriad lights of the harbour and of the beautifully placed town twinkling like colossal glow-worms, was like a glimpse into fairy-land.

March 17, 1897.—We went up in the tram to the top of the Peak with our Consul, M. Vincart. It was a beautiful and impressive sight, looking down from those heights on the lovely town and harbour. We had to be back on board by 12.30. Admiral Buller came, in full uniform, to say good-bye to us and to the Chinese Minister.

March 20, 1897.—We arrived at Saigon. It is a very pretty town, lined with boulevards, reminding one of a provincial French town. The Governor, M. Doumer, sent his aide-de-camp with a carriage for us and an invitation to A. to dinner. Madame Doumer is ill, so it was only to be a man's dinner. A., however, refused, not liking to leave me alone in a strange town in a strange hotel. We drove in the Governor's very smart carriage through the town, and to the Botanical Gardens. After that A. called on M. Doumer. He found him very pleasant, and he kindly offered us his box at the Opera House. We went later to see *Madame Angot*. The French are naturally very proud of this opera house, which is kept up by a subsidy from the Government. It was crammed with Chinese. Between the acts we sat in the garden, and were served with champagne; the Sub-

Governor, the Admiral, two aides-de-camp, and several other notabilities looking after our wants. I enjoyed the opera immensely after not having been to a theatre for four years. The troupe was really excellent.

March 21, 1897. Saigon.—It was a terrifically hot night, in our very bad and extremely uncomfortable hotel. It was impossible to sleep, so we got up before five o'clock. There is a great deal of *mouvement* in the town, but everybody looks frightfully white and washed-out. I never felt greater heat, and I pity the people who have to live in Saigon. The Governor sent his aide-de-camp on board, with his farewells.

March 26, 1897, in the Indian Ocean.—Mr. Swettenham, the Colonial Secretary at Singapore, is on board. He is a cheery and agreeable travelling companion.

CHAPTER IX

1898—1899

Return to Japan—Chusenji—Usual typhoon—Submerged houses—Perilous moment—Murder of the Empress of Austria—A loss of faithful servants—The Chrysanthemum Garden Party—Presentation of the Grand Cross of Léopold to the Crown Prince—Cloisonné work at Kyoto—A procession of priests—A visit to Nara—Departure of my brother—Visit of Prince Henry of Prussia to Japan—Prince Henry gives audience—The Prince goes to Chusenji—Death of the Czarevitch—Intense heat—Ball in honour of Treaty Revision—My husband's speech—Regattas at Chusenji—A capsized boat—I lost the race—A trip to Matsushima—A fine view—A typhoon in Tokyo—Damage from the storm—A diplomatic meeting—Banquet at the Palace in honour of Treaty Revision—My husband's speech to the Emperor—A literary club for Japanese ladies—The Emperor's birthday—The review—A tragic suicide—Functions at the Foreign Office—Mr. McMillan's funeral—A garden party at Waseda—The Imperial Chrysanthemum Garden Party—A dinner at the Prime Minister's—Birthday of the King of the Belgians—Dinner at Prince Komatsu's—The *König Albert*—A British defeat in South Africa—An Imperial Duck-catching Party—'Rickshaw accident.

December 1897.—Shortly after our arrival in Europe A. was offered the post of Lisbon. He preferred, however, to remain in the absorbing centre of the Far East, so we returned to Japan in December 1897, a few days before Christmas, after nine months' very pleasant leave, during which time, after a dangerous operation, A.'s health was quite restored.

July 11, 1898.—We arrived at Chusenji for the summer months.

July 15, 1898.—It was a delicious summer morning. I was walking by the lake when I was rolled completely over by Sir Ernest Satow's retriever, "Jo," as he came out of the water and rushed behind me. Being totally unprepared for this assault, I felt the shock considerably, and my ankle was

so twisted that I could not walk and had to be carried back ignominiously to the house in a chair by Count Leyden, the German Minister, and two of our servants. It was an absurd accident, which caused more laughter on my part than pain, though I was laid up for a few days.

August 2, 1898.—A. and Count d'Ursel came up from Tokyo. I was very glad to see them, as I had been alone for some time. Count d'Ursel, who is A.'s oldest friend, dined with us, also Viscount de Labry and a French naval officer, Count Lambert. We rowed across the lake and dined at Sir Ernest Satow's, where Lady Hannen is staying.

August 8, 1898.—Count d'Ursel left Chusenji, to our regret. Sir Ernest Satow and the new English Admiral, Sir Edward Seymour, and the Königs-marcks dined with us. Admiral Seymour is the happy possessor of most charming and easy manners, and, so far as his profession goes, I know he has a fine record behind him.

September 3, 1898.—It was a most awful day with torrents of rain, but A. was, in spite of the weather, obliged to go to Tokyo. He started off walking down the pass at 6.30 a.m., we having dressed him up completely in *abura kami*, the Japanese oil paper, which as a protection from rain is far better than any waterproof. I received a telegram at 11.30 to say he had got successfully down the pass, but he had found the road dangerously slippery. The rain got worse and worse as the day wore on. The lake is steadily rising, and there is already a perfect river in front of my house.

September 6, 1898.—It is a pelting, pelting rain to-day, and such a tremendous wind. Every prospect of another typhoon is before us. Poor Mrs. James had almost to swim here for lunch; the roads are literally streaming with water. We moved all the boats as far out of danger as we possibly could. Colonel Churchill and Mr. Clutterbuck appeared



BARONESS ALBERT d'ANETHAN.

Photo by Maruki, Tokyo.



BARONESS d'ANETHAN'S BOUDOIR.

from the other side of the lake, looking like drowned rats. It is two years to-day since the destructive typhoon took place up here. The prospect of a terrible typhoon night, with no hope of sleep, is before us. It is strange that A. should once again be absent from me, and of course he will be cut off.

September 7, 1898.—I woke at 5.30 a.m., or rather rose (as I had never slept one wink all night), to find the lake almost at my doors. I have never beheld such a spectacle! One wild waste of waters as far as eye could see, and the rain still coming down in torrents. I tore on a dressing-gown, and rushed out just in time to see the hotel bridge once more swept away. The hotel people are in an awful state, without a bridge to convey them to the mainland. We went to see our secretary, poor M. May's house, having to row across the road in a boat as the water was up to our waists. The house, garden, everything, is completely under water. It was really a wonderful and interesting sight, though hardly pleasant for him, poor fellow! The wind suddenly got up again, and the hotel people who were on the lake had considerable difficulty in getting back, as the lake turned into a tempestuous sea. Two boatmen were nearly washed down the waterfall in their *sampan*. We watched breathlessly their efforts to save themselves, and it was a most exciting moment. At one time they lost, owing to the terrible strength of the current, entire control over their boat, and every instant we expected to see it whirled over the cascade. It got caught, however, in its headlong career, by the floating *débris* of the bridge, and after a *mauvais quart d'heure* the men were eventually rescued by ropes.

September 12, 1898.—Count Leyden came in with the terrible news that the Empress of Austria had been stabbed by an Italian anarchist, Luccini, last Saturday, the 10th, in the streets of Geneva. The assassin has been arrested.

October 28, 1898.—We are back in Tokyo. Our Belgian couple, Alphonse and Léopoldine Gheysens, left us to-day for Europe, after twenty years in the service of the d'Anethan family, and twelve years with me. This parting is a great trial to all concerned, the reason being solely on account of Léopoldine's broken health, she having become a confirmed cripple from rheumatic gout in this country, and in consequence is totally unable, in spite of our sending her to baths, etc., to perform her culinary duties. She was a perfect *cordons bleu*, and is a great loss in every way.

November 16, 1898.—To-day was the annual Imperial Chrysanthemum Garden Party. It was a glorious autumn day, but the Emperor was not present, being absent at the manoeuvres at Osaka. The Empress and the Princes and Princesses were there. I introduced three ladies to H.I.M.—Madame de Freitas (wife of the Portuguese Chargé d'Affaires), Countess Königsmarck (wife of the German Military Attaché), and Mrs. Lay (of the British Legation).

November 18, 1898.—An interesting function took place to-day. A. delivered the Grand Cross of Léopold, sent by our King to H.I.H. the Crown Prince. Accompanied by his secretary, M. May, A. was received, and presented the Order. The young Prince was enchanted, as, with the exception of the Order of the Golden Fleece of Spain, it is the first foreign Grand Cross that he has so far received. There was a lunch given to us afterwards in honour of this event. It was composed of all the members of the Belgian Legation, and of Viscount Aoki, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Viscountess Aoki, Baron and Baroness Sannomiya, Viscount Kagawa and Miss Kagawa. Besides these guests, there were present Prince and Princess Arisugawa, and Prince and Princess Komatsu. I sat at the left of the Crown Prince. Princess Arisugawa was on his right, and A. was on the right of the Princess Arisugawa, Prin-

A RELIGIOUS PROCESSION AT KYOTO 191

cess Komatsu sitting opposite to the Crown Prince. H.I.H. is just nineteen, and is a very pleasant and intelligent young man. He knows a little French, and he made an excellent host. With the exception of the occasion last spring, when all the Foreign Representatives were introduced to him, we were the first Europeans that the Crown Prince has so far received. For many years the Prince has suffered from ill-health, but he is now very much stronger. He kept us at the Palace till two o'clock, the presentation of the Grand Cross having taken place at 11.30.

April 19, 1899.—We left Tokyo, accompanied by my brother, Colonel Andrew Haggard, D.S.O., for Kyoto.

April 21, 1899.—We arrived at Kyoto. A policeman met us at the station, preceding our 'rickshaw and clearing the way for us. This method is certainly very convenient in these narrow and crowded streets. The Yaami's Hotel, where we stayed in 1895, has quite lately been burnt to the ground, so we went to the Kyoto Hotel in the centre of the town. Later on we went to see the cloisonné fabricated at Namikawa's. This art is most intricate. Thin wires, twisted into all sorts of designs and shapes, are laid on copper and gold and silver; after which the wire designs are filled in with colour, then the specimen is burnt, then polished sometimes for weeks and even months to obtain the right glaze. They showed us at the fabric some lovely pieces of perfect design and colouring. We bought a very fine example.

April 22, 1899.—We went to see a procession of priests at the Chionin Temple. It was a wonderful spectacle, the hundred and fifty priests being adorned in gorgeous robes and brocades of all colours and designs. They walked in single file on a mat, under a long covered-in bridge, towards the beautiful temple. Their walk was slow and dignified, and they held half-open fans in their right

hands. They intoned in unnatural voices, yet with a faultless measure and a musical rhythm that fascinated the ear, a curious chant of thanksgiving and of praise, a chant which rose and fell, full of quavers and of weird tone trills. In the midst of this procession, but by no means heading it, was one more magnificently attired than his brethren, who, we were informed, was the head priest. This gorgeous individual was clothed from head to foot in rich ceremonial garments of deep red silk, and was attended by two small acolytes, dressed in pure white. Before the entrance to the temple, lying on the ground; was an immense bronze *koro* (incense burner) in the form of an elephant. The incense rose from the *koro* in heavy clouds; and as each priest approached it, he paused before it, while the song of praise grew more and more impressive. Then, adding incense to the supply, he bowed down in deep veneration, after which he stepped over the *koro*, and, lifting the heavy curtain to the entrance of the shrine, disappeared within.

April 24, 1899.—It was a perfect day, and we went to Nara. We took our favourite 'rickshaw man as a guide. He is an intelligent youth and speaks excellent English. Nara is a dream of a place, romantic and poetical to a degree. A vast park, with magnificent trees, cryptomerias and everlasting oaks and maples, surrounds the temple, and the sloping glades are crowded with the tame, sacred deer. These sweet creatures stroll from the park on to the road, walking up to one in the most friendly manner to eat the cakes which are offered. The temple, with its avenues of twenty thousand lanterns of every shape and size, lining each path, is a unique and picturesque sight, and the Shinto temple itself is secluded from the rest of the park, being situated in the most romantic grounds.

The best Japanese tea is grown in the neighbourhoods of Nara and Kyoto, and we saw acres of tea gardens



FEEDING THE DEER IN NARA PARK.

Photos by Baroness d'Anethan.

PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA IN JAPAN 195

on our journey in the train from Kyoto. The season for picking is the early summer, when every young and sprouting leaf is picked by hand, and whole families turn out for this purpose. Our intelligent 'rickshaw man told us that the plants were picked over twice and sometimes three times in the summer, after which the tea is dried. And the green tea which as a matter of course is handed to us in dainty cups at every shop or rest-house is the result of this industry. Boiling water is considered by no means necessary for the fabrication of a cup of Japanese green tea. Hot water merely is poured on the leaves, the pot being so frequently renewed with liquid that finally the beverage imbibed is simply hot water of a pale straw tint. This does not sound very delectable, but many a time after a long tramp have I found Japanese tea the most refreshing beverage imaginable.

May 5, 1899.—My dear brother Andrew (Colonel Haggard, D.S.O.) left for England by the C.P.R. He has been staying with us for the last three months. I went down to Yokohama to see him off. It was a sad parting.

May 24, 1899.—Queen Victoria's eightieth birthday was fêted at the British Legation to-day by a huge garden party. It was a lovely day, and the party was very successful and enjoyable.

May 29, 1899.—Prince Henry of Prussia paid an official visit to Japan on board his man-of-war. There was an enthusiastic reception given by the Japanese, and a dinner was held the evening of his arrival at the German Legation, only the German colony and the Japanese being invited.

May 30, 1899.—Prince Henry visited the Emperor and his visit was returned.

June 1, 1899.—Prince Henry received the Chefs de Missions in audience. A. was agreeably impressed by his sweet smile and soft voice. He spoke very nicely about me, saying that he knew I

was Rider's sister, whose books he always read with the greatest delight. In the afternoon he came and left a card, followed by two carriages and outriders.

June 3, 1899.—Prince Henry went up to Chusenji Lake, and stayed in Sir Ernest Satow's Japanese country house. The latter has put his house at the disposal of H.I.H. and of his suite; while he himself remains in Colonel Churchill's house *à côté*.

July 12, 1899.—We received the news of the Czarevitch's death. Poor young man! He has indeed had a long illness. Surely this is a great calamity for Russia, as the Czarina has only three daughters. This news prevents us leaving Tokyo for a day.

July 14, 1899.—We left Tokyo for Nikko *en route* for Chusenji. The heat in the train was simply fearful, but we managed just to breathe with the assistance of great blocks of ice, which the Keys and ourselves had brought, and which we stuck up in different corners of the compartment. This ice was A.'s brilliant idea, and we survived that terrible journey in consequence.

July 15, 1899.—The Keys and ourselves started at 8 a.m. for our climb up to Chusenji. It was a pleasant morning, but the roads were worse than I have ever known them. They were literally swamps of mud, and it was almost impossible for a 'rickshaw to pass, so some took chairs for the ascent. I, however, thought myself safer on my own legs than in a chair, so I walked the greater part of the way—a walk which could hardly be called a joy.

July 16, 1899.—Count Leyden and M. May went down to Tokyo for the service held at the Russian Cathedral for the late Czarevitch, M. May representing A., who was indisposed.

August 5, 1899.—A. went down yesterday to Tokyo to take part in a function (it was called a ball, but of course no one could dance in August in Tokyo) in honour of the completion of the Treaty of Revision. This function was attended by Prince Kan-in, all the

Cabinet Ministers, the members of the official world, and the Corps Diplomatique. A., as *doyen*, pronounced during the evening a speech in French, in the name of the Corps Diplomatique. Amongst other remarks he said :

"We are happy to take part in this international and sympathetic *réunion*, where we see representatives of the distinguished members of all classes of society, who come, united by a common thought, to salute with their enthusiastic acclamations the going into operation of the Treaties which will henceforth govern the commercial relations of Japan with the nations of Europe and America.

"We associate ourselves most heartily, gentlemen, with your joy, and we seize this new occasion to form the sincerest wishes for the prosperity and happiness of your country. With you, we express the hope that the new era inaugurated to-day will continue to develop and to extend along the paths of progress. While bringing you the benefits of peace, it will make possible for you a new departure in all the branches of human activity. You remember, gentlemen, that the relations of Japan with all the nations of Europe and America have never ceased to be anything but of the friendliest nature. They are now called upon to become still more intimate. In order to reach that result you must admit strangers in your midst, with the same liberal spirit which characterises the reception that your compatriots find in our countries, where they enjoy all the rights of our own people. Have confidence, my friends, in us, as we are disposed to have confidence in you. . . .

"Your legitimate efforts to do away with foreign jurisdiction have been crowned with success. Henceforth, the Governments of all the countries of the world will no longer hesitate to place their nationals under the protection of your laws. . . ."

This speech, of which I have only given extracts,

marking, as it did, an epoch in the history of Japan, was received with the very greatest enthusiasm. I was told by Sir Ernest Satow that it was one of the best speeches he had ever heard, and that it was magnificently delivered. And Mr. Buck, the American Minister, said to me, "We all felt proud of our *doyen*." I was glad, as I knew A. felt it was a delicate matter on which to make a speech.

August 16, 1899.—Mrs. Walter came to stay with us. It was the first day of the regatta. My boat, the *Admiral*, was sailed by Mr. Henry Keswick; I acting as cox. There were nine boats sailing. We got safely round the island we call Formosa, and were well ahead, making a splendid run on the extremely rough lake, when in the distance we saw a boat capsize. We at once altered our course, and, taking to the oars, we went with all speed to the rescue. On arriving at the spot, we discovered it was Count Leyden, the German Minister's boat that had upset. Mrs. Kirkwood picked up our Secretary, Monsieur May, who was clinging to the boat, and we rescued Count Leyden, who was in a far worse plight, having been dragged down underneath the sail. By the time we extracted him from his perilous position he was quite exhausted. Mr. Keswick thought that, under the circumstances, the race must be off, so we went quietly home with our dripping burden. We found poor A. in an awful state, the people on the shore having been under the delusion for some time that the boat capsized was mine. A. was judge, but in the excitement of the moment he quite forgot to lower the flag to show the race was at an end, and consequently one of the competitors, taking advantage of this mistake, went quietly on, and finally, in solitary grandeur, won the heat.

August 17, 1899.—It was too rough to continue the racing in the morning. In the afternoon some boats went out, and M. May and The O'Gorman again capsized, with Madame de Carçer in the boat.



A CALM DAY FOR THE CHUSENJI REGATTA.

Photo by Baroness d'Anethan.



KYOTO: "GREAT CLUSTERS OF PINK CHERRY BLOSSOM, VEILING EVERY BOUGH AND BRANCH IN GLORIOUS PROFUSION."

Photo by Comtess de Segonzac.



FROM KAMAKURA TO THE SACRED ISLAND OF ENOSHIMA.

Photo by M. Iitaka.

We heard the shouts for help from our veranda, and I could plainly see the capsized boat. Madame de Carger did not lose her head, but kept herself afloat by clinging hold of the boat. She was eventually dragged out by an American gentleman, who rowed from the shore to her rescue. Sailing on Chusenji Lake with sails far too big for the boats, manipulated by people who know but little of the sport, is, in my opinion, an amusement best avoided.

August 29, 1899.—I left Chusenji yesterday, and I started to-day at eleven o'clock from Nikko with Madame May and her son for Matzushima. We had a charming journey, through beautiful smiling scenery, and fortunately it was cool after the heavy rains. We arrived at Fukushima after seven o'clock, nearly an hour late, and were met at the station by M. May's cook, who had been sent on before, and by the proprietor of the tea-house where we were to lodge for the night. It was a beautiful and capacious tea-house, of which two big rooms were prepared for us, we evidently being expected to sleep all together in one room, using the other as a sitting-room and for our meals. The good man of the tea-house seemed decidedly disappointed when we shook our heads at this primitive idea. We naturally made other arrangements, Madame May and her maid having one room, I and my Japanese maid the other. M. May's room was, for the moment, given over to other guests, for a very noisy *geisha* feast which was going on. After dinner we sat out on the veranda, which led into a little garden of ponds and bridges and miniature lanterns, full of mystery and of dreams. While they were arranging our rooms for the night and were preparing our *futongs* (mattresses), we watched the *geisha* dancing, and after a time we went to bed, being protected from the insects by a huge green mosquito net which, in itself, was a small room. The feasters next door kept us awake for some time,

but at length the last *o'yasami-nasai* (good-night) was said, and all was quiet, and, stretched on our lowly beds, Saku and I slept the sleep of the just. My last recollection before I closed my eyes was the sight of Saku's glossy black head immovably fixed on its extremely hard little piece of wood which, according to our ideas, is indeed a poor apology for a pillow, but which a Japanese finds, on the contrary, immeasurably superior to our soft cushions.

August 30, 1899.—We left Fukushima at 9 a.m., stopping at Sendai, where the cook had been sent on to prepare our lunch. It is a nice, clean, prosperous town, but at 3.30 we took the train thence, arriving shortly afterwards at Shiogama, where we engaged two *sampans*, one for ourselves, and one for the domestics and baggage. We had a delightful sail of two hours among the lovely islands, bays, and promontories of this beautiful archipelago. These islands line the coast for several miles; they say that they number at least a thousand, all formed of volcanic soil. Some are overgrown with great gnarled pine trees, and some, bare of vegetation, are of the most weird shapes, forming grottoes and caves and porticoes, amply large enough for the passage of the *sampans*. These strange formations and fantastic shapes are caused by the inroads, in this light volcanic soil, of the ever-surging sea.

We arrived at Matzushima itself as the dusk was falling. The inhabitants of the island were occupied at the time of our arrival in burying the proprietor of the principal tea-house, and we could not lodge there. So we were taken up a steep hill to a beautiful little *besso** which dominated the picturesque town, the distant mountains with their evening shadows, and the numberless islands beneath. The *besso* had one disadvantage, though very clean and romantic—it had evidently been uninhabited for a length of

* *Besso*, "house."

time, for it was even devoid of the simple adornments of a Japanese house, and consequently water, lamps, *hibachi*,* in fact everything necessary for the night, had to be carried up the steep hill. Meanwhile, during this operation, we sat on the bare *tatami*, or leaned over the balcony, watching the lights of thousands of little barques floating among the picturesque islands. We thought at first that these boats were fishing-skiffs, but the tea-house man explained to us through M. May's cook, who acted as interpreter, that the yearly and sacred ceremony of the *Shoryobune*, or the launching of the ships of the souls, was taking place. On this date the ocean is one vast highway of the Dead, when thousands of fairy barques, each illuminated with a single lantern, are by the simple fisher-folk set afloat upon the open sea. As we gazed, drinking in the beauty and the poetry of the scene, scores of lights shimmered on the surface of the quiet, dark sea. We knew that each little soul-ship must cross the waters, be it rough or smooth, before eventually reaching the haven of its distant and eternal home, and sad indeed is the fate of that lost lamenting soul whose frail craft, with its fires of the Dead, is submerged, or whose light is extinguished by the scudding spray. For that poor struggling spirit is no rest nor eternal repose, for ever and for ever will it be an outcast and a wanderer hovering on the brink of the calm and beautiful shores of *Nirvâna*, but fated never to dwell within the regions of its blessed peace and rest.

I leant further over the veranda, and, piercing the gloom of the darkening twilight, tried to follow the wind-fraught vagaries of one faint glimmering light. Now it tore swiftly along, now it rose high above the waters, seeming to challenge with its triumphant haste its more backward competitors in this strenuous race of which the

* *Hibachi*, "brazier."

distant goal was the open sea. It disappeared for an instant, and, dreading that it was engulfed for ever by the waves, my heart sank within me. But lo ! there it was once again, solitary and triumphant, shining like a colossal diamond far, far away, till, growing smaller and smaller and fainter and fainter, the soul-light was finally merged into the distant horizon—and was seen no more ! It was all delightfully poetical, dreamy, and unusual, and with a sigh of regret I reluctantly moved from the balcony, and, joining the others, sat myself down on the cushions raised on the *tatami*, and shared with them the modest evening repast.

August 31, 1899.—It was a delicious morning. I rose at sunrise, and the sight that met my eyes from between the paper *shoji*, of the great shafts of glowing colour shooting across the sky and lighting up the rippling water and the many thousand islands, was bewitching. Dressing and washing, especially the latter, were performed under certain difficulties, taking place, as they did, on the balcony, in view of the street ! After breakfast, sending servants and baggage direct to Matsushima station, we took a *sampan* to Otokomori, a couple of hours' delicious sail, skirting the islands, beautiful and entrancing in their wealth of thick-grown pines and rich and varied vegetation. We descended from the boat and climbed the thickly wooded peak, which, rising in solitude from the sea, forms a fantastic island. It was a stiff climb of half an hour, but on reaching the summit of this mountain-island we were rewarded by a never-to-be-forgotten view of the whole archipelago, including the wide stretch of yellow sand, and the lovely limpid sea of green, while, fading in the distance, the range of lofty blue mountains gleamed through the soft whiteness of the light.

September 1, 1899.—We returned to Nikko after a most successful and pleasant trip of several days.



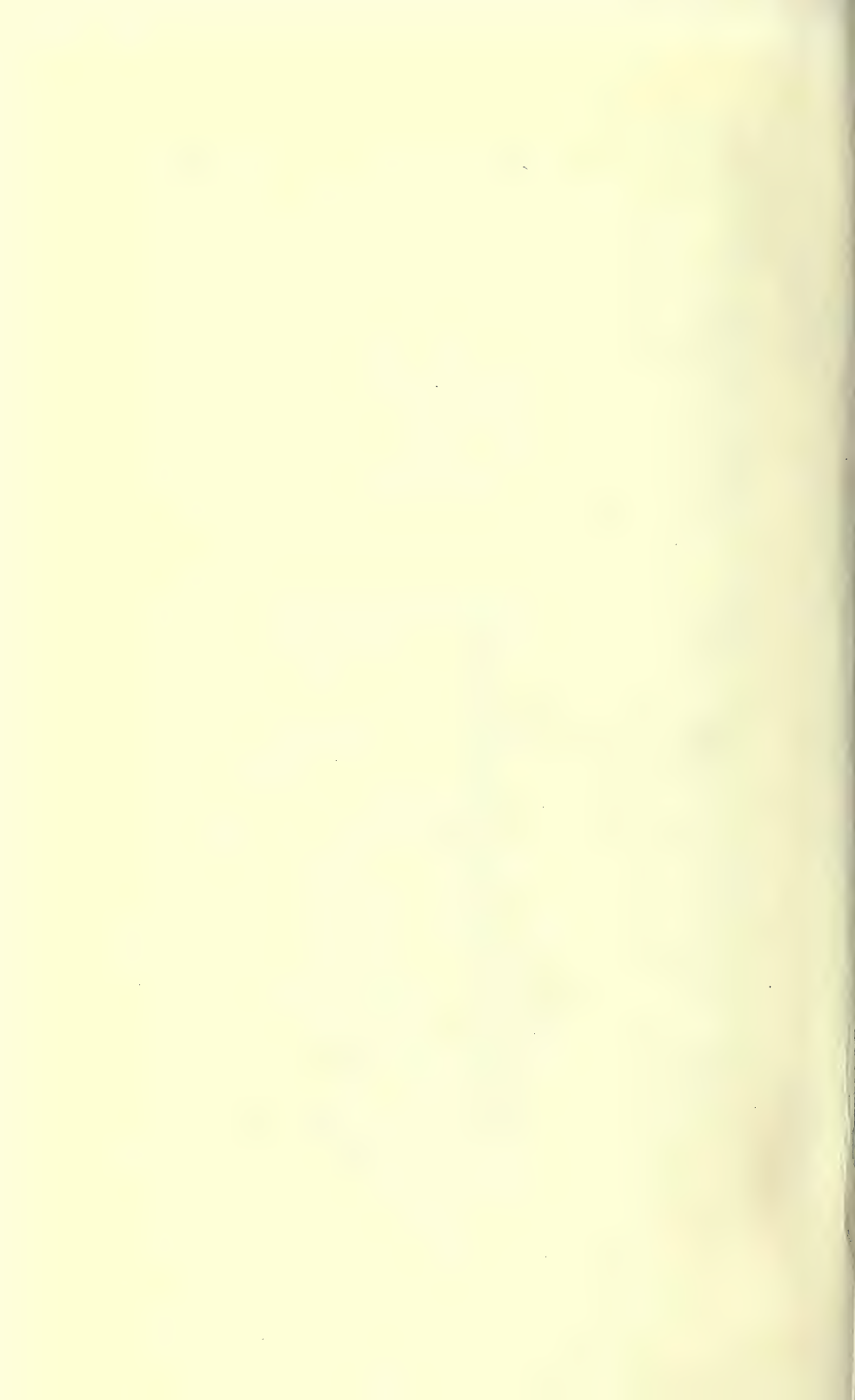
THE EMBRYO GAMBLER.



HER YOUNGER BROTHER.



THE DAILY LUNCH.



October 7, 1899 (Tokyo).—We rose to terrible weather, which in the afternoon developed into a typhoon; the worst storm I have experienced in Tokyo. It seemed as if the Legation must absolutely be blown over, and every tree in the compound uprooted. At five it cleared suddenly, and I have seldom seen a more brilliant sky or more wonderful cloud effects, with great pinnacles of yellow and orange colour merging mysteriously into the soft and subtle twilight. A. and I took a drive through the streaming roads, to enjoy the glory of this truly beautiful and unusual sunset.

October 14, 1899.—We hear that the storm last Saturday did an enormous amount of damage throughout the whole country. A train was blown right over a bridge, into a river. Up to now they have found nineteen corpses, and they say many more were killed. Wonderful to relate, we lost no trees, but all my beautiful flowers are ruined, and the trellis work which supports the wistarias, and which surrounds the tennis ground, is blown down and completely destroyed.

October 27, 1899.—A meeting was held at our Legation of all the Chefs de Missions to read and discuss A.'s speech, which he has, in the name of the Corps Diplomatique, to pronounce to-morrow at the dinner at the Palace, on the occasion of the completion of the Treaty Revision. It was thoroughly approved, and declared excellent, by all the Ministers. No alterations were suggested or made.

Mrs. Bonar came to stay with me for a few days, and we all dined at the Russian Legation. A very large and pleasant dinner.

October 28, 1899.—This evening the banquet in honour of the enforcement of the Treaties took place at the Palace. It was a brilliant function, a hundred and fifty attending the dinner. After waiting some time in the large *salle*, the Corps Diplomatique were marshalled into the banqueting-

hall, where we stood waiting behind our chairs, until the Emperor and the Empress and the Court arrived. The Emperor read his speech in Japanese before seating himself, after which the translation into French was read. Then A., in his quality as *doyen*, replied in French. He pronounced his speech very clearly. I give the translation as follows :

“SIRE,—

“The Diplomatic body, profoundly sensible of the great honour which Your Majesty has done them this day, have heard with the liveliest pleasure the gracious words which you have addressed to them, on the occasion of the enforcement of the Treaties, recently concluded in a mutual spirit of conciliation and confidence between Japan and the Foreign Powers.

“We are the faithful interpreters of the Sovereigns and the Peoples whom we represent, when we express a wish that the friendly relations which exist so happily between our Courts and our Governments may become even closer and more amicable.

“Under the auspices of Your Majesty, Japan, continuing to advance in the ways of Progress, Justice, and Right, will command the admiration of the world.

“Among the memorable acts accomplished under your sovereignty, and which will mark your name indelibly in history, will figure the conclusion of the Treaties, which will not fail to establish a more intimate union between Your Majesty's Empire and the nations represented in Japan.”

After the completion of these speeches, we took our seats, and dinner commenced. The table was in the form of a horse-shoe, and the silver and orchids were gorgeous. I was placed between Viscount Tanaka, the Minister of the Imperial Household, and

M. Harmand, the French Minister, and immediately facing the Empress. The Emperor and the Empress sat next each other, and on the other side of the Emperor was Princess Komatsu, then Prince Kan-in, then Marchioness Ito, wife of the Prime Minister, then A. On the other side of the Empress was Prince Komatsu, then Princess Kan-in. The Imperial Band played charmingly during the extremely *recherché* dinner. Immediately after leaving the banqueting-hall, a *cercle* was held in the biggest *salle*, and A. and I were the first received. Both the Emperor and Empress were most gracious, the latter asking me much about our summer at Chusenji, the damage the storm had done us, etc. Following the Corps Diplomatique, the Japanese were received, after which we left, and were home by nine, the dinner having been at six.

October 29, 1899.—Sir Ernest Satow lunched, and he and A. went together to poor Mr. McNab's funeral. We dined with M. Pokelewski.* It was a parting dinner for our Secretary, M. May, who has been transferred to Pekin.

October 30, 1899.—To-day the meeting of the Monday Club took place at the British Legation. This society was formed for the purpose of interesting the Japanese ladies in English literature, a lecture on some improving subject being given by a member of the club each alternate Monday. Mrs. Hugh Fraser, the wife of the late British Minister, and sister of Marion Crawford, was the founder of this interesting society, but of late years it has been allowed to lapse and no meetings have taken place. On the revival of the club, Sir Ernest Satow gave a lecture in Japanese, the subject being "The Queen of England." Then he translated it into English. There were a great number of Japanese ladies present, all of whom took an intelligent interest in the proceedings. Tea and conversation followed,

* M. Pokelewski-Koziell is now Russian Minister in Persia (1912).

and many more ladies became enrolled as members of the club.

November 3, 1899.—To-day was the Emperor's birthday, and being a lovely morning I got up early to attend the review at Aoyama. On our arrival, A. and the other Chefs de Missions were received by the Emperor in his tent, to whom they offered their congratulations on the auspicious occasion of his birthday. After this ceremony was completed, H.I.M. mounted his horse and reviewed the troops. The march past was wonderful. We were quite astonished at their splendid manœuvring and marching. The artillery thundered past with great dash. All the foreign Military Attachés were there and were much impressed.

The review was followed by a lunch at the Palace, whence A. returned with the terrible news of Mr. McMillan's suicide. He shot himself through the head last night. A. had received the same day a letter from him, cancelling an appointment here, as "he did not feel quite the thing"; and only two days ago he was in this Legation, and I had a chat with him. He was a faithful *employé* of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha's line of steamers, and for some time he had been in a terribly nervous and depressed state of mind, being much affected by the loss of one of the N.Y.K. steamers. He was only forty-eight, and a particularly handsome and nice man. Great sympathy is felt for his poor wife.

The dinner at the Foreign Office took place as usual; likewise the ball. I danced the royal quadrille with Prince Yamashina, and went in to supper with him.

November 4, 1899.—Our Secretary, M. May, left to-day, being transferred temporarily to Peking. I should not be surprised if he comes in for exciting times, as matters seem very unsettled just now in China.

November 5, 1899.—Sir Ernest Satow lunched, and



THE IMPERIAL DUCK-CATCHING PARTY.

Photos by Baroness d'Anethan.





went with us to poor Mr. McMillan's funeral. It was a very pathetic service. His wife and daughter had been sleeping in the next room, when they were awakened by hearing him trying to strike a light, after which immediately followed the report of the revolver. A. went on to the cemetery. There were crowds of people. Mr. McMillan was one of the bearers for Mr. McNab's coffin last week, and now he lies beside his friend.

November 7, 1899.—A garden party was given by Count Okuma at Waseda. There was a great show of chrysanthemums, and over three hundred guests were present, including Prince and Princess Kan-in and Prince and Princess Yamashina. It was very official, but pleasant wandering about the lovely gardens. In the middle of the afternoon we sat down to a sumptuous repast, at which I found myself at Count Okuma's left.

November 9, 1899.—To-day was the annual Imperial Chrysanthemum Garden Party. We had several people to lunch, who went on later with us to the party. The gardens this year were more lovely than ever, with the maples a blaze of every shade of red. It was a heavenly autumn day, and there were crowds of well-dressed people. I had only two introductions to make on this occasion—the Hon. Mrs. Whitehead (wife of the British First Secretary) and Madame Yawasaval (the Chilian Secretary's wife). I enjoyed the party very much this year.

November 15, 1899.—To-day was the King of the Belgians' birthday. A. was the whole day receiving the Japanese Ministers and officials, and the Corps Diplomatique, and many others who came to the Legation to offer their congratulations on the event.

November 21, 1899.—We attended the Yokohama races, staying with the Bonars. We had to leave Yokohama early by the express, as we were dining with Prince Komatsu. It was quite a small dinner, but very pleasant and friendly. Prince Kan-in took

me in, and made himself very agreeable in his really excellent French.

December 1, 1899.—A. went to Yokohama, to inspect the new German ship the *König Albert*. It is gigantic, and is so far the largest ship that has ever entered Yokohama Harbour, and the fittings are most luxurious in every way.

December 16, 1899.—We heard to-day that General Buller was defeated by the Boers at Tugela River. Eleven guns were captured by the enemy. The consternation in England is terrible. Lord Roberts is sent out to take command of the South African forces. His only son is among the slain.

December 22, 1899.—The Imperial duck-catching party took place at the Hamayoken Gardens. I caught three ducks and A. three or four. I love this sport. A certain number of us are each time chosen, and we run swiftly in a crouching position and in perfect silence, holding large nets with long handles aloft till we reach the sides of the little canals into which the wild duck have been lured by the wiles of the decoy duck. There, in breathless anticipation, we take up our position each side of the canal, and await the flight of the duck; then, as they fly high in the air, a frantic dash with the net, and oh! the joy when one is rewarded by the sight of a struggling bird entangled in the meshes thereof. More often than not, however, they fly far too swiftly and too high and thus escape the sportsman—only, however, to be pounced upon and slain by the expectant hawk chained to the huntsman's wrist. This is the one portion of the sport of which I do not approve, for once having been clever enough to escape the nets, I consider that the birds have justly earned their liberty and their lives, and I hated to see them flying into the very jaws of death as the cruel hawk pounced upon them with his greedy claws.

After the sport was over, we were given a lunch served at small tables in the Palace. Viscount

Tanaka, who was acting as host, Mr. Nagasaki, and Baroness Rosen, the Russian Minister's wife, were at my table, and a portion of the *menu* were slices of the duck stewed in a most delectable way *à la japonaise*. We brought home several brace of duck, the result of our sport, and a basket of lovely orchids, which was taken from my table and presented to me.

December 24, 1899.—Mrs. Bonar, who is staying with us for Christmas, was pitched out of her jinrickshaw coming down the Nabeshima hill. Luckily, A. was with her, as she fell on her head, and was for a few moments quite unconscious. Thank Heaven no bones were broken, and though she received a severe shaking, she was very plucky about her misadventure, and got all right as the evening wore on.

CHAPTER X

1900

New Year's reception at Court—Concert at Yokohama for Widows' and Orphans' Fund—Concert at British Legation—An exciting tram-car at Atami—The return journey—Prince Kan-in's farewell dinners—My husband's tour of inspection in the south—Extracts from his speech at Shimonoseki—A service of white wood destroyed—Cronjé gives himself up—The relief of Ladysmith—Baron Hayashi goes to London—Prince Waldemar of Denmark in Tokyo—Prince Waldemar dines at the French Legation—Baron Hayashi's farewell dinner—Admiral and Mrs. Bruce—My brother leaves for South Africa—Ball at the Chinese Legation—Imperial garden party—A superfluity of admirals—A lunch at Waseda—Admiral Fremantle—Japanese troops—The marriage of the Crown Prince of Japan—Formosan orchids—A disastrous fire—The end of the South African War—The shadow of coming events in China—Sir Edward Seymour to the rescue—Anxiety for the Corps Diplomatique in Pekin—Terrible rumours—Danger of Miss Condit Smith—Capture of the Taku forts—Murder of engineers—Northern China in arms—M. Iswolsky—News through the Chinese Minister—Orders to leave Pekin—Contradictory news—Seymour's force arrives—Murder of Baron von Ketteler—Destruction of the Legations—German Emperor's speech—German Emperor sends troops—My verses "An Appeal from Pekin"—The article in the *Japan Times*—Preparations of the Japanese—Conflicting telegrams—Newspaper assertions—Contradiction of the worst rumours.

January 1, 1900.—To-day a new century commences, and the New Year's reception at Court took place. There were eight ladies of the Corps Diplomatique, but I had on this occasion only one presentation to make—Madame Gühler, wife of the new German Naval Attaché. There were some lovely dresses and trains worn this year, Mrs. Whitehead's and Countess Wedel's being especially beautiful. All the Corps Diplomatique, the men in their uniforms and the ladies in their Court dresses, assembled at our Legation, after the ceremony at Court, for



THE BRITISH EMBASSY, TOKYO.

Photo by Commander the Hon. C. Dormer, R.N.



THE FOREIGN OFFICE, TOKYO.

Photo by Baroness d'Anethan.

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my Drawing-room Tea. I also invited many other people.

January 5, 1900.—There was a lunch at the Palace to-day, which A. attended, and where he made the usual speech.

January 11, 1900.—We gave a dinner for Mr. Hayashi, prior to his departure as Minister to Korea. His post will be a difficult one, for the problem of the Hermit Kingdom is one which all must watch with interest and a certain amount of anxiety. A., however, has the greatest opinion of Mr. Hayashi's ability, whom we both know and like well, and he considers the choice of the Japanese at this important moment wise in every respect.*

January 16, 1900.—I went down to Yokohamato stay with Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Walter for the concert in aid of the fund for the Widows and Orphans of the Boer War. I sat in the second row, with the members of the British Legation, between Sir Ernest Satow and Mr. Bonar. The audience was genuinely enthusiastic, the concert was good, and altogether it was a most thrilling performance. The orchestra started by playing "God save the Queen," and the vast audience rose and sang the British National Anthem as with one voice. Several other national songs were also taken up, and sung enthusiastically by the audience. I enjoyed the evening immensely, and there was more than one greatly moved by the enthusiasm and patriotic sentiments of the performance.

January 24, 1900.—There was a concert at the British Legation, arranged by Sir Ernest Satow, for the Widows' and Orphans' Fund. We had some people to dine for it, and Judge Wilkinson stayed with us. It was a very successful concert, both financially and otherwise.

January 26, 1900.—We left Tokyo for Atami for a few days' rest and change. Sir Ernest Satow,

* Baron Hayashi is at present Japanese Ambassador in Rome (1912).

Colonel and Mrs. Churchill, and Mr. Cheetham were of the party, also Count and Countess Wedel. For part of the lovely road on the cliff overhanging the sea we were conveyed in the *jinsha*, which consists of a small tram-car, pushed from behind by coolies. It is a somewhat perilous and primitive means of progression. The impetus and excitement were tremendous, tearing, as we did, at a terrific pace down the slope on the extreme edge of the cliff, and possessing the certain knowledge that our safety depended entirely on the stability of two rather frail brakes. If they gave way, it would certainly be the end of all things so far as the occupants of the car were concerned, the height from the cliff on to the rocks and into the sea beneath being considerable.

February 1, 1900.—We returned to Tokyo after a short but delightful absence. The *jinsha* was even more exciting on the return journey. It was downhill all the way, and we went tearing along at a break-neck pace. However, we simply resigned ourselves to whatever fate was in store for us! It was a lovely day, and the views were perfect as we tore past them, both sky and sea being of a bright cobalt blue, and the atmosphere marvellously clear.

February 9, 1900.—A. returned from a little visit to the Bonars at Yokohama, for a banquet we attended at Prince Kan-in's palace.* It is one of the series given by H.I.H. before his departure for a year's absence in Europe. The Princess does not accompany her husband. The Prince took me in to dinner, and A. took in the Princess. Viscount Aoki was the other side of me. It was a pleasant dinner, as, on account of the excellence of his French, conversation with the Prince is very easy. All the Japanese ladies looked extremely charming in their best frocks. We numbered thirty-five at the dinner.

February 10, 1900.—A., accompanied by a high

* Mr. Bonar was then British Consul in Yokohama. He was later on given the post of British Consul General in Korea (1912).

official, director of the Commercial Museum, Mr. Henry Satoh, started for his tour of commercial and industrial inspection in the south of Japan. He was given every facility, free passages for himself and servant, special steam launches, and special trains during the whole month of his absence. He had a most interesting trip, visiting mines, factories, industries, etc., and was treated the whole time with the greatest kindness and attention by all the Japanese officials. At each town he was received by all the magnates of the place, and the attentions of the officials and the police were excellent. At Nihama, a large commodious house of the Sumitomo family was opened for his use, and every comfort was procured for him in that out-of-the-way locality. Here also the Sumitomo family set apart a steam launch for his special use. He visited the Besshi Copper-mines, 4,000 feet high, making a minute inspection of the works of expansion which are going on. On the 24th he visited the Kure Arsenal, where the happy art of entertaining, so eminently congenial to the Japanese naval officer, was exercised on his behalf. At Shimonoseki he stayed with Mr. Reid, of the *Urin Shokai*. Up to this time, for more than a fortnight, he had lived in Japanese inns, and eaten and slept in Japanese fashion, so this comfortable house was an agreeable change. The municipal authorities at both Moji and Shimonoseki came out to meet him in steam launches; and on the 26th the commercial men and the municipal members of the place gave him a Japanese banquet at Shimonoseki in the same hall where the Treaty of Peace had been signed a few years previously between Japan and China. In answer to the toast of the Mayor, he said, that as a representative of the Belgian Government, he felt especially interested in seeing the development of the wealth of Japan. That in going through the newly-opened ports, and especially in visiting

the centre of Japan's industry, Osaka, as well as the smaller towns and cities, he was glad to observe the people's keenness in developing the wealth of their respective places. Particularly in Shimonoseki and Moji was he interested in beholding the various monuments of improvement.

"Good harbours," he said, "are of the greatest importance for commercial expansion. Japan's foreign trade, I am happy to observe, is augmenting, and it will augment still more. It is necessary that it should do so. The latest trade returns of Japan are about 440,000,000 yen. In Belgium, with a small population of only 6,000,000, the volume of her trade is about five times that of Japan. Many new ports have been opened by the new Treaty, and I hope to see far greater prosperity of Japan's foreign trade."

Referring to the new Treaties, he drew attention to certain restrictions of a serious nature, among which he mentioned the disability of foreigners to own land in this country. "But," he added, "I am pleased to find tendencies of a desire to put a stop to these restrictions."

He then said, a closer association tends to remove suspicion and misunderstandings, and will certainly help to create friendly feeling on both sides. He hoped that an assembly like the one of that evening would tighten the link of friendship and goodwill between Japanese and foreigners.

In Moji he was also given a magnificent banquet, at which he made another speech on much the same lines.

At a banquet which was given to him at Miyajima by the Mayor and Municipality, the whole repast was served to him on pure white wood. He asked the explanation of this difference, and of this special service, and was told that after having been made use of by him, none of the utensils would be employed again, but that they would be promptly destroyed !



H.I.H. PRINCESS ARISUGAWA.



H.I.H. DOWAGER PRINCESS
YORIKO KOMATSU.

皇

Yoriko Komatsu



H.I.H. PRINCESS NASHIMOTO.



H.I.H. PRINCESS KUNI.

Princess T. Nashimoto

Chika Kuni

February 25, 1900.—I went to the station to meet M. d'Ambro, the new Austrian Minister, and his family. Madame d'Ambro (*née* Cavalletti) is a niece of A.'s brother-in-law. I drove the Minister to his new Legation, and introduced him to it. It is a fine building constructed by Mr. Conder, and just completed. It faces Prince Fushimi's palace, and is in one of the best situations in Tokyo, being built on the summit of a high hill overlooking a beautiful part of the city.

February 28, 1900.—We heard that Cronjé, the Boer General, with all his army, guns, etc., had given himself up to Lord Dundonald. This is indeed grand news. We hear that Cronjé himself is going to be banished to St. Helena.

March 2, 1900.—I dined with Count Leyden, the German Minister. As I came into the room, Sir Ernest Satow gave me the glad tidings which he himself had just received, of the relief of Ladysmith by General Buller, after four months' siege; the enemy being completely dispersed. Plucky little garrison and gallant Sir G. White! No wonder, after being reduced to half a pound of meal and horse-flesh, they "are hardly fit at present for service in the field."

March 4, 1900.—I attended the Intercession Service at Shiba Church. It was a very impressive and moving service, and one can only trust that the heartfelt prayers for Peace and Victory and for balm and comfort for the many broken and bleeding hearts may be answered.

March 6, 1900.—I dined at the British Legation. It was a pleasant dinner given as a farewell to Baron Hayashi, who is going as Minister to London. He is very pleased at his appointment. I was glad to see him again, after his three years' absence in Russia as Minister.

March 7, 1900.—I attended a soirée at the Foreign Office, given in honour of Prince Waldemar

of Denmark. I had to go alone, as A. was still absent on his tour in the south, and I arrived at about half-past nine, and was at once introduced to H.R.H. The Prince is about forty-two, and he has charming and dignified manners. In appearance he resembles the Czar of Russia and the Duke of York. I was placed next to him during some Japanese dancing, and I had a very pleasant talk with him. He gave me a long and graphic description of the Chinese banquets, of many of which he had partaken. One of these banquets had been arranged in an open courtyard in the most bitter cold, and had lasted five hours. Prince Waldemar remembers my brother William very well, when he was Chargé d'Affaires at Athens,* and the great interest he took at that time in archæological researches. We also conversed much about Norfolk and Sandringham, where of course he has frequently stayed with his sister, the Princess of Wales. At supper I was placed on his left. He stayed a very long time at supper, and he evidently enjoyed his evening much.

March 10, 1900.—I was present at the French Minister's dinner for Prince Waldemar. M. Harmand made a very nice little speech welcoming the Prince. The Prince replied neatly, with a toast to the President of the French Republic. Then the Danish National Air was played, and we all stood up until it was finished. After dinner there was a *soirée* for the rest of the Corps Diplomatique, and the high Japanese. At dinner, only the Envoys and their wives were invited, as they can only place twenty-two. An unusual kind of artist was present after dinner, who drew pictures with a bottle, a cigar stump, a piece of paper, and with a stick tied to his head. It was a most ingenious performance. Prince Waldemar made himself very agreeable to

* Sir William Haggard, K.C.M.G., is now British Minister in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil (1912).

every one, and he seems really to have enjoyed his stay here. His official visit is over to-morrow, and he will travel in the interior *incognito*. Sir Ernest Satow has offered him his house at Chusenji.

March 11, 1900.—A.'s speeches delivered at the banquets given to him at Shimonoseki and at Moji are in the *Japan Times*. He returns to-morrow from his tour in the south, and I am going to meet him at Yokohama.

March 24, 1900.—Baron and Baroness Hayashi gave a farewell dinner, which A. and I attended, at the Imperial Hotel, prior to their departure for England, where the Baron has been named Minister.

March 29, 1900.—We had a little dinner for Admiral and Mrs. Bruce. They are both so charming. Mrs. Bruce is a Norfolk woman, *née* Woodhouse.

April 3, 1900.—We had a lunch party for Captain Warrender of the *Barfleur*. Captain and Mrs. Ottley and several friends came, and after lunch we spent a pleasant time in the garden, which is looking lovely just now with the spring bulbs (which I obtain by parcel post from Holland) at their full beauty.

April 5, 1900.—I hear that my dear brother Arthur, Captain Haggard, has volunteered for the front, and has already started for South Africa. We lunched with Mrs. Bonar and went on board the *Barfleur*. The Admiral sent his barge to fetch us. The *Barfleur* is a long way beyond the breakwater. It is a magnificent man-of-war, and I enjoyed looking over it. My verses on "Our Soldiers" appeared in the *Japan Daily Mail*.

April 18, 1900.—A ball took place at the Chinese Legation. The Chinese Minister, who is a pleasant person, was bubbling over with the milk of human kindness, and he made a most attentive host. Everything was extremely well done, and the evening closed with a pretty cotillon at which charming gifts were presented.

April 20, 1900.—The annual Imperial Cherry Gar-

den Party took place. It was a lovely morning and extremely hot. Suddenly the weather changed, and between midday and 3 p.m. the thermometer went down 15°. We gave a Belgian lunch before the garden party. There was an enormous crowd at the gardens this year, an immense number of American globe-trotters, and hundreds of English, American, French, and German naval officers. There were three American Admirals, one English, one German, and, I think, two French Admirals. I introduced Mrs. Bruce (wife of the British Admiral), Mrs. Ottley (wife of the British Naval Attaché), and Mrs. Theil (of the German Legation) to their Imperial Majesties. Baron Sannomiya, Grand Master of Ceremonies, was absent through illness, and he was greatly missed.

April 30, 1900.—We attended a lunch party of thirty given by Count Okuma, the late Minister of Foreign Affairs. His place, Waseda, was looking quite lovely with all the fresh green, and such beautiful flowers of every description, to say nothing of the orchid-houses containing many rare orchids in full bloom. It was an extremely pleasant party, and we spent most enjoyable hours strolling about those fascinating grounds.

May 1, 1900.—We were present at a farewell dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead for Sir Ernest Satow and Count Orfini, both of whom are going home on leave. Admiral Fremantle, who was on this station six years ago, and is now globe-trotting, was there, and was very cheery.

May 2, 1900.—We gave a farewell dinner for Sir Ernest Satow and Count Orfini.

May 3, 1900.—I drove Admiral Fremantle to the station to witness the return of the Emperor from the naval manœuvres. All the troops of Tokyo were out, and the Admiral was greatly struck by their smartness and military appearance. A. and I went down to Yokohama to see the last of Sir Ernest Satow and of Count Orfini before they left on leave.

MAY.



THE CRIMSON AZALEA.

From Professor Conder's "Floral Art of Japan."

We went on board the *Empress of India* at 3.30, after having all lunched together at the hotel.

May 10, 1900.—To-day was the wedding-day of the Crown Prince of Japan with Princess Suda, of the Kuge family. Their marriage took place at the Imperial shrine in the Palace grounds at eight in the morning. Both bride and bridegroom were dressed in ancient Court dress, but only Japanese were present, and only two people outside the family witnessed the actual ceremony behind the curtain of the Holy of Holies. These two persons were the Grand Master of Ceremonies, Baron Sannomiya, and a lady-in-waiting. The bride and bridegroom changed into European dress for the drive back to the Crown Prince's palace. A. and I witnessed the procession of the many magnificent Court carriages. At 4.30 p.m. we were due at the Palace in uniform and evening dress, but no Court train was worn. After having been detained for some time in rooms put apart for the Corps Diplomatique, we were received in audience, A. and I being received first. A. presented his message from the King of the Belgians to H.I.M., which came the day before by wire. Both the Emperor and the Empress spoke to us, but the Crown Prince and his bride merely shook hands and bowed at our felicitations. The bride is only sixteen, but she looks full of life and strength, and possesses a pleasant, intelligent face. She was dressed in European dress, a very handsome white brocade gown, and the young Prince was in uniform. Following our audience we returned to the *salle*, while others took our place, and at about 6.30 we were ushered into the banqueting-hall, whither, after a short time, the Emperor and Empress and all the Imperial Family arrived, and placed themselves at a large table. All the Princes took in their wives, which is a Japanese custom at a wedding feast, and we sat at little tables near by.

After a certain time the Court rose, and the Emperor approached A., saying he wished us all to stay as long as we liked. Then he and the Empress took their departure, though some of the Princes and Princesses moved among us and talked. Princess Kan-in told me that her husband had been delighted at his reception in Belgium by our King. After all the members of the Imperial Family had left, we strolled about, and went into the other banqueting-halls, where many others were being entertained. We were home by eight o'clock.

May 18, 1900.—I went down to Yokohama to arrange about despatching Rider's Formosan orchids, which have been given him by Count Okuma. It was such a business to persuade any shipping line to take charge of them, as they are packed in a huge case in beautiful porcelain pots, and the whole front of the case is glass. However, at length the N.Y.K. line undertook the transport of the plants, but I was employed at Yokohama till nearly four o'clock arranging matters. Count Okuma kindly sent me these beautiful orchids packed in this elaborate and careful manner; but I have been told since that by far the simplest method to send orchids is to dry the bulbs and to send them by parcel post.

May 24, 1900.—It poured with rain, so the garden party at the British Legation in honour of Queen Victoria's birthday had to be put off. We called on Captain and Mrs. Brinkley, to condole with them on their house having been burnt down last night. We witnessed the fire from the end of our road. The house was burnt to the ground and everything was lost, many of their beautiful *bibelots* and curios, and all Captain Brinkley's valuable notes and manuscripts, the result of over thirty years' *séjour* in this country. Providentially the MS. of his famous book on Japanese and Chinese Art had been lent to a friend and was out of the house, or a great work would have been lost to posterity.

May 25, 1900.—Our Secretary, M. May, returned from Peking. He tells us there is great unrest in that city.* He went with us to the British Legation garden party in honour of the Queen's birthday, which had been postponed on account of the weather. To-day was perfect, and the party was a very pleasant one.

May 29, 1900.—A garden party was given at the Shinjiku Palace by Prince Kuni in honour of his marriage. All the Corps were presented to him and to his bride. Prince Kuni, who is of the Imperial blood, is in an infantry regiment, and is considered a brilliant soldier. It was a pleasant party, but the sun was so terribly hot one could not enjoy the lovely gardens. The usual sumptuous banquet at small tables took place inside the Palace at four o'clock, but the heat was so intense that I fancy it was impossible for any to do justice to H.I.H.'s hospitality.

June 1, 1900.—Judge Wilkinson came to bid farewell before leaving for his post as Chief Justice at Shanghai. There is grand news in to-day's paper: Pretoria has surrendered, President Kruger has fled, and the war is virtually at an end. The last part of the war has been a complete walk-over for the British. The troops entered Johannesburg on May 21, when the British flag was hoisted over the Government building. I am so longing to hear some news of Arthur. Where is he? What is he doing? Thank God this dreadful war is finished!

June 2, 1900.—We dined with Count and Countess Wedel, and met Baron and Baroness von Meyer. The latter was a Princess Brancacio, but the marriage was annulled. She is a fascinating woman, and, beautifully dressed in golden brocade, she looked like a picture by Burne-Jones.

June 11, 1900.—The Japanese rainy season, the *Nubai*, begins to-day, and, true to tradition, it is a pouring wet day.

* Placards with "down with the foreign devils," were already at that time, posted all over Peking,

June 13, 1900.—Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead have moved into the main building of the British Legation for the warm weather. We had lunch with them to-day, and we met Sir Henry Blake, Governor of Hong-kong, Lady Blake, and Miss Blake. Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain also lunched. Lady Blake is a clever and charming woman, very talkative, and decidedly pro-Chinese. She and I had a long and interesting chat. Sir Henry is Irish, and is delightful. Lady Blake knows my brother William well, and was at one time in correspondence with him. The Blakes see things very much *en noir* with regard to these revolts of the Boxers in China, and, indeed, matters are becoming serious, as the Chinese Government do not seem inclined to make any attempts to put the riots down.

June 14, 1900.—Matters in China are getting more and more serious. The English, Russian, and French have landed marines under the command of the English Admiral, Sir Edward Seymour, to proceed to the protection of the Legations in Peking. There are rumours that a party of engineers have been killed by the Boxers; among the slain are four Belgians. There seems no doubt now that the Chinese Government are on the side of the insurgents.

June 16, 1900.—There is terrible anxiety with regard to the fate of the Corps Diplomatique in Peking. Sir E. Seymour's little army of 1,400 men is cut off between Peking and Tien-tsin. The Boxers are on one side, and the regular troops are on the other, and there is no news from Peking since the 10th. There are all sorts of wild rumours flying around of the Legations being burnt down to the ground and the inhabitants escaping for their lives, but we can obtain no authentic news. All wires arrive now *via* Chefoo.

June 17, 1900.—I went to Mass, and prayed with all my heart for the poor people shut up in Peking. It is a state of siege there, and we have still no news. The men-of-war of all nations are proceeding,



K. Kagawa

H.E. VISCOUNT KAGAWA, GRAND MASTER OF THE EMPRESS.



N. Watanabé

H.E. MR. N. WATANABÉ.



M. S. Nagasaki

H.E. MR. NAGASAKI.



Y. Yoshida

H.E. MR. Y. YOSHIDA.

but only gunboats can get up the river. A telegram has arrived that the German Minister in Pekin is killed, but no credence is given to it, nor to many other terrible rumours, such as to the Legations being burnt to the ground, or to the foreign inhabitants in Pekin being murdered.

June 18, 1900.—A. and I went to Hayama to spend the day with Mr. and Mrs. Key. Mr. Key is the American Naval Attaché. Miss Condit Smith, Mrs. Key's sister, and a great friend of ours, is shut up in Pekin in the American Legation, she having proceeded there on a pleasure trip a few weeks ago. Mrs. Key evidently does not yet realise her sister's intense danger. Miss Condit Smith with Mrs. Squires, the wife of the American First Secretary in Pekin, were at the summer residence, seven miles from Pekin, when the village next to them, only three miles off, was completely burnt to the ground. The two women, in the middle of the night, had to rise and to fly for their lives, escorted by Cossacks, who had come from Pekin to convey them home. The next morning the house in which they had been staying and the summer residence of the British Legation were both burnt by the Boxers. One shudders to think of the possible fate of these two helpless women.

June 19, 1900.—The anxiety here is getting frantic. At last the Japanese have decided to send a large force. News is received that the Chinese began, without warning, to fire from the Taku forts on the men-of-war. The forts, however, were eventually captured by the United Powers. The Russians suffered most, but 400 Chinamen were killed. There are rumours that an English gunboat, likewise a German gunboat, were sunk. The Japanese were the first to get into the Taku forts. It was a race between them and the English. Just as Captain Hattori (Japanese) was gallantly assisting Captain Craddock over the fort, the former was killed in the moment of victory. There is still no news of Pekin.

June 20, 1900.—There is still no news of Pekin or of Seymour's force. It is most inexplicable what can have happened to them all! Only God knows. There are details in the papers in reference to the fugitive engineers, a number of whom were Belgians; several were killed—four, I think. The others were at length rescued, but were terribly wounded and mutilated. There were many women in this party of thirty, against, at one time, four thousand Boxers!

June 21, 1900.—The news of Pekin is, from the newspapers, rather more reassuring to-day.

June 22, 1900.—We have heard terrible news through Mr. Whitehead of the British Legation. He has received a wire from the senior British naval officer at Taku. The whole of Northern China is in arms, and the advance guard from Tien-tsin is cut off. There is no news of Admiral Seymour; nor is there news of the fate of the unfortunates in Pekin. A. has a meeting here at four o'clock of all the Chefs de Missions. I made the acquaintance of M. Iswolsky, the new Russian Minister. He has a powerful face and seems very agreeable, evidently speaking all languages equally well.

June 23, 1900.—The new Russian Minister and his wife, M. et Madame Iswolsky, called. She is pretty, *très chic*, and very pleasant. We received news that Tien-tsin is burnt to the ground, and that the whole of the foreign settlement of 150 Europeans are massacred. Can this awful rumour be true?

June 24, 1900.—I went to Mass, and prayed with all my heart for the besieged in Pekin. There is no news of them, or of Seymour's force. The heat here is intense. What must it be in China?

June 25, 1900.—We received news through the Chinese Minister by telegram from Sheng, that up to the 19th the Corps Diplomatique in Pekin were safe, and that they were going to be given Chinese troops by the Government to convey them in safety from Pekin. Pray God that this may be true. The

terrible news about Tien-tsin is confirmed. European troops are massing, but a telegram arrived to say that the Allied Forces at Tien-tsin have been beaten by the Chinese. Surely this cannot be the fact? It is a pouring day, and everything combines to increase one's awful depression.

June 28, 1900.—A telegram was received through Chinese sources, to say that the Corps Diplomatique had been ordered to leave Peking within the twenty-four hours, whither no one seems to know. In the evening there were other telegrams saying that they were still safe in Peking up to the 25th. What is one to believe? These telegrams are sent to A. straight from the Japanese Foreign Office, so we get the news at once.

June 29, 1900.—There is still nothing but contradictory news. One telegram was received saying that the Corps Diplomatique has arrived safely at Tien-tsin with Admiral Seymour's force; another, later on, to say they were still in Peking.

June 30, 1900.—It is a dark, dreary day, and the heat is most oppressive. Seymour's force has certainly arrived safely at Tien-tsin. One officer is killed, several are wounded, and sixty men are killed. There is no further news from Peking.—*Later.* A telegram has been received saying that the Ministers have refused to leave Peking.

July 2, 1900.—Terrible news has been received. The German Minister, Baron von Ketteler, was killed by Chinese soldiers on the 13th of last month, on his way to the Tsung-li Yamen! One report says that his body was taken into the Tsung-li Yamen, which was afterwards burnt down to the ground, and that the body was dragged through the streets of Peking. His poor young wife!—one's heart bleeds for her, and I ask myself, How will she survive the horror and tragedy of her loss?

July 3, 1900.—News is received through Sir Robert Hart, by the Japanese Consul at Chefoo, that all the

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Legations in Pekin, except the French, German and British, are destroyed. The Belgian Legation was the first to be burnt. The British Minister is sheltering within his compound all the Ministers and the staffs of those Legations which are destroyed. A heavy rifle fire is being kept up by the Chinese. The position is desperate, but up to the 24th of last month they were still alive. There is no later news. The Tsung-li Yamen is in the possession of the chief of the Boxers, and thousands of Chinese troops are marching towards Tien-tsin.

July 4, 1900.—The German Emperor has made a very warlike speech. He vows revenge for von Ketteler's death, and says he shall not rest until the flag of Germany with those of other nations floats on the heights of Pekin. A. and I went to see our connection, Madame d'Ambro, wife of the Austrian Minister. She is in the greatest anxiety with regard to her cousin, Marquise Salvago, wife of the Italian Minister in Pekin, of whose fate she is, of course, in complete ignorance.

July 5, 1900.—I sent some verses to the *Japan Times* on Sir Robert Hart's message, "The situation is desperate: make haste." We hear that the German Emperor is sending 10,000 troops to China.

July 6, 1900.—My verses appeared in the *Japan Times* with a leading article upon them. Thank God! they seem to have made some effect and to have moved people, for the following days they were copied into the other newspapers, both Japanese and foreign, and later on into the China newspapers.

AN APPEAL FROM PEKIN!

(*Extract from Sir Robert Hart's message, dated Pekin, June 24, 1900:*
"The situation is desperate: make haste!")

Make haste! Make haste! Ah! list the frenzied cry
We fling across the world. Will none reply?
While Powers pause, while armies vacillate,
We vainly pray for help. Come not too late.



THE RAMPARTS AND GATEWAYS OF TOKYO.

Photos by Baroness d'Anethan.

Make haste ! Make haste ! Once more that broken cry,
Once more we shriek it forth before we die !
Women and children fall ; children and wives,
Save them, great God ! We yield instead our lives.

Make haste ! Make haste ! Feeble yet frantic cry !
Will no one hear ? Say ! is not rescue nigh ?
We slowly perish. Powers, nations—hear
Thy countrymen's appeal, thy people's prayer !

Make haste ! Make haste ! The plund'ers at our gate
Announce with raging roar our speedy fate.
How long can we withstand bullet and ball,
Starvation, parching heat—before we fall ?

Make haste ! Make haste ! Cold is our colleague's brow ;
He whom we loved lies bleeding—butchered—low !
While round our walls his murd'ers scream and yell ;
Drunk with the blood they shed, when Ketteler fell !

Make haste ! Make haste ! Ah ! what is that we hear ?
The tramp of allied armies drawing near ?
—Delusive dream ! 'Tis Chinese pillage—waste.
Our strength is wellnigh spent. Brothers—make haste !

TOKYO, *July 5, 1900.*

The article of the *Japan Times* was as follows :

“ ‘ MAKE HASTE ’ ”

“ We are indebted to-day to a European lady resident in Tokyo . . . for the beautiful poem which we publish elsewhere. The poem is entitled ‘ An Appeal from Peking,’ and in it we fancy that the authoress has described with only too much truth the critical condition of the terrified foreigners who are—perhaps were, but we shall be hopeful to the last and speak in the present tense—huddled together at the present moment in isolated Legations and churches throughout the capital of the Manchus. That these unhappy people endure agonies that civilised communities have seldom had to endure since the days

of the Indian Mutiny there can be no doubt. What those agonies are we shudder to contemplate, and distrust our ability to describe in fitting language—the helpless agonies of mothers with infants in their arms; the burning anxiety of husbands and brothers—anxiety caused by a terrible fear which shall be nameless and, we trust, foundationless; the feverish, choking anger and disappointment of the young and strong, with life and a bright career before them, at the prospect of meeting in their pride and strength a death of infamy; the anxieties, the fear, the disappointment, the dread, the vain anger, the useless cries for help of young and old, strong and feeble, praying to heaven or trusting to men, while

‘ . . . the plund’rers at our gate
Announce with raging roar our speedy fate.’

“Unfortunately the scenes thus described and suggested to our roused imagination by our poetess are no mere fancies! They are, we are firmly persuaded, but too true pictures of the pitiable situation of the beleaguered community in question. Indeed, for aught we know—but we shall retain the optimism with which we started, and hope that the ‘speedy fate’ has not yet overtaken them and that their rescue may be not yet ‘too late.’ Relief is coming—slowly but surely it is coming; and it shall reach Peking—whether it shall reach them alive in Peking is another matter—though a hundred Chinese armies barred the way. All the Powers are, we believe, hurrying forward their rescue parties. Japan is one of these Powers, and we hope that the despatch of the troops, the mobilisation of which has just been completed, will take place at once. It may thus be expected that the Allied Forces in North China will shortly be in a position to march towards the city on which the eyes of the world are for the moment fixed.”

July 7, 1900.—I received a despairing letter from poor Mrs. Key. My verses seem to have had the effect of making her profoundly realise her poor sister's terrible situation. She writes that she found them thrilling, and that she wept over them. Also a very charming letter from M. d'Ambro, the Austrian Minister, on the subject. He says most kindly that verses like these from the heart of a woman will do more good than all "les Conseils de Ministres et de Diplomats." We hear that at last the Japanese are sending 20,000 troops. Every one thinks that now nothing can be done, and that if they are not already massacred, it can only be a matter of days or even hours. The Chinese have mounted a big gun, and are bombarding the British Legation. One telegram says the Legation is on fire! Baron Richthofen came to see me. He left Peking just before the troubles commenced, and during his sojourn there he had been the guest of the von Kettlers! He naturally spoke of the massacre of his late host with the greatest grief and feeling.

July 8, 1900.—There is to be a special Mass to-morrow, held for the repose of the souls of the unfortunate people killed in China. A. asked the Archbishop to hold this Mass. One special telegram to-day announced the certainty of the complete massacre, but it was quickly followed by a telegram from the Foreign Office, through Sheng, saying that up to the 3rd they were still holding out. Poor things! If they could only be supplied with a few reinforcements, they might perhaps succeed in beating off the insurgents; but there seems no help—no help. It is ghastly to think that perhaps eight hundred innocent lives or more are being sacrificed to this unaccountable delay.

July 9, 1900.—A special Mass took place to-day in the Catholic Cathedral to pray for the besieged in Peking, and for the repose of the dead. It was very largely attended by Protestants as well

as by Roman Catholics, and many were moved to tears.

July 11, 1900.—The heat is intense. Mr. Key came to dinner. He says that Mrs. Key bears up fairly well, but that the suspense about her sister is overwhelming, and that the horror of these truly terrible rumours as to the fate of all in Pekin, including her sister, and the absence of all really authentic news are beginning to wear her out. No wonder!

July 14, 1900.—It is intensely hot. M. Iswolsky, the new Russian Minister, and M. d'Ambro came to lunch. M. d'Ambro tells us that an Austrian newspaper, always very well informed and published at Shanghai, says that there is no further doubt but that the whole Corps Diplomatique, missionaries, officials of the Customs, etc., were massacred on July 1. The Roman Catholic Archbishop, Monseigneur Favier, is decapitated and all the other missionaries fearfully mutilated. I can but dread that our gravest fears are about to be realised. Never shall we know the true details of the tortures the unfortunate besieged must have endured before the end came. Telegrams have arrived in Tokyo, through Chinese sources, to say that the foreigner's situation is "very critical"; evidently this is a preparation to tell us what they themselves have already known a fortnight. God have mercy on their souls! My heart bleeds! I can write no more.

July 15, 1900.—I have never felt heat like we are enduring to-day. It is a heavy covered day. What must it be in Pekin!

July 16, 1900.—It is somewhat cooler, and we are busy packing to go up country. All these terrible rumours of the massacres are contradicted by the Japanese Consul in Shanghai. Pray God he is right; but if so, these Shanghai papers have indeed much to answer for! The Rev. Arthur Lloyd told me that twenty refugees of their mission had arrived in



A DAY ON THE RIVER.



CORMORANT FISHING.



ON THE SANDS AT KAMAKURA.

Photos by Baroness d'Anthran.



Japan that day from China; most of them came round from the Yangtze Valley. He added that the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Manchuria and a priest with him were burnt alive by the Boxers, probably at Mukden, but it was impossible to obtain information as to where this atrocity had really taken place.

CHAPTER XI

1900

News of safety—A sagacious ox—Departure of Japanese troops—Good news—The Dettrings' experiences in Tien-tsin—An heroic act—A ghastly resource—Prepared for the worst—The Crown Prince—A dispatch from Baron Nisshi—Chusenji—A message from Mr. Conger—Refusal to leave Pekin—The relief party starts—Terrible battle—Mistrusted messages—Expected return of Sir Ernest Satow—Are they still alive in Pekin?—Blessed news—No direct news so far—A wire from Baron Nisshi—My verses—Leading article on "Rescue"—Miss Condit Smith is safe—Obituary notices—Unusual heat—A letter from Miss Condit Smith—Russia's intention—Colonel Churchill's account of the relief—Dysentery from drinking Pei-ho water—A transfer of posts—Miss Condit Smith's sufferings in Pekin—Sir Ernest Satow goes to China on a special mission—Recovering from the siege—Losses during the siege—Farewell to Miss Condit Smith—Miss Condit Smith's diary.

July 17, 1900.—We left Tokyo to-day for Nikko. Before leaving we received the news which came through the Japanese Consul and the Chinese Minister from Sheng, that up to the 9th of this month all in Pekin were safe. A. at once wired this good news to Mrs. Key at Hayama.

July 19, 1900.—It was a lovely morning, and so deliciously fresh after the intense heat of Tokyo. A. and I went for a walk. Opposite a little shop which is dangerously near the trolley-line, A. was all but run over by the trolley laden with ore from the Ashyo Mines and drawn by oxen. One of the oxen gave him a slight prod, then, lifting him gently with his horn, removed him from the rails on which he was standing. This sounds like a traveller's yarn, but it is a fact, and A. would certainly have been crushed to death had it not been for the wonderful sagacity of this animal. I was powerless to help

A., for he did not hear my shouts, and it was really to the ox that he owed his life!

M. Iswolsky called on us. He says that the Chinese have attacked a town which is Russian territory on the River Amur. This is serious, and may cause fresh complications.

July 20, 1900.—Captain Ottley, the British Naval Attaché, passed through Nikko on his way to Chusenji. He witnessed the departure of the Japanese troops from Hiroshima, and he was much struck by the wonderful organisation and the great rapidity with which everything was done. He told us that in forty-eight hours a merchantman was turned into a troop-ship, with sufficient accommodation for about 1,000 men and 500 horses.

July 22, 1900.—A. had a telegram from M. de Cartier, our late Secretary here, who was stopped in Shanghai on his way to Peking, to say that the Corps Diplomatique were still safe. Later on, he received another one from Mr. Buck, the American Minister in Japan, to say that Mr. Conger, the American Minister in Peking, had succeeded in sending a telegram to Washington on the 18th, to say that they were still holding out. This is indeed blessed news!

July 23, 1900.—M. Iswolsky and Mr. Whitehead came to see me in the morning. A. and Mr. Whitehead left together for Tokyo. I went to the hotel and had tea with Madame Iswolsky.

July 25, 1900.—I made the acquaintance of the Dettring family, who are fugitives from Tien-tsin. They are a charming family, consisting of a mother and two grown-up daughters, and two little children. They were for a week in a cellar, while the bombardment was going on in Tien-tsin, feeding only on rice and potatoes, and never taking off their clothes the whole time. At last Mrs. Dettring and one of the little girls contracted fever, and for the sake of a little fresh air they ventured out into the street in spite of the shells bursting, and the bullets

flying all around them. They also visited their home from which they had flown. When things became very desperate and the ammunition was giving out, Miss Dettring wrote to a young Mr. Watts to beg him to take some step for the rescue of those in Tien-tsin. He undertook, on the strength of this letter, to ride a distance of thirty miles to Taku, to implore the Admiral to send reinforcements. He was accompanied by three Cossacks, and was under fire during the whole of his desperate ride, passing villages and towns, all of which showed enmity; and as he had to go a roundabout way, it took him twelve hours instead of the three that it should have taken. Meanwhile in Tien-tsin reinforcements not arriving, and there being sufficient ammunition only for one day, it was decided that the men should shoot the women and children rather than to let them fall into the hands of the Chinese. Mrs. Dettring saw her husband looked very sad, and at last succeeded in eliciting from him what was intended. She told her daughters, and they all said they were resigned. At last, in the nick of time, the reinforcements got to them just as the ammunition was running out, and after a last desperate fight they were rescued, and orders were given for all women and children to leave Tien-tsin. Miss Dettring tells me that even then they were in terrible danger, as going down the river they were fired upon and shelled from all the villages. During that dreadful journey they were the witnesses of hundreds of dead Chinese floating down the river, and on the shore the dogs were eating the corpses. Miss Dettring also told me that for months the Boxers had been practising and drilling just outside Tien-tsin; that the Tien-tsin people (including Colonel Wogack, Russian Military Attaché, who has been many years in China) knew well the hostile feeling and their danger, and that they had implored for more protection than the twenty-five marines allotted to them, but that all



T.I.H. THE PRINCES AND THE PRINCESSES AT TEA IN THE GARDEN
OF THE BELGIAN LEGATION.

warnings and requests had been treated with indifference. The Dettrings' beautiful house is burnt and every single thing destroyed, and when they left Tien-tsin they had nothing but the clothes they stood in and fifteen dollars in their pockets. It was difficult to listen to the history of these tragic events without emotion, and indeed the whole family, and especially the children, showed traces of the terrible sufferings they had endured.

The Crown Prince and Princess arrived in Nikko to pass the summer at their palace. Madame Iswolsky came to tiffin with me. It was a terribly hot day.

July 27, 1900.—A. returned from Tokyo. There is no fresh news. The description which he gives me of the heat and the mosquitoes in Tokyo is most graphic.

July 29, 1900.—Baron Sannomiya called on us. We met the Crown Prince in the village, and he stopped and talked to us. His French is greatly improved, and he looks in far better health.

July 31, 1900.—The following is the copy of a despatch from the Japanese Minister in Peking, Baron Nisshi, which is dated July 19. It passed through by some occult means, and was received at Tien-tsin on the 25th.

“We continue to defend ourselves against incessant attacks of Chinese soldiers. Although it is by no means an easy task, we shall probably be able to hold out until the arrival of troops at the end of this month. The Chinese have ceased firing since the 17th, and the Chinese authorities seem inclined to open negotiations.”

News was received to-day through the Japanese papers of the assassination of the King of Italy. Poor M. Cobianchi, the Italian Chargé d’Affaires, appeared at our hotel from Chusenji *en route* for Tokyo.

He was terribly upset, but he knew no details further than what was in the newspapers.

August 1, 1900.—A. left by the seven o'clock morning train for Tokyo, and I started up the pass for Chusenji. I met the Iswolskys and went after tiffin to see their house. Chusenji is looking most calm and lovely, and on gazing at this peaceful scene, it seemed more than ever difficult to realise the possible horrors being enacted in a neighbouring State.

August 3, 1900.—It is glorious weather, and I was on the lake all the morning in my boat with the Iswolskys. I dined with them and with M. Testa, the Dutch Minister, at Prince Reuss's. We heard the sad news of the Duke of Coburg's death.

August 4, 1900.—I returned to Nikko, and found A. back from Tokyo.

August 5, 1900.—An alarming earthquake took place during tiffin. We received bad news again from Pekin. Mr. Conger, the American Minister in Pekin, sends a message dated July 31, announcing that the ammunition is nearly exhausted. It is maddening to think of all those troops at Tien-tsin, and yet no possibility of advance. Dr. Baelz came here. He told me that Sir Ernest Satow is coming back from leave post haste.

August 7, 1900.—A. had a telegram yesterday, which obliged him to go to Tokyo again, and he left at 7 a.m. to-day.

August 8, 1900.—News is received that the Corps Diplomatique refused to leave Pekin under Chinese escort.

August 10, 1900.—A message arrived from Baron Nisshi, the Japanese Minister in Pekin, dated August 4, saying that the situation remained unchanged, and that all were unanimous in the decision not to take advantage of the Chinese offer to be conducted to Tien-tsin, but that they would await the relief. The relief party has at length started, and there has been already one big battle *en route* in which,

we hear, a thousand men of the allied troops have been killed. This seems a terrible percentage.

August 13, 1900.—I lunched with the Sannomiyas. Mr. Glover sent me three magnificent salmon-trout he caught in Chusenji stream, two of which I sent to the Theils.

August 15, 1900.—The allied troops are getting near Pekin. The suspense is truly awful, and I wonder if the Europeans will be found alive or massacred. We all have the gravest doubts, greatly mistrusting these messages that come from Chinese sources. One can talk or think of nothing else.

August 16, 1900.—A. went by early train to Tokyo.

August 17, 1900.—I heard two days ago from Sir Ernest Satow that he was posting back in September. Our own leave looks doubtful, and I fear there is no departure on October 6 for us.

I received a wire from A. that the Japanese Consul has telegraphed that the general attack of the allied troops was to be made on Pekin on the 15th. It is a deeply, deeply anxious time. Will the besieged be rescued, or will they be found massacred? M. Harmand, the French Minister, and Mr. Whitehead dined with me on their way back to Chusenji. They brought me the same news as A.'s wire.

August 18, 1900.—The awful suspense is at an end! At two o'clock p.m. I received a telegram from A. to say that the allies are in Pekin and that the Ministers and subordinates were found alive and safe! Thank God for this blessed, blessed news! Safe after two months' incarceration and terrible danger! I am anxiously awaiting further details. A. returns by early express to-morrow. M. Iswolsky turned up about seven. He stayed and dined with me. Also Mrs. Theil dined, and we indulged in a bottle of champagne in honour of the great news.

August 20, 1900.—I finished my verses on the Pekin rescue. There is, so far, no direct news from any of the Ministers in Pekin, which surely seems strange.

August 22, 1900.—A. received a telegram from the Foreign Office to say that a wire from Baron Nisshi had arrived announcing the relief and the safety of all his family and staff.

My verses "Rescue" are in the *Japan Times*.

RESCUE

(The news of the rescue of the foreigners in Pekin reached Tokyo, August 18, 1900.)

Shrinking in black despair,
And one dull, darksome dread—
Dread for the women dear,
Grief for the noble Dead—
Still we, with straining eyes,
Gaze out in distance far,
Gaze where the bullet flies,
Gaze at our guiding star.
Pray for the help we need,
Pray for the Armies' tramp;
Tender the wounds that bleed,
Watching Life's flick'ring lamp.
Then up again we rise,
Start from the bed of pain!
List'ning to savage cries
Shrieking across the plain,
Up, men! and at them now,
Dearly our lives are bought;
Friends! crush them—lay them low.
Steady! your powder's short!
Up, men! they storm the wall!
Fight for the women brave!
Guard them with cannon-ball,
They—and the children save!
What if the bullets fly?
What if our numbers few?
Strive till ye fall and die!
Do what ye have to do!

Hark! what is that we hear?
List, friends! and list again.
Hark! now 'tis drawing near,
Tramping across the plain.
Men! that's no Chinese cry!
Men! that's no heathen roar!
Hark! now the tramping's loud!
Christ! they're at our door!
List to the bugle's blast!
Rescued by armies brave!
Thank God, they're here, at last!
Allies are here—to save!



COLLECTING THE SEAWEED AT DAWN, KAMAKURA.

Photo by Baroness d'Anethan.

Ye who have nobly stood
 Months of suspense and dread,
 Tortures, and want of food,
 Dying—and sight of dead ;
 Ye who have nobly fought,
 Struggled for women dear ;
 Surely ye've dearly bought
 Bliss now to shed a tear ?
 Safe from the sword and ball,
 Safe from grim, ghastly fears,
Now, men, your tears may fall ;
 God knows they're blessed tears !
 Weep o'er the outstretched hand,
 Weep o'er the victim's grave,
 Praise God, ye noble band !
 Brothers—are here—to save !

August 18, 1900.

These verses were accompanied by the following leading article :

"RESCUE"

" For the poem entitled ' Rescue,' which is printed elsewhere, we have to thank the same distinguished lady who honoured us nearly seven weeks ago with that spirited poem ' An Appeal from Pekin,' which deservedly attracted so much attention here and abroad. The impression which those vigorous lines produced was so deep and striking, that we are persuaded that they have not been altogether without some practical influence in hastening the relief, which has just been crowned with complete success. We are afraid that we may offend the modesty of our poetess if we maintain that her literary production has influenced Councils of State, but we cannot, however, help mentioning the singular coincidence that the Imperial Government's decision to dispatch at once the whole of the division, the mobilisation of which had just been completed, was communicated to the foreign Governments on the day following that of the publication of the poem in question. In any case, we are quite ready to believe that the coincidence was not altogether accidental, for what could

be more honourable and more praiseworthy in practical Statesmen than that they should derive their inspiration, even in the smallest degree, from a source so pure and lofty?"

August 27, 1900.—The Crown Prince came up to Chusenji, where we were staying. A. met him and had a long talk with him. We tiffined with the Iswolskys. The heat is very great, 88° (Fahrenheit), which is unprecedented at these heights—4,000 feet above the sea.

August 28, 1900.—There is a dense fog to-day at Chusenji. We tiffined with M. Pokelewski. A. and I met the Crown Prince and talked with him for some time. H.I.H. returns to Nikko to-day.

I heard two days ago from Mrs. Key that she had received a telegram from Pekin signed "Churchill and Yamagata" to say that her sister, Miss Condit Smith, is safe. Mrs. Key wrote many kind things about my poem "Rescue," and Mr. Glover and Mr. Stone both told me that they were moved to tears when they read it. I can only say it was written from the heart.

The *Times* of July 18 has long obituary columns on Sir Claude Macdonald, Sir Robert Hart, and Dr. Morrison, their own correspondent. The illustrated papers have likewise pictures of these gentlemen, and of others, as having been massacred. This is a little "previous," but one sees by the telegrams that all over the world the murder of the besieged in Pekin was taken for granted. Even Mr. Brodrick, the Home Secretary, spoke in the House as if it were almost a fact. On July 27 I wrote some verses entitled "A Posthumous Cry from Pekin," but I fortunately refrained from publishing them until I received absolute proof of the massacre. One cannot feel too strongly with regard to those ghastly reports in the Shanghai newspapers.

August 30, 1900.—We left Chusenji for Nikko,

which we found quite cool. Last Sunday and Monday were the hottest days they have had in Japan for nine years. In Tokyo in the shade it was 109° F.

August 31, 1900.—It is much cooler, and the Crown Prince's birthday, so A. and I walked to the Palace to write our names down.

September 2, 1900.—I heard to-day from Mrs. Key that she had received a pencilled note from her sister, Miss Condit Smith, from Pekin. It was dated August 16, two days after the relief. She says she is well, but that she, with Mr. and Mrs. Squires, U.S. Secretary and his wife, their three children, and two governesses, have for the past nine weeks been living in one small room of the British Legation, existing on oatmeal and occasional horse-flesh. One child had been down with typhoid fever, and the two others were very ill through want of milk and proper food. There was no talk of their being able to get away from Pekin so far.

September 3, 1900.—Mr. Buck, the American Minister, came down from Chusenji to show A. a telegram he had received from his Government. The telegram says that Russia intends withdrawing her troops from Pekin, and wants the other Powers to do the same.

September 5, 1900.—A. went to Tokyo. Later on, I had a wire from him to say that Miss Condit Smith is to arrive in Japan to-morrow. I sent a wire of welcome to her.

September 8, 1900.—Colonel Churchill, the British Military Attaché in Japan, who accompanied the Japanese troops on their dangerous march to Pekin, arrived about tea-time and stayed talking with us for two hours. He was most interesting about the relief of Pekin. The British troops, the Sikhs commanded by General Gazelee, were first in, having come upon a gateway which, though closed, was undefended. Without resistance they penetrated into the Legation quarter by the tunnel of the canal, which latter was

fortunately dry, and they thus made their entrance, greeted by the frantic cheers of those awaiting their long-prayed-for relief.

The Japanese, Americans, and Russians were the next in. Colonel Churchill, after having made himself known to Sir Claude Macdonald, was given a pony steak to eat, then he went straight off to find Miss Condit Smith, who at first did not recognise him on account of his beard having grown during the march up to Pekin. He found her looking pale and worn, but her joy at seeing him and of hearing news of her sister and the outside world, was inexpressible. After six days he left Pekin, being accompanied by only two soldiers, but he was unmolested and not fired at; and two days later Miss Armstrong, Lady Macdonald's sister, the two Macdonald children, and Miss Condit Smith followed, and they all came back to Japan by the same boat. He says Pekin is in an awful condition, and Legation Street is one big ruin. All the brocade curtains and every imaginable material and stuff belonging to the British Legation had been used for the purpose of making barricades, and the ladies had but few clothes left. It seems incredible that the Chinese did not venture to rush the Legation. Colonel Churchill says nothing would have been easier, it being merely a matter of the sacrifice of the lives of half a dozen soldiers, after which they could all have swarmed into the compound. He says it was simple cowardice on the part of the Chinese that prevented these tactics. The march up to Pekin and the couple of fights were splendid affairs, and Colonel Churchill has the greatest admiration for the pluck of the Japanese, also for their powers of organisation. The Chinese were only fifty yards away from the Legation, but fortunately they aimed their shells so badly that they nearly all went over instead of on to the Legation. One of the most awful miseries from which the poor besieged



A CORNER OF THE BELGIAN LEGATION.

Photo by Captain Perkins.

suffered was that of the terrible stench of putrefying Chinese and horses, lying just outside the walls. Dead Chinese were lying rotting all over Peking, the bodies being eaten by dogs. The children, of course, suffered dreadfully, and six died during the siege, and three almost immediately after the rescue; one was born. There were 880 people in the British Legation compound. The flagstones in the courtyard were torn up for barricades, and every imaginable article was used for the same purpose.

Our Secretary, M. May, arrived from Tokyo. He had seen Miss Armstrong, who gave him many interesting details. Naturally people got into a terrible state of nerves, and being cooped up as they were altogether comparatively speaking, in a small space, it was sometimes difficult to keep the peace. There were, as a relief to the tragedy, some comical incidents, one of the most amusing being the complaints of a certain lady, of insufficient attention being paid to her in the matter of calls. Considering that to make these visits individuals had to traverse an open compound over which bullets were raining, this complaint was surely slightly ludicrous. *Quelle comédie pas seulement la vie, mais aussi la mort!*

Colonel Churchill dined with us. He looks thin after his campaign, and I think he is suffering from slight dysentery. His position on reaching Peking was a rather peculiar one. To use his own expression, "he belonged to nobody." He had finished with the Japanese, to whose army he had been attached, and others had enough to do to look after themselves, so he was consequently rather at a loose end, having to fish for himself, getting his food as best he could, and lying about on any floor or resting-place he could find. My letter from Mrs. Churchill is the latest news he has of her, as all his letters have gone to Peking.

September 13, 1900.—Colonel Churchill, who went up to Chusenji on the 9th, returned from thence. He

is very seedy, poor man! with dysentery—a breakdown caused by the disgusting water he had to drink during the campaign. The water was from the River Pei-ho, which was at that time choked with the corpses of Chinese, and one wonders he is alive to tell the tale!

September 14, 1900.—A wire has been received to say that Sir Ernest Satow is appointed Minister to Peking, and that Sir Claude Macdonald is coming here in his place.

September 16, 1900.—We left for Tokyo to-day.

September 21, 1900.—We went to Hayama to pass the day with the Keys, and we saw dear Polly Condit Smith. She was most interesting, giving us a full account of her terrible experiences during the siege. Her sufferings were very great. She slept for two months on the floor, eaten alive by cockroaches and mosquitoes, and poisoned by awful smells. One of the chief horrors endured was a plague of enormous bloated bluebottle flies, which divided their attentions between the besieged within and the corpses without. At one time, for four days, when the Chinese had put fire in three different places in the Legation, and all the wells were dry, they were each allowed only one tumbler of water for washing purposes. This with the thermometer over 100°! Five nights running, at the sound of the alarm bell, they rose and dressed, preparatory to being massacred. On the sixth night, Polly said, being rather tired of that sort of thing, somewhat to the horror of the American Minister's wife, Mrs. Conger, she remained in her night attire; she added quaintly, she thought she might just as well be massacred like that as in her best gown. It was arranged that at the last the husbands should shoot their wives. Polly, being a spinster, found that she had to look around for some one to perform this act, so she fixed on M. M. as a likely person to perform this dreadful deed. She asked him if he would

undertake the terrible task. Naturally he declined the honour, but informed her he would show her the best way to shoot herself. He carried out this promise by giving her various lessons, and when she left Pekin he presented her with the revolver with which she had practised. To her great distress, at the moment of saying goodbye to this her companion in misfortune, she leant over the boat, and the revolver slid from her hand and dropped into the Pei-ho! Thus was lost for ever a ghastly but interesting souvenir. Polly was grazed on the ankle by a bullet during the siege. She showed me the bullet. She also exhibited to us her loot with the greatest pride, and I could not resist a smile at the large quantity of lovely embroideries and brocades which by some means—I did not ask how—had got into her possession. She kindly gave me a piece, a mandarine's petticoat, which I shall keep as an interesting souvenir of the siege. She was fortunate in being one of the first people to succeed in getting out of Pekin. Three days after the relief she managed to hire a junk, which took her down the river, and on which she slept, knocking against great swollen Chinese corpses *en route*. When she arrived in Tien-tsin, where she remained five days in the American Consulate, she received a wire from Admiral Bruce to say he could convey her on the same gunboat as was conveying the Macdonald children, Miss Armstrong, and Colonel Churchill to Japan.

During the siege they were living on one sardine a-piece, and an occasional horse rissole. Polly herself fabricated and filled with earth five hundred sacks for the barricades, and of course thousands and thousands of these sacks were made. She says, the rage and the cursing in every language, when it was first discovered that Admiral Seymour was prevented from coming to their relief, was truly awful. At first it was only the Chefs de Missions who were aware of this bad tidings, and it was for some time kept

from others, as it was feared that when generally known many would go off their heads with despair. Hope deferred must have truly made the heart sick, to say nothing of the constant rumours, which time after time proved foundationless, of the approach of the much-prayed-for relief. Polly spoke most feelingly about my verses "Rescue." She was kind enough to say that they expressed to the letter all the agony of mind, the hope, the despair, and the final joy that the besieged had experienced. When one thought of all that those poor people went through, of all that they nobly and patiently suffered, it was difficult to restrain the tears, and indeed the dear girl had such a vivid and realistic way of describing their many terrible experiences that I seemed, at the moment, to live through the same tortures. She told me they often breakfasted with people whom a few hours later she saw lying dead. Captain Sprout was one of these; and she was a witness of poor young Oliphant being picked up and carried for burial with his head and face completely shattered by a shell. She attended most of the funerals, of which there were many every day. The majority of the nationalities behaved magnificently, and one and all seem to have had the greatest respect and admiration for Sir Claude Macdonald, who, as the only person within reach of experienced military knowledge, was unanimously appointed Commander-in-chief. Doubtless at times during this distressing period people got excited, irritable, and bad-tempered; and naturally, with so many different nationalities cooped together in so small an area, frictions and jealousies were to a certain extent bound to ensue. Is this to be wondered at? On the whole, however, both men and women during this trying period seem to have behaved themselves with credit. I found myself wondering how I would have acted under the same awful circumstances. Polly has kept a full diary of all that went on during those two months. I hear it is most vivid, and I am to read it when it is typed.



IN THE GARDEN OF THE BELGIAN LEGATION.

Photo by Baroness d'Anthan.

It is impossible to write half she told us ; she spoke and answered questions for three hours and a half.

On our way back in the train A. gave me a scolding for having accepted the mandarine's petticoat. He has strong ideas on this subject, and he is very glad to hear that our Minister in Pekin, M. Joostens, is one of the few who resisted the temptation of looting. I ventured to remark that surely it was better for civilised beings to be possessed of these treasures than that they should be indiscriminately thrown about and trampled under foot by the mob. My remarks, however, did not meet with great success. Of course in principle A. is right ; but what a temptation those lovely brocades and furs, with the vendors fled, and seeming, for the time being, to belong to no one ! What woman could resist them ?

September 24, 1900.—Sir Ernest Satow passed through Japan on his way to China. He goes there on a special mission, with regard to future negotiations, and as Peace Commissioner. He only remained three hours in Yokohama, continuing his journey on the same *Empress*. A. went down to Yokohama and saw him there. He will probably eventually be named Minister to Pekin, but so far, in spite of the wire received on the 14th, he is still Minister here.

September 26, 1900.—We went down to Yokohama and met, lunching with Admiral and Mrs. Beardslee, Mrs. McCulla, whose husband did such splendid work in Tien-tsin, and who was wounded three times in the bombardment.

September 29, 1900.—Polly Condit Smith came to the Legation to stay a night or two. She related to us many interesting things. She is regaining poise, and is looking better, and I think is gradually recovering from the effects of that terrible two months' siege.

October 2, 1900.—We gave a farewell dinner to

Miss Condit Smith, who is leaving for America, and to Baron Richthofen.

October 3, 1900.—Some people came to lunch, amongst them M. Bosch Reitz, a well-known Dutch painter, and a very pleasant man. M. Kettles, the Belgian Vice-Consul at Tien-tsin, dined with us. Poor Kettles lost all his possessions during the bombardment of Tien-tsin. He had seven shells fall in, and on, his house. He seems a nice, cheerful young fellow, in spite of his losses and his misfortunes. Our Minister in Pekin, M. Joostens, has suffered to the tune of £4,000, having just brought out a splendid new *mobilier*, and settled himself down in the Belgian Legation, which was the first Legation attacked by the Boxers and burnt.

October 6, 1900.—This is the day on which we had taken our passage to sail home on leave. Such is life! I try to feel resigned, but I confess to being greatly disappointed; also I have been feeling far from well all this sad and trying summer.

October 7, 1900.—Miss Condit Smith, after her many vicissitudes and excitements, said goodbye to these shores for ever, and she sailed to-day for America on the *Sachsen*.

October 12, 1900.—A. dined at the Imperial Hotel at a dinner given by the Korean Minister.

October 14, 1900.—I finished reading to-day Miss Condit Smith's diary kept during the siege. It was most thrilling, but varies little from what she has already related to us, except that on reading it in black and white one fully realises that if the relief had come three or four days later, it would have indeed arrived "too late!"

CHAPTER XII

1900—1902

The new Cabinet—A comedy of errors—Japanese appreciation of English literature—The sports at the Peeresses' School—The Emperor's birthday—The races—Party at Waseda—Our leave is refused—The Imperial Garden Party—The Imperial Duck-catching Party—Miyanoshita—Arrival of the new British Minister—Prince Nashimoto's wedding soirée—Bazaar for earthquaked children—Dinner at Viscount Aoki's—Epidemic among Tokyo horses—Viscount Toda's Roman Catholic relics—Captain Percy Scott—A concert at Ueno—Lady Macdonald—Dinner at Prince Kan-in's—A Christmas dinner—A play by Monsieur Iswolsky—Palace reception put off—An official dinner—A cancelled engagement—Illness—Danger from fire while ill with typhoid—Change of air—Convalescence—The Earl of Sandwich—Pekin souvenirs—Gloomy political outlook—Rumours of war—A farewell dinner at the F.O.—Colonel Shiba—A lunch given to me by the Empress—Imperial gifts—Audiences—Farewell to Tokyo—A send-off from Yokohama—Rome—Audience with Pope Leo XIII.—My second audience with the Pope—The Pope's Jubilee—A.'s audience with the King of the Belgians—The conversion of a Japanese.

October 19, 1900.—The new Cabinet is at length formed. Marquis Ito is Prime Minister, and M. Kato, who for so long has been Minister in London, is, to A.'s immense satisfaction, appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs.

October 21, 1900.—A terrible typhoon has been blowing all day. One of the oldest and most beautiful pine trees in the garden was torn up bodily by the roots, and we have lost many other valuable trees and plants. During one awful quarter of an hour we feared it was impossible for the Legation to withstand the force of the tempest, but fortunately the wind abated somewhat. This is the third typhoon this month.

October 23, 1900.—I went to Yokohama to greet Mr. and Mrs. Saxton Noble, who have arrived by the

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Empress. On my arrival at the Grand Hotel, I found, to my amusement, that we had been interchanging telegrams with some other Nobles, and when I asked for our friend, a little fat, third-rate American appeared, apparently most enchanted to see me and, what is more, quite ready to accept our pressing invitation, intended for the Saxton Nobles, to stay with us at the Legation. I returned to Tokyo and had a pleasant meeting with our friends, who had meanwhile come up to the Imperial Hotel, where A. had unearthed them.

October 29, 1900.—To-day was the first meeting of the autumn of the *Getsoyu Kwai*, the "Monday Club." It took place at the American Legation. I read a paper, which I wrote for the occasion, on Frances Burney and Jane Austen. It was translated into Japanese extraordinarily well by Mrs. Terry. The paper seems to have greatly interested the Japanese ladies, of whom there were a large number present. It is somewhat remarkable how very many appear, not only to have read, but to be well grounded in Jane Austen's works, and one lady, Madame Tokukura, told me she had also read *Cecilia*. My Japanese teacher, Miss Inagaki, went with me to the meeting, and she took an intelligent interest in the proceedings.

October 30, 1900.—I went with Mrs. Buck, the American Minister's wife, to the semi-annual athletic sports held by the girls of the Peeresses' School. It was a charming and picturesque sight. There are over five hundred girls at this school, which, I think I am right in saying, was founded by the Empress. On this occasion the Empress was present, and likewise two of the little Princesses. The Empress sent for Mrs. Buck and for me, and H.M. conversed with each of us for some time. She seemed very pleased to think that we should be there, for we were the only two foreigners, and we were placed in the reserved enclosure with Marchioness Oyama and the



H.E. BARON KATO, JAPANESE AMBASSADOR TO THE COURT OF
ST. JAMES.

other Japanese ladies. The girls (of whom one was Marchioness Oyama's daughter) were in their school *hakamas*, a species of high-waisted, divided skirt, and they indulged in all sorts of sports and games, ball throwing, hopping, dancing, and even tight-rope walking and *jiu-jitsu*, throwing balls into a high basket on a pole, racing, tug-of-war, etc. The girls went through all these exercises with the greatest agility and proficiency, to say nothing of considerable grace. In both boy and girl schools, games and athletics are nowadays claiming an immense amount of patronage, the result of these pastimes being that the Japanese physique is greatly improved. On this occasion, as I looked around, it struck me how among the older girls they one and all exceeded in height by several inches the mothers and middle-aged ladies who were among the interested onlookers. The *kindergarten* of such darling little mites also went through various exercises, and they were so sweet and bewitching flitting about in their bright-coloured *kimonos*. We left before tiffin, though we were pressed to remain. We were, however, not allowed to depart before having been taken into a Japanese room, and presented by one of the charming Japanese teachers with the proverbial tea and cakes. This lady was accompanied by Miss Weston, who is also now teaching in the Peeresses' School.

November 3, 1900.—To-day is the Emperor's birthday, and I went with A. to the Military Review. There were 15,000 troops present. A. was in uniform, and he and the other Ministers were received in the Emperor's tent, where they offered their congratulations. It was a perfect day, and there were crowds of people on the parade-ground. The troops manœuvred splendidly, and the artillery went rattling past in fine style. I think many were surprised at these striking performances. The lunch at the Palace followed, also the dinner at the Foreign Office, terminating with the annual ball. There was a

tremendous crush at the ball. We took the Golliers, our Attaché and his wife, and I presented Madame Gollier to the Princesses. I danced the *quadrille d'honneur* with Prince Kan-in, and went in to supper with him. He spoke enthusiastically of his reception in Brussels by our King, and of the splendid party he had attended at Laeken.

November 6, 1900.—We attended the races at Yokohama, and lunched in M. Pokelewski's stables. It was a prettily arranged and sumptuous repast of sixty people.

November 7, 1900.—Count Okuma's annual garden party took place to-day. The chrysanthemums this year were particularly plentiful and beautiful. Prince and Princess Komatsu honoured the party with their presence. It was a perfect day, and I greatly enjoyed the function.

November 11, 1900.—A. received a wire yesterday from his Government, refusing us leave till the negotiations with China are in a more advanced condition. A bitter disappointment to us both, and, at the present rate of these negotiations, we wonder when we shall succeed in getting off.

November 12, 1900.—The Imperial Chrysanthemum Garden Party was held to-day. We had several Belgians to lunch at the Legation. It was fine, but there was not much sun, and a high, bitter north wind was blowing. I had only Madame Gollier to introduce this year. The Emperor and Empress were very gracious and conversational, and all the Princes and Princesses were present.

November 21, 1900.—The Imperial Duck-catching Party took place to-day. It was held this year at Shinhaman, a shooting-box situated quite two hours from Tokyo. We left the Legation at 8.30 a.m., drove for an hour and a half, then arrived at the river, where an Imperial *sampan* awaited us. On arriving at the opposite side of the river we were placed in brightly painted new 'rickshaws, and we

drove for twenty minutes through a village, where admiring crowds silently watched our progress. Then we passed through a wide expanse of paddy-fields, till we finally arrived at our destination. It was a heavenly day, and quite hot. Half the Corps Diplomatique are invited for the 21st, and the next half for the 26th. The sport was excellent, and there were plenty of duck. On one occasion M. Pokelewski caught four ducks in his net at the same time. A. distinguished himself by catching the largest bird (a wild duck—the others are really teal). As usual a lunch was served us, and it was a delightful repast, with all the *shoji* wide open and the sun pouring in. Prince Kan-in was acting as host, and I sat on his right. Several brace of teal were presented to us on our departure. We were not home till past five o'clock.

November 22, 1900.—We accompanied the Saxton Nobles to Miyanoshita. Professor Chamberlain met us at Umoto, and we walked up the pass, gorgeous with the maple leaves every shade of crimson.

November 27, 1900.—We left Miyanoshita after a delightful trip of several days. It was a perfect day, and the maples were looking dazzling in the sun as we rode down the hill.

Sir Claude Macdonald, the new British Minister, and Lady Macdonald arrived in Tokyo from China.

November 30, 1900.—A soirée was given at the Shinjiku Palace by Prince Nashimoto to introduce his bride, *née* Nabeshima, daughter of Marquis Nabeshima, to the Corps Diplomatique. It was a pleasant evening. I sat at supper with the bride and the bridegroom, and the bride's father and mother. Every one was very smart and *en train*. The bride is young and sweet and quite lovely.

December 1, 1900.—I was busy all the morning arranging my stall for Baroness Sannomiya's bazaar, held for much-needed funds for her earthquake orphans' Home. I did a brisk trade, and took at

my stall alone 450 yen (£45). Mrs. Whitehead had a stall of real lace which sold uncommonly well, and over a hundred pounds was raised for the assistance of this most excellent charity.

December 4, 1900.—Mr. Chirol, the foreign editor of the *Times*, dined with us. He has an extraordinary knowledge of Far Eastern affairs, and we were very glad to see him again. He is now on his way to China. The first reading of my play, *The Honourable Mrs. Halkett*, took place at our Legation. It is to be acted by the Tokyo Dramatic Association for Japanese charities, and I am playing the chief lady's rôle. We dined with Viscount and Viscountess Aoki. It was a dinner of thirty people, including Mr. Chirol. This dinner was given as an inauguration of their new ballroom, and later on we danced till two o'clock. A removable stage is also arranged in this fine room.

December 6, 1900.—We dined with the Iswolskys. All the horses of Tokyo are ill with influenza. It is a curious epidemic. Thirty of the Palace horses are laid up, and two have died. Ours also are ill, and it is most inconvenient just at this, the gay season of the year, when one requires one's horses both day and night.

December 7, 1900.—We dined with Count and Countess Toda. It was a very pleasant dinner, and after dinner we were shown some interesting and lovely curios. Like all *objets d'art* in a Japanese household, especially in that of an ancient *daimio* as is Count Toda, these precious collections are carefully enveloped in silk coverings, packed in boxes, very often of priceless lacquer, and are guarded under lock and key in fire-proof buildings or *godowns*. On this occasion, however, our kind host had abstracted his treasures from their hiding-places, exposing them for the pleasure and the benefit of his guests, and we were regaled by a spectacle of magnificent old gold lacquer, ancient Dutch watches, and enamelled



FUJIYAMA, FROM TRAIN, NEAR GOTEMBA.



A PEACEFUL SCENE, KAMAKURA.

Photos by Baroness d'Anethan.

and painted snuff-boxes, including some obsolete coins, consisting of flat and massive gold pieces. Count Toda also showed us some Roman Catholic rosaries and crucifixes, and a piece of the True Cross. These treasures have been kept in his family for centuries—since those distant days, indeed, when the Jesuits were in Japan, and succeeded in making so many converts among the upper classes. It was strange to be shown these precious relics of the Christian faith guarded in the household of an ancient Japanese *daimio*, and seeing them, one could but conclude that some ancestor of the Count's had in those early days embraced Christianity, and—who knows?—may have suffered and died for his faith.

December 8, 1900.—We tiffined with the Keys, and met Commander and Mrs. Scott. Captain Percy Scott, R.N. of the *Terrible*, is really the man who saved Ladysmith, having constructed a wonderful sort of gun-carriage, which succeeded in conveying the big guns to Ladysmith. Both he and Mrs. Scott are very pleasant people. He is a little man with a clever face, and very piercing and intelligent eyes.

December 9, 1900.—Mrs. Noble tiffined, and she and I attended the concert at the Musical Academy at Uyeno. Certainly Professor Junker, the head of the Academy, has succeeded in greatly improving the Japanese pupils in their music. I notice immense progress in both execution and technique since I first came to Japan. The orchestra, mixed with foreign performers, was quite excellent. He will, however, never succeed, I think, in making much of the Japanese voice; for it is difficult to impress on the songsters the absolute necessity of opening their very small mouths.

December 11, 1900.—The first rehearsal of my play took place at the Shorei-Kwai Hall.

December 12, 1900.—Lady Macdonald called on me by appointment. She came to ask about visits, etc. She is a pleasant-mannered and handsome

woman, but she shows traces, I think, of all she went through during that terrible Pekin siege. She spoke very sweetly and cheerfully about the anguish of mind and the many trials which they had experienced. I like her.

The committee meeting of the Colonial Nurses' Association took place at our Legation. I am President of the committee, and was in the chair.

December 18, 1900.—A dinner took place at Prince Kan-in's palace. He took me in to dinner and was most agreeable. A. took in the Princess, who was looking extremely pretty and *chic* in one of the lovely new frocks which her husband has brought her from Paris. I hear he has brought her some beautiful jewels and toilettes.

December 25, 1900 (Christmas Day).—We gave a very jolly dinner—Keys, Nobles, Sannomiyas, Madame Iswolsky, Mr. Chirol, Miss Ozaki, etc. A. made a very touching little speech in drinking to "absent relatives and friends." My heart all day was with my dear brother Arthur fighting in South Africa, and with all at home. After dinner we had games, and the jollity was kept up till the early hours of the morn.

December 31, 1900.—The Russian Minister and his wife, Monsieur and Madame Iswolsky, gave a *réveillon*. It consisted principally of a *pièce-à-deux*, written by M. Iswolsky and our Secretary, M. May, and it was acted by the latter and Mademoiselle Harmand, the French Minister's daughter. It was most admirable and witty, and considering that the whole performance was got up in the space of a week, it was excessively well acted. After the play we danced, and a jolly supper followed, when we all rose from our seats and drank each other's healths with great *empressement*.

January 1, 1901.—The New Year's reception at the Palace was put off on account of both the Emperor and the Empress being indisposed, so all the new Court trains are sacrificed for this year. A. and I drove

later and inscribed our names at the Palace, and at all the Princes'.

January 2, 1901.—We gave a dinner, our guests including the Macdonalds, Tanakas, Nagasakis, Iswolskys, Harmands, Pokelewski, etc. It was purely official, but was fairly successful and pleasant.

January 8, 1901.—I had to cancel my engagement to dine at Prince Arisugawa's, as I was ill in bed, so A. went alone. The Princess sent me by our Secretary, M. May, the pretty little *bonbonnière* adorned with the *mon*, or crest, of their house, which I should have received from them if I had dined there.

January 9, 1901.—We gave an official dinner here, but the doctor forbade me to appear, so A. had to do the honours all alone.

January 17, 1901.—My indisposition of several weeks is declared by the doctors to be typhoid fever.

February 8, 1901.—Professor Burton's house, opposite to us and just the other side of the road, caught fire at seven o'clock p.m. A very high north wind blew the flaming sparks and embers right on and over our Legation. Thirty men were on our roof sweeping off the embers, but our Japanese quarters, in spite of this, caught fire, also fir trees in the garden, quite the opposite side of the house. The firemen succeeded eventually in extinguishing the flames of Mr. Burton's house, but it seemed at one time as if our Legation must go, and, ill as I was with typhoid, I was lifted out of bed and wrapped in blankets. A. had been at the Club, and was driving home when he saw Mr. Burton's house on fire, and he thought from a distance that it was our Legation burning. Never in my life was I so enchanted to see some one, when, with one bound, he rushed upstairs into his study, where they had removed m^r. Countess Wedel, the wife of the German Secretary (who, on witnessing the fire, had

in her evening dress rushed to my rescue from the German Legation without a hat, that bitter night). A., and the nurse, between them somehow—God knows how (for I was so weak I couldn't stand)—got me downstairs. A.'s first idea on reaching the Legation was to procure his precious cypher. They got me down to the front door, where for the first time I saw the flames of this raging fire, which seemed as if it was in our own compound, it was so fearfully near. All the neighbourhood, including the Russian Minister, and all the staffs of the German, Italian, and Russian Legations, and many others were there, collected around our front door. Countess Wedel, in the hurry of departure, had snatched up a towel and thrown it hastily over my head. I must indeed have looked a strange object, adorned in the towel, blankets, a dressing-gown, slippers, and A.'s fur coat over my dressing-gown. The assembled multitude outside my front door cried out, "She need not leave just yet. Take her back!" So, kept up by constant doses of brandy, I was removed, trembling with weakness and excitement, to the dining-room. Thank God! in about three-quarters of an hour the fire burnt itself out, and we were safe! I was put back to bed, though no sleep visited me that night. Fortunately the Burtons' house was unoccupied at the time, except for an old Japanese woman, who had caused all the trouble by upsetting a lamp. She herself escaped without injury.

February 13, 1901.—Naturally, as a result of the fire, I experienced a serious relapse.

February 20, 1901.—I was sufficiently recovered to be removed to Kamakura for change of air, whither I went in an invalid carriage, accompanied by A., my two nurses, and my Japanese maid. I was kindly given a cordial send-off at the station, and many lovely flowers were presented to me and kind wishes for my complete recovery expressed. My play *The Honourable Mrs. Halkett*, which was being



H.E. MONSIEUR ISWOLSKY, RUSSIAN
AMBASSADOR IN PARIS. FROM 1900
TO 1903 MINISTER IN TOKYO, AND
LATER RUSSIAN MINISTER OF FOREIGN
AFFAIRS.



THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR CLAUDE
MACDONALD, G.C.M.G., BRITISH AMBASSADOR
IN TOKYO.



H.E. THE LATE MR. BUCK, FORMER
AMERICAN MINISTER IN TOKYO.



stage-managed by Sir Claude Macdonald, and which was to have taken place this month, has unfortunately to be given up, as no one can be found in our small community to play my rôle.

March 2, 1901.—I am staying with the Keys at Hayama to recruit, and I am thoroughly enjoying my visit and the perfect peace and beauty of this lovely sunny spot. Every morning when I wake up I am greeted with the view of snow-clad Fujiyama looming down upon me, the sea and sky both a perfect blue, making a charming setting to the grand and solitary old mountain wrapped in its white and dazzling mantle.

March 5, 1901.—A. telegraphed to the Foreign Office for his leave.

March 9, 1901.—We left our kind friends at Hayama for Kamakura. At Kamakura we found the Earl of Sandwich staying in the hotel. He has brought us a couple of letters of introduction. His secretary, Mr. Yorke, and Sir Claude Macdonald were also there. Lord Sandwich is a very pleasant old gentleman, who has been everywhere, knows everyone, and has seen everything.

March 10, 1901.—We had a pleasant walk along the beautiful sands with the old Earl and Sir Claude. Later on in the evening Sir Claude was most interesting on Pekin experiences.

March 19, 1901.—A., after serious thought, wired to the Foreign Office to say that in consequence of the gloom of the political outlook (Japan and Russia on the Manchurian question), he would defer his leave for the present. So, deeply to my regret and disappointment, I must, on account of my health, go home without him.

March 30, 1901.—I received at the Legation for the only time this year. A great crowd of over a hundred, both Japanese and colleagues, kindly came to say goodbye to me. I feel so sad at parting from all my friends, and at leaving A. alone.

April 2, 1901.—The political atmosphere gets more and more gloomy, and it certainly seems as if Japan is on the eve of a war with Russia. A. was wise in deciding to defer taking leave. I sail on the *Princess Irene* on the 20th, A. accompanying me as far as Nagasaki.

April 8, 1901.—The political situation was this morning looking still more strained. A brilliant farewell dinner was most kindly given at the Foreign Office in my honour. There were thirty-six people present. Amongst the guests was that distinguished Japanese officer, Colonel Shiba, who, I am told, by his gallantry and foresight, did more to save Peking than any one else. The Pope sent a diamond ring to be given to the person who had rendered the greatest service at that time, and Archbishop Favier straightway presented this valuable token to Colonel Shiba.

M. Kato, Minister of Foreign Affairs, who was my host, was, as always, most kind and agreeable. He took me in to dinner, and he told me during dinner that that morning the Russians had decided to refrain from insisting on the Convention in connection with Manchuria. This is, of course, a great diplomatic victory for Japan; but though the present crisis is passed, it is doubtful whether matters are improved between the two Powers for any length of time. The situation is now exactly where it was before there was any talk of a Convention, and A. is, I see, perfectly convinced that the danger of war is merely averted for the period of a year or two. M. d'Ambro, the Austrian Minister, was the other side of me at dinner. The Macdonalds, Whiteheads, and Mr. and Lady Eva Dugdale were among the guests, also Count Okuma, with whom I had a long conversation on the interesting topic of orchids, and I learnt much on the subject from this great authority. My host and all his guests were very kind, and drank my health with the greatest cordiality.

April 9, 1901.—I was received by the Empress in audience at eleven o'clock. She was very sweet and

kind to me. After the audience, a lunch was given by H.I.M. in my honour, at which were present Prince and Princess Kan-in and Prince and Princess Yamashina. This is the first time that a Minister's wife has been given an Imperial lunch without her husband, and I felt immensely honoured. We were only eighteen, the other guests being officials of the Court. Viscount Tanaka sat opposite the Empress, and acted as host, the Emperor not being present. I sat on his right, with Prince Iwakura the other side of me. The Empress sat between Prince Kan-in and Prince Yamashina, and all during the meal she talked across the table to me. It was a magnificent lunch, lasting about an hour. After lunch the Empress received me again in the big *salle*, and said many kind things as to how much I should be regretted by the Japanese, and how she hoped I should not forget her. At the end of the audience a roll of fourteen yards of rich brocade, and a lovely ivory fan, embossed with gold lacquer, were handed to me on a tray, as Her Majesty's Imperial gifts. I felt greatly touched and honoured at these kind attentions, and sincerely grieved to say farewell. After H.M.'s departure I remained some time with the Princesses, and when they retired I talked with the *Grande Maîtresse*, Viscountess Takakura, and the ladies-in-waiting of the Empress, Miss Kitashima and Miss Kagawa. I was finally handed to my carriage by Viscount Tanaka, where I found my lovely presents awaiting me.

April 10, 1901.—I was received in audience by Princess Kan-in, and later on by Princess Komatsu. Both Prince and Princess Kan-in were present during my audience, and I had a charming visit. Their Imperial Highnesses have from our first year in Japan never ceased to show both A. and myself kindness and attention, and on this occasion I felt greatly moved by the Princess saying that she felt with my departure she was losing a friend.

While I was sitting with Princess Komatsu we were favoured with a shock of earthquake. This was a rather alarming occurrence, as earlier in the morning we had been treated to a very sharp shock. The Princess, however, showed the greatest composure and dignity, never moving from her seat. I felt, therefore, with this splendid example before me of courage and *sangfroid*, the least I could do was to act likewise, but nevertheless my feelings on this occasion, glued as I was to my chair, are more easily imagined than expressed !

April 19, 1901.—This was my last day in Tokyo. There was an enormous crowd at the station to say goodbye to me. I quote the *Japan Times* of the 20th :

“ The platform at Shimbashi station presented an unusually brilliant scene yesterday afternoon, when Baroness d’Anethan departed for home. She had a hearty send-off from the large crowd of distinguished ladies and gentlemen, Japanese and foreign. She will be long and sincerely missed in Tokyo, where for several years she has been one of the leading figures in society, and where she has endeared herself to a large circle of friends and acquaintances.”

I was indeed sincerely grieved to say goodbye to my Japanese friends, who have always shown me so much kindness.

When I bade adieu to the gardens of the Legation, for what I then thought was for ever, they were looking particularly lovely with all the spring bulbs in full bloom, and the wistaria, azaleas, and Bankshire roses bursting into flower.

At the station bouquets and baskets of flowers were legion. We got on board about 9.30 p.m., after having dined at the Oriental Hotel with several friends.

April 20, 1901.—A great crowd of friends came

JUNE.



IN THE IRIS GARDENS.

From Professor Conder's "Floral Art of Japan."

down by the very early train from Tokyo, especially to see me off; and such lovely baskets of flowers were given to me. All the outdoor and indoor servants, headed by our faithful old interpreter, M. Iitaka, came to see me off, and there were many tears shed by these faithful retainers. I have been much touched by every one's kindness, and many of the Japanese have given me lovely presents. Besides the Empress's present, Princess Arisugawa sent me a full-length portrait of herself in a massive silver frame, and I had many touching souvenirs from humbler friends.

June 6, 1901. *Rome*.—I was received to-day by the Holy Father, Leo XIII., in a private audience. I am fully aware that this is a great privilege, the Pope according so few audiences now on account of his great age of ninety-four. I was accompanied by my brother-in-law, Marquis Maurizio Cavalletti. The arrival at the Vatican, with the Swiss Guard in their magnificent uniforms lining the staircase, was very impressive. We mounted numberless steps of white marble, the walls of the staircase being of delicate pink marble, after which we traversed room after room hung with magnificent Gobelins. In these rooms the *Gardes Nobles* were collected, and in one apartment there were placed two gigantic *gendarmes* whose enormous busbies made them look at least seven feet in height. Several of the gentlemen of the *Gardes Nobles* and of the gentlemen-in-waiting were introduced to me; also I made the acquaintance of Lord and Lady Denbigh, who likewise were being received in private audience. Old Lady Denbigh, whom I knew, had died three days previously. After having conversed for some time with these new acquaintances, we were advanced into another room, whence, after a few minutes, Maurizio Cavalletti and I were ushered into the presence of the Holy Father. I knelt first at the door, then in the middle of the room, and finally

remained kneeling at the throne. The Pope called to us "Veni, veni," and as soon as I got up to the throne he laid his fingers on my hair and kept them there. He would not allow me to kiss his foot, but gave me his ring instead, and the sweetness and gentleness of his manner was very striking. He spoke of A.'s uncle, Baron Jules d'Anethan, who had been Président du Sénat in former days, and of his great friendship with him while he was Nuncio in Brussels. He spoke of Japan and of my journey, also of M. Iswolsky, present Russian Minister in Japan, who was formerly Minister at the Vatican. When I asked for a benediction for the nuns of Tsukiji, for the Archbishop and the missionaries in Japan, he listened attentively, and then said in a clear, loud voice, "Je vous charge d'envoyer ma bénédiction spéciale," etc. He also blessed me personally several times, A., and all near and dear to me, and wished me happiness and *bon voyage*.

The whole interview was most touching, and I felt greatly impressed in the presence of this old, old man whose face was as white as his robes, and whose dark eyes were still so bright and full of fire and intelligence, and all the time I was thinking of the immense power he exercised throughout the whole world. He conversed much with my brother-in-law, then he dismissed us, and we retired.

Maurizio used his influence to have a private door opened from the Vatican into St. Peter's, and we entered the Cathedral as I was, in my black dress and lace veil, to hear Mass, it being Corpus Christi. The privilege of attending this feast in St. Peter's was a wonderful climax to the various emotions I had experienced that morning. Never did St. Peter's look more magnificent than that morning with the sun streaming on the dense masses of humanity, and never have I heard more perfect music, or more divine singing, which indeed seemed as the voices of angels descending from heaven itself. We came in for the

procession, and we all knelt down as the sacred Host passed. Many famous Cardinals and Monseigneurs were pointed out to me.

January 31, 1902.—A. joined me from Japan on January 19, 1902, I having gone to meet him at Naples; and on the 31st of the same month he and I were once again received by the Pope.

As we walked through the numberless apartments lined by the Swiss Guard and by the *Gardes Nobles* and other soldiers, all, as we passed, presented arms to A., who was in full uniform. When we arrived at the throne we knelt, but we were speedily raised by the Holy Father, and were made to sit one each side of him. He asked A. much about Belgian interests in Japan, and seemed to be *au fait* of all political events. He spoke a great deal about his time in Brussels when he was Nuncio there sixty years ago, and of his great friendship with A.'s uncle, Baron Jules d'Anethan, who was *Président du Sénat* and *Ministre de la Justice* at that time. They used to play picquet and whist together, and he asked A. if he was his son. Then he turned to me and told me much of a Mission on which he had been sent to England about that period. He said how he had had rooms in the vicinity of Portland Place, and how he had visited Queen Victoria at Windsor, and had been entertained at Oxford and Cambridge, and had likewise actually attended the Ascot races. The Holy Father told us how he had founded a college in Rome for Anglican clergymen who had become Roman Catholics. He said there were over twenty Anglican priests there now, who had changed their creed, and that Monseigneur Merry del Val had been to him that same morning with news of others who were entering the college. He looked wonderfully well, considerably better than when I had been received by him in June. He held a gold snuffbox all the time in his long thin hand, and took several pinches from it while conversing. As we rose to

depart and made our genuflections backwards, he also rose and descended from his throne, accompanying us across the long room to the door, a most interesting figure in his white garments crowned by his white face and snowy hair.

Following our audience with the Holy Father, we were received by Cardinal Rampolla, Secretary of State to the Holy See. He is a handsome man and immensely tall.

March 3, 1902.—Before leaving Rome, A. and I were fortunate enough to be able to attend the Jubilee of Pope Leo XIII., on the occasion of his entering into the twenty-fifth year of his Pontificate. A. and I arrived at the house of the Belgian Minister to the Vatican, Baron d'Erp, about 9.30 a.m. A. was in full uniform, Grand Cross and Orders, and I wore a long black dress, and a black lace veil, and jewels. Count de Mérode, the Special Envoy sent by the King of the Belgians, with his suite, Count d'Ursel and Count du Chastel, accompanied the d'Erps, likewise the Dutch Envoy, Count du Monceau. We filled four carriages following each other, and we arrived at St. Peter's before ten.

The Diplomatic tribune was placed exactly opposite that reserved for the Roman aristocracy, and we soon recognised our relatives the Cavallettis. We were splendidly placed for seeing everything, and it was indeed a stirring sight when, lifted high up in his chair, with the huge fans each side of him, the Holy Father appeared. We heard the cheers, which were deafening, long before he came in sight, but at length he passed the Confessional, and appeared just in front of us, when he descended from his chair, and walked very quickly to his throne, which was a magnificent silver dais placed under a lofty canopy. The Cardinals were placed facing each other in two long rows, and constituted a magnificent blaze of colour in their scarlet robes. Cardinal Gotti, a Carmelite, was in white robes, and

MAY.



THE PEONY : THE GARDENER'S PRIDE.

From Professor Conder's "Floral Art of Japan."

his appearance was a striking contrast among the mass of red. He sat just opposite to me, and he is, I believe, spoken of as the possible future Pope. He was Nuncio in Brazil, arriving just a few days before we left that country. He has a strong and interesting face.

The Pope was a magnificent figure adorned in robes of splendid cloth-of-gold, with his arms embroidered in purple at each corner. As he sat on his throne surrounded by his Court, and that long row of Cardinals each side, and all the Chanoines and Monseigneurs behind, and beyond the *Gardes Nobles* in their magnificent uniforms, one's heart felt stirred. The glorious silver trumpets were sounded three times, first as the Pope entered St. Peter's, then at the sacred moment of the Elevation of the Host, and finally as the Pope left St. Peter's. Cardinal Vanuttelli read Mass, and the heavenly voices, unaccompanied, chanted the responses, the Pope rising at the Gospel and kneeling at the Elevation. During the Elevation of the Host the silence was profound, broken only by the clash of the swords of the *Gardes Nobles* as, each one kneeling on one knee, they simultaneously drew them from their scabbards. Above this ringing sound swelled the lovely music of the silver trumpets. It was a wonderful moment.

When, at the completion of the Mass, the Pope, raising his two fingers, lifted them slowly above the heads of that immense and reverent congregation, and when in solemn tones he gave the Benediction, it was another supreme moment of emotion.

I sat directly behind the Earl of Denbigh, who had been sent from England as Special envoy, and I was able to pass on to him and Lady Denbigh and the other members of the British Mission, a little information obtained from Baron d'Erp, as to who were the Cardinals, etc.

A. and I remained in the Tribune after the others had left, and witnessed the raising of the Pope in his

chair, receiving his special blessing as he passed. Then we went down the Cathedral, saw him raised aloft, and heard the roar of cheers, "Viva el Papa Re!—viva el Papa Re!" swelling louder and louder and rising and falling like the thundering waves of the ocean. It was indeed a heart-stirring and thrilling sound which rang in my ears for many a day.

March 9, 1902.—A. left Rome for Brussels, where he has to present himself at the *Ministère* and also to ask for the honour of an audience with the King.

March 15, 1902.—I heard from A., with an account of his audience with our King. His Majesty was most kind and gracious. He told A. he was very glad to see him. "Je tenais à vous dire, de suite, combien j'apprécie la façon si distinguée dont vous remplissez la mission que je vous ai confiée dans un pays dont l'importance augmente chaque jour. . . . Vous avez bien jugé le situation depuis longtemps, et, mon très cher Ministre, je vous suis bien reconnaissant des services signalés que vous nous avez rendus. Vous avez si bien réussi à faire aimer la Belgique; je suis très très satisfait du succès de votre mission," and so on in the same strain. No one knows better than I, his wife, how thoroughly A. deserves this praise. Consequently it is an immense satisfaction to me to receive this letter this morning, and to know that His Majesty has kindly appreciated not only A.'s success in promoting a friendly feeling between Belgium and Japan, but likewise the foresight and unbiassed judgment he has invariably shown in connection both with the country where he is the Representative, and with its intricate political situation.

April 8, 1902.—A. returned from Brussels and rejoined me in Rome the 24th of last month. To-day Goro Iitaka—who has accompanied A. from Japan, and who is the young son, aged nineteen or twenty, of our Japanese interpreter of the Belgian Legation in Tokyo—was received into the Church

of Rome. The boy was born at our Legation and was educated at the Ecole du Matin, the Catholic school in Tokyo, and it was his own great desire to become a Christian and a Roman Catholic. It was a most interesting ceremony. For the last six weeks Iitaka has been prepared for the great change by Father Butin, the Superior of Les Pères Blancs, and he was consequently in a fit condition to receive Baptism and Confirmation. He was baptized by the Belgian Bishop, Monseigneur de Necker, in the little Belgian Church in Rome, and he received the names of Albert Maurice Marie, after his godparents, A., Marquis Cavalletti, our niece Marquise Marie Cavalletti, and myself. It was a long ceremony—first the Baptism, followed by the Confirmation—but the boy was most devout and earnest all through the impressive and solemn service, and he never once faltered in his responses.

April 9, 1902.—To-day Albert Maurice Marie Iitaka partook of his first Communion in the pretty little chapel of Les Pères Blancs. The Cavallettis and ourselves, also my Japanese maid, were all present. It was a moving ceremony in this beautiful chapel, which had been expressly arranged for the occasion. May God bless the dear boy and help him to keep through life the resolutions he has undertaken.

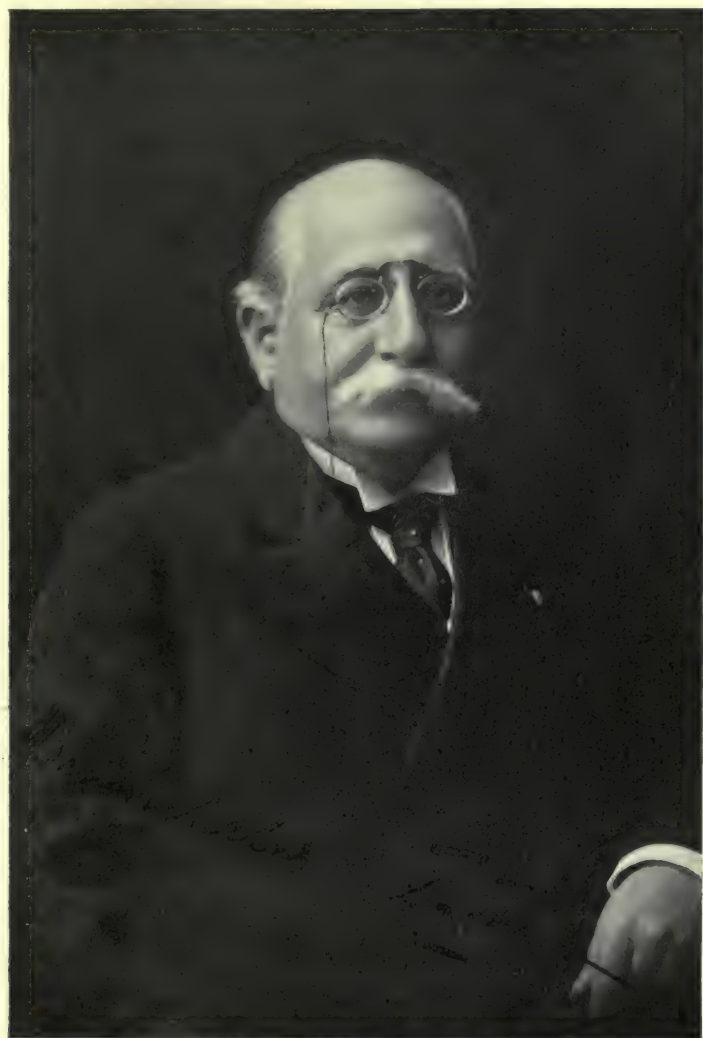
April 12, 1902.—To-day Albert Iitaka was received by the Pope in a public audience. He went to the Vatican accompanied by Father Butin. There were many hundreds of devout pilgrims whom the Holy Father blessed as he passed, but on arriving near Iitaka, His Holiness stopped and addressed some kind and gentle words to him, giving him his special blessing and congratulations on the important step he had just taken. The boy returned to the house very greatly moved and impressed.

CHAPTER XIII

1902—1904

Garden party given by the King of the Belgians at Laeken—Dinner at the Palace at Brussels—Lunch at the Pavillon du Roi at Ostend—The Queen of the Belgians at Spa—Garden party given by the Queen at Spa—Reminiscences of the Queen—Death of the Queen of the Belgians—We return to Japan—News of our old Interpreter's death—Sudden death of the American Minister—The American Minister's State funeral—Audience at the Palace—Burglar in my bedroom—Death of Prince Komatsu—The funeral—Purchase of the Legation by the Belgian Government—Influenza—Official dinners—The Honourable Mr. Sydney Fisher—Invitation to the Osaka Exhibition—No Imperial Garden Party—Arrangements for Osaka—Departure for Osaka—Luxurious arrangements—The departure of the Chefs de Missions for the Exhibition—Our general departure for the Exhibition—Fêtes at the Exhibition—The Castle of Osaka—Kyoto and our return journey—A new departure—Absence from the capital—The *Belgi-kwai*—The races—Dinner at Prince Arisugawa's—Prince and Princess Ruprecht of Bavaria—Sadi Yaku as Portia—Mr. and Mrs. Griscom—German Legation dinner to meet the Prince and Princess of Bavaria—Departure of the Prince and Princess—Memorial service for the Pope—The burial of Danjuro—Travelling during a typhoon—Correcting proofs—Over-persuaded—Rumours of war—Funeral of Marquis Ito's mother—A swift interchange of telegrams—War clouds—The Emperor's birthday—An engagement in the Corps Diplomatique—Miss du Cane's paintings—An Indian Rajah—The Chrysanthemum Party—The Macdonalds' ball—Marriage of Miss Sonada—Baroness Rosen's national Court dress—The inevitable War—The Union Jack Club—The ex-Vizier of Persia—The Monday Club.

May 10, 1902. Brussels.—A. and I were invited by our King to a garden party at Laeken, where is one of the most beautiful winter gardens in the world, consisting of miles and miles of glass, crowded with every imaginable rare and beautiful plant and flower. The gentlemen wore dress suit, black tie, and stars, the ladies were in smart *toilette de ville*. The King, Comte and Comtesse de Flandres, and le Prince and la Princesse Albert de Belgique were



BARON d'ANETHAN.

Photo by Maruki, Tokyo.

present. It was the first time I had the honour of meeting the Princess ; she is charming, and was very kind and gracious to me. Princess Clémentine looked extremely handsome and was well dressed. The King was most amiable both to A. and to me. The Comte de Flandres was also very kind, but conversation with him is difficult on account of his great height and of his deafness. The Comtesse de Flandres was, as usual, charming to me. I walked about with A.'s old friend, Count Horace van der Burch, who showed me all over the lovely hot-houses. Both A. and I met many old friends, and it was a very agreeable afternoon which I greatly enjoyed.

May 26, 1902.—A. dined at the Palace in Brussels. It was a huge banquet of eighty-four. The King was very amiable to him and spoke to him for a long time. A. joined me later in the theatre, where we witnessed Sarah Bernhardt in Marion Crawford's *Francesca di Rimini*. She was marvellous ; but I did not like Crawford's idea of a *liaison* which had lasted fifteen long years. One always imagined Francesca's fall the result of a *coup de foudre*.

August 2, 1902. Ostend.—We are staying at Ostend after my serious illness, and we have put our names down at the Pavillon du Roi.

August 4, 1902.—The King of the Belgians invited us to lunch at the Pavillon du Roi at Ostend. We were received by the *dame d'honneur*, Mademoiselle de Bassompierre, and by Marquis d'Assche. While we were waiting, the King passed the windows of the palace walking very fast. We were only fourteen at lunch, among the *invités* being M. Maskens, the Belgian Representative at Cairo,* and Madame Maskens ; Mr. Vanderbilt, the American millionaire ; and Sir Eldon Gorst, the next biggest man to Lord Cromer in Egypt ; also the Austrian Military

* Monsieur Maskens, who was Minister in Rome at the time, died in the early part of 1911 (1912).

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Attaché at Brussels and his wife. The King held a *cercle* before lunch and said a word to all of us. Baron von Zuylen took me in, and I sat opposite the King, who had the Austrian lady one side of him, and Princess Clémentine the other. I had a nice long chat with Princess Clémentine after lunch. She was very kind and sympathetic about my late illness, and insisted on my sitting down during the interminable wait, while the King was talking to the gentlemen standing the whole time. H.M. had a very long and deep conversation with Sir Eldon Gorst, who is a great financier.

August 15, 1902. Spa.—I am doing a cure at Spa after my illness. The *bataille de fleurs* took place to-day. The poor Queen attended it in her bath-chair. She looked dreadfully ill and suffering. She spoke to both A. and myself, and seemed very pleased to see us again. She said how much she regretted not being able to give us an audience or to have us to lunch. "Mais," she continued, "vous voyez, chère Baronne, dans quel état je suis." It was indeed grievous to see the poor Queen, whom I had always known so energetic and full of life, now so terribly ill and failing.

August 29, 1902.—A. and I were invited by Her Majesty the Queen to the Villa Marie Henriette, to a small garden party. There were only twenty guests. The Queen was in her bath-chair, and waiting on her were the Comtesse de Froissart and the Baron Auguste Goffinet. Her chair was placed in the shade, and we sat each side of her. A great look of suffering was on her poor white face. She told me she could never lie down. She is suffering from acute heart disease and dropsy, and of course may be taken any day. The band played, and the poor Queen was very sweet and gracious to us all, speaking to every one in turn. I sat next her for some time. She asked me if I had written anything new of late, then she discussed various books of

Rider's, after which she mentioned Arthur. "J'ai connu un de vos frères, un si charmant et joli garçon." He was presented to her some years ago at a Court ball while staying with us in Brussels. When I told her he was father of a boy of fourteen, she replied, "Quoi ! Et lui si jeune !" She spoke a great deal about Japan ; but what particularly seemed to interest her was the *Raid Militaire*, which had just taken place between Ostend and Brussels, and in which the officers had treated their horses so brutally that seventeen of them had died from over-fatigue. Naturally this would greatly distress the Queen, who in former days was such a horsewoman and who was still so devoted to every kind of animal. I remember that some years ago, after we had lunched with her, she made her favourite horse go through a series of tricks for our benefit, such as picking her handkerchief from out of her pocket, kneeling down, following her everywhere, etc. This time, at the garden party, before leaving, we went all over the beautifully arranged stables. The Queen said goodbye to us at five o'clock. I don't suppose I shall ever see her again, and I felt quite upset, as she has always been most kind to me. In former days I have more than once had the honour of driving with H.M. for hours at a time in the beautiful neighbourhood of Spa. On these occasions the Queen always drove herself in a low phaeton, and no matter what was the state of the weather, she persisted in taking her daily drive. Before we left in 1893 to take up our post in Japan, A. and I were staying in Spa, and Her Majesty did us the honour of inviting us to lunch. After lunch a drive was proposed. I looked at the lowering skies and watched the pelting rain, thinking regretfully the while of my new hat, trimmed with crêpe, for I was in deep mourning for my father at the time. The Queen, who was extremely quick, caught my glance, and even went so far as reading my thoughts. "Never mind your

hat," she said; "don't distress yourself about it. Of course it is too pretty to be spoilt. Take it off, and Clémentine will lend you an old one of hers." So, adorned in a black sailor hat and a waterproof of Princess Clémentine's, I sallied forth with the Queen, the Princess following with A. and Baron Goffinet in a very high dog-cart. I have often thought of that particular drive. The lovely landscape was blurred with the thick mist, and the rain fell faster and faster, but no thought of returning seemed to occur to the hardy Queen. She drove her beautiful pair of ponies on and on, while I held the umbrella with some feeble attempt to protect her from the elements, and turning my head I perceived A. performing the same service for the Princess. But still Her Majesty drove, entirely oblivious of the weather and conversing charmingly the while, and it was only when we were two hours' distance from Spa that she turned the horses' heads and we drove home again. It was still pouring when, four hours from the time we had started, the two vehicles rattled down the paved streets of Spa, and A. and I, somewhat damp, but nevertheless having greatly enjoyed our drive, were deposited by our respective royal whips at our hotel.

Since this last sad interview with the dear, kind Queen, I cannot help thinking of her, and another incident of my early married life connected with Her Majesty comes into my mind.

Before our departure for Brazil, where A. in 1889 had been named Minister, the Queen received us both in farewell audience in the Palace at Brussels. She kept us a long time, and she seemed to take pleasure in talking over old days and old friends, and especially of the various d'Anethans who since the Revolution of 1830, when Belgium separated from Holland, had served, as statesmen and diplomatists, and here and there also in a military capacity, the Royal House of Belgium. Her Majesty spoke long of A.'s father, Baron Henri d'Anethan, who was secretary



"LA BELLE JARDINIÈRE."



COUNTESS TERASHIMA IN THE GARDEN OF THE BELGIAN
LEGATION.

Photos by Baroness d'Anethan.

to the late King Léopold I., and who was still serving in the same capacity to Léopold II. when he died in harness in 1883. Then she spoke with enthusiasm of A.'s distinguished uncle, Baron Jules d'Anethan, who worked so strenuously for the good of his country in the early and difficult days of the Separation, filling successively the posts of Minister of Justice, Minister of State, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and, finally, that of President of the Senate. Then, continuing the family history, she spoke of the two sons of the latter—Baron Auguste, who was Minister at The Hague at the time, and Baron Victor, who in his military capacity had for many years been attached to Her Majesty's person, attending her always in public. Victor had died somewhat suddenly a short time previously, and the Queen spoke of him and of her great affection for him with tears rolling down her cheeks. She told us—what we already knew—that Victor had left her his horses in his will, and she added that she would care for them and cherish them till they died of old age. I have often wondered if she really did do this, or if eventually they shared the fate of most pet horses, and were shot. I never liked to ask Her Majesty this delicate question. However, to continue the interview. After these family reminiscences, to which A. replied, adding a word here and there, and to which I listened with respectful interest, the Queen talked on other subjects for a time, then she rose to dismiss us. I think the kind, affectionate Queen was still suffering from emotion caused by these sad recollections, for in saying goodbye and wishing me *bon voyage*, she folded me in her arms and kissed me many times. Evidently these proofs of affection were against the taste of the Queen's pet dog, a *griffon*, a breed she greatly affected, for while still enfolded in Her Majesty's arms, to mark his disapproval, the small animal with one bound flew at me and, biting right through my dress, which was fortu-

nately of thick silk, his teeth met in the upper part of my arm. Both Princess Clémentine, who was present, and A. observed this decidedly disturbing incident, and the former exclaimed, "Oh! Maman, votre chien mord la Baronne!" Either the Queen did not hear or, for some reason, she preferred not to take notice, for no remark was made, and, meanwhile, with the pointed teeth of a jealous and a vicious little pet dog meeting in the fleshiest portion of my arm, I silently responded to the affectionate embraces of my Sovereign. The Princess, greatly concerned, followed us from the audience-chamber and congratulated me warmly on my stoicism. Not that I had really much to boast of in that line, for the pain was but momentary, and on reaching home and removing my dress, I found, thanks to the thickness of the material, that but few drops of blood had been drawn by the small teeth of the Queen of the Belgians' pet *griffon*.

September 19, 1902.—We left Spa yesterday at 3.40, and on the same day the Queen of the Belgians died there. She was very ill a few days ago, but it was thought she had rallied, and only the day before we left Spa we saw Baron Goffinet, who seemed greatly relieved at the improvement in her condition. Her Majesty died quite suddenly, having been pretty well all day, and she was actually playing "patience" a minute before, when with an exclamation she rose from her chair, and, to the horror of those around her, dropped back dead.

November 6, 1902.—We returned to Japan after a long period of leave, and the first news that greeted us before we got off the boat was that of the death, shortly before, of our faithful old interpreter, Mr. Iitaka. It is grievous that he should have gone to his rest without once more greeting his young son, who had accompanied us, and who thus missed seeing his father by a few days. Poor Iitaka will be a great loss to us and to the Belgian Legation, the various

members of which he has faithfully served for so many years. He was a Japanese of the old school, of an old *samurai* family, and a perfect gentleman in all his thoughts and ways. He had, at the time of the Restoration, fought on the side of the Shogunate and had worn the two swords. A. and I were greatly attached to him. We were much touched on being told that, with the true spirit of *Bushido*, as this faithful old friend lay dying, the only treasures asked for, and on which he desired to fix his fast-failing sight, were first of all those precious tokens of his honour, the two choice and mighty blades with which he had fought his many battles, and then for the photographs of his faithfully served and much-loved master and of my unworthy self. He sank to rest surrounded by these tokens.

November 7, 1902.—We went up to Tokyo, and arrived in time for lunch. We seemed to be accompanied by a small army of our old servants, who were delighted to get us back. I went in the afternoon to visit my dear friend Mrs. Buck, wife of the American Minister. A few days ago Colonel Buck died quite suddenly at the duck-catching party at the Imperial Palace two hours from Tokyo. The dear old Minister, who was a keen sportsman, delighted in this particular sport, and a moment before, with the net in his hand, he turned to Madame Melegari, the Italian Minister's wife, and had just exclaimed, "Now, you'll see, I am going to catch another duck," when he fell dead at her feet! Mrs. Buck was not at the party, but, after every means of restoration had been tried unsuccessfully, the Court officials telephoned to the Legation that Colonel Buck had been taken ill. On the strength of this news his wife started off, and had the terrible shock of meeting the corpse of her husband, as, accompanied by many friends, it was being brought back home on a litter.

Mine was indeed a sad and grievous interview with my poor friend after many months' separation.

Colonel Buck's sudden and unexpected death is a great grief to all, for he had been for some years American Minister in Japan, where he and Mrs. Buck were greatly loved and respected, by Japanese, compatriots, and colleagues alike.

November 8, 1902.—Poor Colonel Buck's State funeral given by the Japanese Government took place to-day. The Emperor and Empress and all the Princes of the Blood were represented. The service was held in the American cathedral at Tsukiji. Not a member of the Corps Diplomatique was missing, and all were in full uniform. There were masses of wreaths, the Empress having sent a magnificent one, and the Corps Diplomatique also gave a beautiful wreath. After the very impressive service, the body was carried to Shimbashi station, and we all, Japanese and foreigners, followed at foot's pace in our carriages. The body was taken down to the American Naval Hospital in Yokohama, where it will remain till Mrs. Buck accompanies it later on to America.

November 10, 1902.—There was an official dinner at Baron and Baroness Sannomiya's. Prince and Princess Kan-in were there. Knowing that we were returning, the Sannomiyas had kindly kept two vacant places for us. We met at this charming dinner several new colleagues, and it was altogether a delightful evening.

November 12, 1902.—We were received in audience on our return to Japan by the Emperor and the Empress. Both their Imperial Majesties were, as usual, most kind and gracious to us. We dined at the British Legation. It was a small and friendly dinner. Sir Claude and Lady Macdonald seem very happy in Japan, especially since last winter, when the Anglo-Japanese Alliance took place.

November 27, 1902.—I have been having a conversation with my old Japanese maid to-day which amused me somewhat. In Japan, where the laws of divorce are so easy, it is, however, very unusual for



A JAPANESE WEDDING : THE BRIDEGROOM IN THE ACT OF DRINKING THE THREE TIMES THREE CUP OF SAKÉ.



a woman to divorce her husband—for what is law for the husband is by no means law for the wife. However, in old Saku's case, I knew she had taken the initiative, and being a strong-minded woman she had succeeded in getting rid of her very troublesome and unfaithful husband. I asked her how she had managed it, but either she would not, or could not inform me of the exceptional means by which she had succeeded in divorcing her husband for unfaithfulness. All the information I could ascertain was by these somewhat cryptic remarks. "Lady, he very bad man, he like young wife, he no like old wife, he love my adopted daughter, so I say, 'Take her and all her beautiful *kimonos* and *obis* and furniture which I gave wicked girl, take all my money and live with new wife, but old wife she say *Sayonara* [goodbye] and she finish with bad husband." "And now you are happy, Saku?" I asked. "Yes, now, I very happy with lady; but oh my! I bad, bad time before. My husband very bad man, he spend much money on *geisha* girl, but"—this with a sigh of certain regret—"he very handsome gentleman." And she nodded her head, while such a curious smile of pride and satisfaction crossed the homely features of the poor deserted "old wife" that I could not help laughing at her expression, while all the time I still wondered how she had managed to rid herself of the obstacle.

The marriage laws in Japan are very strange, and the sole legal requirement for a marriage is by registration; the performance of the *saké* drinking, the exchange of the *saké* cups, and the offering of the *saké* to the parents and go-betweens, is not even a religious service, and by no means does it bind the young couple if notice is not likewise given to the registrar by both parties concerned. And yet, certainly among the lower classes, this act of registration is frequently ignored, generally from indifference or laziness. We knew of a case among our own Japanese

servants in which, though all the ceremony of the *saké* drinking had been carried through at our Legation with the greatest solemnity and state, in spite of our frequent remonstrances the actual document of registration was not signed until the very eve of the birth of the child. And yet no one thought the worse of the perfectly satisfied young couple for these easy methods of procedure.

January 4, 1903.—We drove to the station to bid farewell to Monsieur and Madame d'Ambro, the Austrian Minister and his wife, who, with their family, are going home on leave.

At night, or rather at two in the morning, I had an adventure. We are staying in the Métropole Hotel until our Legation, which is being enlarged, is ready for us, and we have apartments on the ground floor. That night I woke up hearing a noise. I thought at first it was my maid, moving about in the next room. The noise, however, continued, and hearing a match struck unsuccessfully, then another partially successfully (for I saw the spark), I thought it was A. getting out of bed. When I discovered he was lying sound asleep, I shouted, "There is some one in the room," and I jumped out of bed and switched on the light. For an instant A. did not awake, then he also jumped up and we both looked all round the room, and saw nothing. A., with proverbial masculine contempt, was just exclaiming, "How like a woman to arouse one from one's slumbers with ridiculous notions of imaginary burglars!" when lo and behold! he drew the curtains of one of the windows aside, and found it wide open at the bottom. We promptly called up the proprietor of the hotel, who, assisted by both of us, started a systematic search, the result being that just inside our window they picked up a large *furuski* (a cloth used by the Japanese for wrapping up things), and just outside the low window was found a head-towel and a *geta* (the Japanese foot-gear), evidently dropped in the flight.

We had been dining out that night, and, returning very late, I had left my jewels lying on the dressing-table, which was just next to the window by which the burglar had entered. It was fortunate that I awoke in the nick of time, or my dressing-table would certainly have been stripped of all its valuable contents. At first I felt greatly annoyed that the burglar had escaped us, but I am informed it is perhaps just as well we did not get hold of him, as evidently the heavy window had been raised by some sharp instrument, which, if the man had been brought to bay, following the ordinary awkward procedures of the Japanese house-breaker, might just as likely have been used against A. or myself.

January 7, 1903.—The police of Tokyo, who are quite excellent in their methods, think they are sure of securing our would-be burglar of the other night. There has been another burglary in the hotel since the attempt on us, and this time the thief was more successful, and made off with Captain Troubridge's great-coat and various other articles of clothing which were hanging in the hall of the little *dépendance* of the hotel in which Captain Troubridge, the British Naval Attaché, is now living. It is believed to be the same man who visited us, and the impression is that the individual responsible for these acts is a former dismissed "boy" of the hotel. Formerly, and till quite lately, the room now used as a bedroom was a sitting-room, which accounts for the attempt to light the match, as surely no thief, however desperate, would dare venture on such a foolish act, knowing that there were people sleeping in the room, who might awake—as I fortunately did—at the slightest noise.

January 18, 1903.—To-day the death of Prince Komatsu is announced, aged fifty-eight. He is the Prince who was sent to England last year to attend the King of England's coronation, and who went from thence to Belgium, where he was most graciously

received by our King. We were home on leave at that time, and A., who was in England, was sent for by the King to accompany Prince Komatsu, while he was staying in Ostend. The Prince sent me by A. a lovely roll of many yards of beautiful brocade, and he gave A. a charming cigarette-case on which were engraved the Prince's own arms. On our return to Japan we were received in audience by him and by the Princess, and he then seemed quite well. It appears, however, that His Highness has been failing ever since his return from Europe, and the occurrence of an apoplectic stroke about six weeks ago was the first alarming and serious symptom of the illness.

The George Barclays (Mr. Barclay has just arrived here to take up his post as First Secretary of the British Legation) and several other people dined with us and bridged.*

February 26, 1903.—Prince Komatsu's funeral took place to-day, but A. was in bed with a somewhat alarming attack of influenza, and could not attend. Both the British Minister, Sir Claude MacDonald, and the German Minister, Count d'Arco Valley, received wires from their Governments to personally represent their respective monarchs at the funeral.

March 8, 1903.—We received a telegram from our Government to say that they have ultimately decided to buy, as a Legation, the house and grounds in which we have lived so many years. We are delighted about this, as the house stands in one of the best situations in Tokyo, so we shall now be able to make of it the beautiful place it should be.

March 9, 1903.—The architect, Mr. Conder, came to see us; he is going to begin work on the Legation at once.

March 11 to 17, 1903.—Every one in Tokyo is down with influenza, and many dinners and functions of all sorts are put off in consequence.

March 27, 1903.—A. and I left for Negishi, near

* Sir George Barclay, K.C.M.G., has just been transferred from being British Minister at Teheran, to the same capacity at Bucharest (1912).



BARON d'ANETHAN IN THE GARDEN OF THE BELGIAN LEGATION.

Photo by Baroness d'Anethan.

Yokohama, for a little rest after a great many official dinners, dances, and functions of all descriptions and kinds. We both felt thoroughly worn out.

March 31, 1903.—We returned to Tokyo for the Macdonalds' dinner. It was a very pleasant evening, with many globe-trotters present. Baron Komura, Minister of Foreign Affairs, took me in, but I sat between Sir Claude Macdonald and the Honourable Mr. Sydney Fisher. The latter is Minister of Agriculture in Canada, and is one of the Commissioners who have arrived in Japan in connection with the Osaka Exhibition. Mr. Fisher is an extremely charming man who impresses one with his intelligence and thoroughness.

April 14, 1903.—We went to the station to see the Iswolskys off. M. Iswolsky has been appointed Minister to Copenhagen.*

All the Chefs de Missions and their wives are invited to the Osaka Exhibition at the Government's expense. The Exhibition, which is on a large scale, is to be opened by the Emperor in person.

April 16, 1903.—It is a pelting day, and no Imperial garden party can take place in consequence of the weather. I am sorry for the hundreds of globe-trotters who were looking forward to this function, and who, owing to the unkindness of the weather, are thus disappointed of beholding a sight many have expressly crossed the ocean to see.

April 17, 1903.—All the Chefs de Missions and their wives—the latter consisting of Lady Macdonald, Baroness Rosen (Russian), Madame Melegari (Italian), and myself—are invited by the Government to assist at the opening by the Emperor of the Osaka Exhibition. Reserved carriages are kept for those who wish to go by train; and for those who prefer the sea, cabins are reserved and placed at their disposal on board the *Kiao-chau*. The Melegaris, the Siamese Minister, who has been educated in England, and

* H.E. Monsieur Iswolsky is now Russian Ambassador in Paris (1912).

ourselves, prefer the boat, so we sail to-morrow. We dined with Mr. Ferguson, the American Secretary, and met the English Admiral, Sir Cyprian Bridge. He is a very clever, courteous-mannered man, with wonderfully clear and piercing blue eyes.

April 18, 1903.—We rose at 5.30 to catch the seven o'clock train. It was a lovely morning, and we travelled down with the Melegaris, and all the members of the German Legation, who were going on board to bid adieu to Baron Ritter, the German Military Attaché. The *Kiao-chau* was full of people, and the scene was most animated. A perfectly smooth sea awaited us and we congratulated ourselves greatly in having chosen this delightful means of getting to Kobe in preference to the journey by land.

April 19, 1903.—We arrived at Kobe at ten, after a smooth passage. We were met at the landing-place by one of the Exhibition commissioners and by our Consul, M. Hoffman. A Japanese gentleman made all arrangements for us; and my maid and A.'s man were sent on by an earlier train to Osaka, while we remained to tiffin with our Consul. The Melegaris, the Siamese Minister, and ourselves left by the 2.50 train, being always accompanied by our Commissioner, who spoke English perfectly, and is a very clever and pleasant man. On arriving at Osaka we were met by M. Matsue, of the Court, and another Japanese official. Osaka is the Birmingham of Japan, being a centre of enormous commercial importance. The streets are narrow and there are no carriages or horse vehicles to be seen, but at the station to meet us were brand-new 'rickshaws, with two men to draw us in special 'rickshaw livery. They looked very smart in their fresh blue and white costumes. Each of the 'rickshaws was provided with a white fur mat for our feet and was adorned with the Japanese flag. Headed by a policeman in gala uniform, and attended by our Japanese officials, we started off in grand style, and at a rapid

pace. We each went according to precedence, first A., then myself, then M. Melegari, then his wife, then the Siamese, and finally two or three policemen brought up the rear. A grand triumphal arch was erected in front of the newly-built Osaka Hotel, in which rooms had been reserved for us. We were shown our rooms and told to take our choice. First come, first served, so Madame Melegari and I chose the two best suites, consisting of two bedrooms and sitting-rooms each. We have, besides our private drawing-room, a general sitting-room and a dining-room reserved for the whole party.

All the others, except the Macdonalds and the Rosens, who came from Kyoto, had already arrived. It was very amusing watching the boat races taking place under our windows, and later on a large party of us went out to witness them nearer and to listen to the excellent band. At dinner we were all independent; but the Melegaris, M. Harmand, the French Minister, M. Lowenthal, the Austrian Chargé d'Affaires, and Mr. Huntingdon Wilson, the American Chargé d'Affaires, and ourselves, formed a table.

April 20, 1903.—Most fortunately it was a glorious morning. From the balcony I watched the start of the Chefs de Missions in their beautiful uniforms and Grand Crosses. They departed at 9.30 in their smart 'rickshaws. A. wore the Japanese Grand Cross of the Rising Sun. The Emperor is to open the Exhibition at eleven, and at four there is to be a big fête, given by the mayor in the Exhibition grounds, to which we ladies are invited, and which I am told is to last until 10 p.m.

Later.—A. and the other Ministers returned very enthusiastic about the arrangements, and the perfect order of the immense crowds lining the streets, to see the Emperor passing. All the schools were out to witness his progress, thousands and thousands of children sitting perfectly motionless on their mats,

to say nothing of one huge battalion of old persons of over seventy. This latter idea was the Emperor's own kind thought. The streets were lined by troops the entire route to the Exhibition. I saw His Majesty return in his State carriage, and followed by three or four other carriages and a guard of honour. These are the only carriages that have ever been seen in the streets of Osaka.

At three o'clock we all started in our 'rickshaws in a body for the Exhibition. Accompanied by the officials put at our disposal, by the police, etc., we were certainly over thirty 'rickshaws in one long line. Each 'rickshaw was adorned by a little Japanese flag. It was a long drive to the Exhibition, nearly an hour through the narrow, picturesque streets lined by crowds of orderly people. After being shown over the Exhibition, we were taken to an apartment reserved for us favoured ones, and were given a plentiful cold repast. Prince and Princess Kan-in were there, and after receiving us in audience, they partook of the repast with us. Then, once more in a place reserved for us, we were shown some graceful dancing. For the first time burlesque dancing was performed in Japan—quite a new departure, the dancers being dressed in the different national flags of those countries of which the Representatives were present. This performance lasted for an hour and a half, after which we were taken to see some first-rate European skirt-dancing, beautifully performed with charming lights. By ten all was over. It had been a long day, from three to eleven, for we were not back in the hotel till that hour. On our return we were again provided with a cold collation, after which we retired thankfully to bed, after a delightful and interesting day.

April 21, 1903.—It was very wet, but in spite of the weather several of us, including the Macdonalds and the Melegaris, started off to be shown the Castle of Osaka. We were received by the General in

MAY.



GAZING AT THE WISTARIA.

From Professor Conder's "Floral Art of Japan."

person, who regaled us with champagne and cakes at 10.30 a.m., then took us personally over the ancient and interesting castle. It is marvellously fortified, and the castle is built of the most gigantic blocks of stone I have ever beheld. One wonders how it was possible before the days of machinery for these vast blocks of stone to be lifted into place. We were on the ramparts when they fired the twelve-o'clock gun. The noise was truly terrible, the cannon being quite near to us. Being totally unprepared, I was so terrified that I distinguished myself by nearly jumping over the ramparts and taking a flying leap into the moat! We went on to the Exhibition, but it came on to pour, and it was not very amusing slushing about the grounds, though the authorities were very kind in wishing to show us everything. We were much struck by the various exhibits, especially the beautiful pianos now fabricated in Japan. A. bought me a lovely Nagoya cloisonné vase, pale green enamel on silver: it is modern work, and a perfect gem.

April 22, 1903.—A. and I left for Kyoto. We spent the whole day there; and it was such heavenly weather. We took a room at Yaami's Hotel, and then I went off to visit my favourite Kyo-Midzu temple, and to wander about Kyoto. The MacDonalds, Madame Iswolsky, and M. Lowenthal turned up, and we made the acquaintance of M. Geffier, the Belgian Conseiller in Peking, who is travelling in Japan. We left Kyoto by the 8.30 p.m. express, and found in the train many of our colleagues, and M. Yoshida (Secretary to the Minister of Foreign Affairs), who, thoughtful as ever, provided us with refreshments. It was a very comfortable sleeping-car, and we arrived the next morning at Tokyo at about half-past nine, after a most enjoyable and pleasant trip, made perfectly comfortable and delightful for us in every way.

April 25, 1903.—I went to a very interesting per-

formance given at the Naval School by the young Peeresses. The girls acted in some lovely tableaux, scenes from ancient historical events. The dresses and postures were beautiful, and not an eyelid seemed to flicker, the girls were so motionless. It was a charitable performance, but in spite of its object it was considered by some of the Japanese of the old school as far too modern an innovation. It was quite a new departure for girls of good family to act in public. Nevertheless every one was there, Japanese and foreigners, and I took Mr. Shoobridge with me. He is travelling in Japan, and he has brought me a letter from Mrs. Rodd.

May 4, 1903.—We left for Kamakura, having rented Mr. Mosle's sweet little villa by the sea. We are remaining there a couple of months, while our Legation is being enlarged.

May 10, 1903.—We went up to Tokyo for a fête given to us by the Belgi-kwai, a club formed of Belgians, and of those Japanese who have been educated in Belgium, or are in any way connected with our country. There were various entertainments, then a repast, followed by speeches. A. as usual, spoke extremely well.

May 11, 1903.—We went to Yokohama for a couple of nights; we were staying with the Bonars for the races. Sir Claude Macdonald's horse "Ivy" won two races. We were immensely excited over this event.

May 13, 1903.—We went to Tokyo for a very charming dinner given by Prince and Princess Arisugawa. The Prince took me in, and as usual made himself most interesting and agreeable. The Italians, Germans, and Austrians were present, and many high Japanese.

May 15, 1903.—A. received a wire from his cousin Baron Auguste d'Anethan, Belgian Minister in Paris, saying he was retiring from the service.

May 18, 1903. Kamakura.—A. went up in the afternoon to Tokyo for the Japan Society dinner.

To-morrow he must attend the audience of the Chinese Prince. The latter is the same man who was sent to Germany to apologise for the murder of Baron von Ketteler. Being alone, with the exception of the servants, a policeman slept in the house to protect me!

May 20, 1903.—We both went up to Tokyo for Count d'Arco Valley's dinner of 110 at the Imperial Hotel in honour of Prince Ruprecht, and of Prince George of Bavaria. The former is married to the sister of our Princess Albert of Belgium, and I hear she is so sweet and charming. Poor young thing! On her arrival in Tokyo she received the news of the death of her baby girl, and has, in consequence, been ill ever since, so no one has seen her. It was a very pleasant dinner, and Prince and Princess Arisugawa were present. There were four tables arranged for the guests. A. and I were seated at the same table as Prince Ruprecht and Prince and Princess Arisugawa, and I sat on the left of Prince Arisugawa, facing Prince Ruprecht, with whom I had a good deal of conversation. A. took in Baroness Sannomiya, who was on the left of Prince Ruprecht, who took in Princess Arisugawa. After dinner there were conjurers and other amusements, and the party broke up about eleven.

June 7, 1903.—We came up yesterday from Kamakura for the British Legation garden party, which was very pleasant. Mr. Conder invited us to his box at the Japanese theatre, so after the garden party we went on to see Sada Yaku play the rôle of Portia in *The Merchant of Venice*. It was very interesting, but somehow the whole staging of the play struck me as most incongruous, and it is difficult to realise the enthusiasm that Sada Yaku roused last year in Europe. In my opinion, she hardly shines in a European rôle, and she certainly did not, in the least, look the part.

June 25, 1903.—A. and I went up to Tokyo. We

had a busy day superintending the building at the Legation, and in the evening we attended a dinner at the American Secretary's, Mr. Ferguson. We met Mr. and Mrs. Griscom, the new American Minister, and his wife. Mr. Griscom is a rising diplomatist. He is only thirty-one, and it is already his second post as Minister. He was in Persia before he came here. Mrs. Griscom is very pretty, *comme-il-faut, et élégante*.

July 1, 1903.—We were to have dined with Prince and Princess Koudacheff, but the day before the dinner, we received an invitation to dine at the German Legation to meet the Prince and Princess of Bavaria, so the Koudacheffs kindly let us off. The Princess has been ill the whole time she has been in Japan. She is better now, so the German Minister was able to arrange this dinner for his Royal guests. The Princess is going home by the *Empress* on the 3rd for an operation for appendicitis. She is the sister of our Crown Princess, Princess Elizabeth, and she is just as charming and as simple. There were only the Legation at dinner besides ourselves, but they mustered pretty strong, and we were twenty-four all told. The Prince of Bavaria took me in, and A. took in the Princess. Both made themselves charming, and towards the end of dinner the Prince told me one or two funny little anecdotes *à propos* of the Japanese servants of the Legation. One of the Japanese "boys" asked him if he had seen the "bellyfare," and it was only after some time that the Prince understood that he meant the "bill of fare." Another "boy" got married, and on being congratulated on the event he made many bows, replying "he was very happy and that his wife had a very nice body." The Princess and I had a nice long chat after dinner, and I quite lost my heart to her, she is so sweet and pretty. They are travelling as the Comte and Comtesse de Hardt, and evidently hate all etiquette and ceremony.



THE GARDEN OF THE BELGIAN LEGATION.

Photos by M. Itaka.

REQUIEM MASS FOR POPE LEO XIII. 339

July 3, 1903.—We travelled down to Yokohama with the Prince and Princess of Bavaria, and I did some shopping, and then we went on board the German mail steamer to say goodbye to the Prince and Princess. The latter had already retired to her cabin, but the Prince took me down to her; she ran out and was very sweet and kissed me twice, and then followed me to say goodbye to A., who had not liked to penetrate so far. I begged her to give my respectful compliments to our Princess Elizabeth, and she replied so simply, "Oh yes, I will certainly tell Elizabeth how glad I have been to know you."

July 26, 1903.—M. Joostens, our Minister in Pekin, lunched with us in Kamakura. He is taking a holiday in Japan, and he told us about the burning by the Boxers of the Belgian Legation, the first Legation to be destroyed, and of the loss of his new furniture, which he had only just brought out. He seemed to bear his misfortunes most philosophically, and he spoke warmly and affectionately of Sir Claude and Lady Macdonald, and of their kindness to him when he was forced to take refuge in the British Legation compound.

July 29, 1903.—A. and I went up to Tokyo for the funeral service next day for Pope Leo XIII. M. Joostens and Captain Troubridge dined with us, and we all went on later to Mr. Ferguson's for bridge.

July 30, 1903.—The Requiem Mass for the Pope took place at the Tsukiji Cathedral, Tokyo. It was most solemn and impressive. My thoughts went back to the Holy Father's jubilee in Rome last year, and to the wonderful sight of this aged and saintly man raised high in his chair, dispensing blessings on the vast congregation at St. Peter's. And once more I heard the echo of those roaring cheers, "Viva el Papa Re!—viva el Papa Re!" rising and falling like the waves of the ocean, as, dignified and benign, the Holy Father with upraised fingers proceeded on his slow progress down the mighty cathedral. All

the Ministers and their staffs were present at the service in Tokyo, and were in uniform, but Baroness Rosen and I were the only ladies of the Corps Diplomatique who attended, many having already left for the country. Tokyo was frightfully hot, and we were indeed delighted that we could return to Kamakura the same day.

August 4, 1903.—M. Joostens came and tiffined with us before returning to his post in China. He has greatly enjoyed his holiday in Japan, and he made no secret how infinitely he would prefer Tokyo to Peking if he could but induce us to exchange! *

September 19, 1903.—Baron and Baroness Sannomiya came to Kamakura to stay with us for a few days after their return from their lovely country place near Nikko.

September 21, 1903.—Danjuro, the great Japanese actor, was buried to-day; his death is looked on as a national loss, and his funeral was carried out with great pomp. I have seen him play many times, and there is no doubt but that he was a wonderful actor—his facial expression was simply marvellous; but what he chiefly excelled in was his women's rôles.

September 23, 1903.—We left Kamakura in a typhoon after our two months' stay in this romantic sea-side resort. At first the tram, on account of the appalling weather, would not run; then we tried to get 'rickshaws, but they likewise refused to go. Finally the tram people relented, and said they would take us on condition that we got out and walked across the bridge. This we did, but I never in my life felt anything like the force of the wind, and every second A. and I expected to be blown over into the river. I can well understand the 'rickshaw men refusing to take us: hampered by their 'rickshaws and their fares, they could certainly never have re-

* Monsieur Joostens, who was created Baron on his return from China, died at his post, Madrid, July 1910—a fortnight before Baron d'Anethan (1912).

sisted the force of the elements. On our arrival in Tokyo we found that the storm was even worse in the city than in Kamakura, that the rain had penetrated everywhere, and especially in all the new portion of our Legation. We were naturally frightfully disgusted at the state of chaos and at the sight of the rain pouring in through the ceilings and streaming down our new walls!

October 1, 1903.—We moved into our renovated and enlarged Legation, and are so delighted to be once more installed in our pretty home.

October 5, 1903.—Miss Aoki wrote me an imploring letter, begging me to take part in the private theatricals which the Aokis are organising. I don't see how I can manage it, as I am so busy, firstly, with settling down in the Legation, and secondly, with the corrections of the proofs of my book of poems. The latter is a tremendous task, as, the printers being Japanese, who are frequently unacquainted with one single word of English, the proofs have to be corrected at least four, and often five and six times.

October 8, 1903.—I went to call on Viscountess Aoki with the intention of refusing to act, but they seemed so bitterly disappointed and were so imploring, that I finally relented, and have undertaken to play in their theatricals.

October 9, 1903.—Japan and Russia are on the eve of a war. It is difficult to see how it can be averted. It does not look as though Russia, in spite of her promises, seems inclined to give up the occupation of Manchuria. Baron Rosen has been to Port Arthur to confer with Viceroy Alexieff, and is back again. All negotiations are being carried on here. The Japanese are most bellicose and equally indignant. Russia thinks the latter are playing a game of bluff, but there they are mistaken, and there is not the slightest doubt but that the Japanese are in deadly earnest.

October 12, 1903.—We attended the funeral of the

342 FUNERAL OF MARQUIS ITO'S MOTHER

mother of Marquis Ito. It was a Buddhist ceremony, and was extremely interesting, taking place in a fine old Buddhist temple in Akasaka. A large number of priests were adorned in marvellous vestments of rich silks and brocades, and the wailing, accompanied by instruments of music, was most pathetic—the personification, indeed, of bitter woe. The funeral of the mother of this popular statesman was attended by immense crowds.

October 13, 1903.—We received a wire from the Foreign Office yesterday announcing the birth of a second son to Prince Albert of Belgium. A. wired our congratulations at 12 a.m. yesterday, and at 7 a.m. this morning we received the Prince's reply thanking us. This is decidedly quick work.

The war clouds are darkening, and there is a feeling of apprehension and of suppressed excitement everywhere.

November 3, 1903.—To-day is the Emperor's birthday. It is a heavenly morning, so I accompanied A. and our Attaché, M. Cuvelier, to the Review. It was a brilliant sight, and the troops marched past grandly. They improve in their marching and their tactics every year. Captain Foote, of H.M.S. *Ocean*, was introduced to me. My nephew Vernon (Commander Haggard) served under him for two years, and seemed a great favourite with both him and Mrs. Foote. Captain Foote spoke of V. as being a rising man in the service, and as "so straight." A. lunched at the Palace, and brought back another *saké* cup, and made the usual speech proposing the Emperor's health. Baron Komura gave the usual man's dinner at the F.O. in honour of the occasion, followed by the ball. The *personnel* of our Legation dined with me, and we all went together. I danced the *quadrille d'honneur* with Prince Kan-in, and Viscount Tanaka took me in to supper, and placed me next to Prince Kan-in. There was a large attendance of the Imperial Princes and Princesses.



THE RECEPTION-ROOMS OF THE BELGIAN LEGATION.

Photos by Ogawa, Tokyo.

November 5, 1903.—A dinner took place at the American Legation in honour of the engagement of Mr. Wilson, First Secretary, and of Miss James. Mr. Huntingdon Wilson has been here eight years.* His fiancée is sweet and very pretty, and I hear likewise wealthy. She was travelling here with her father when he met her.

November 6, 1903.—We gave a lunch in honour of Mr. Huntingdon Wilson and his fiancée, and in the evening we went to a soirée at the Russian Legation, where there was an exhibition of Miss du Cane's charming water-colours of the scenery and flowers of Japan. She and her sister have been travelling in Japan for some months, and it is marvellous the amount of work this artistic lady has accomplished in so short a time by her very clever brush.

November 7, 1903.—The King of England's birthday was fêted to-day at the British Legation instead of on the 9th, on account of the Yokohama Races. An assemblage of over five hundred people took place in the pretty gardens. The Rajah of Kapurthala was there with his suite. He is a fine handsome man, speaking every tongue perfectly; and the only thing that appears native about him is his turban.

November 13, 1903.—The Chrysanthemum Imperial Garden Party took place to-day. The Rajah and Ranee attended the party. The Ranee, who is very handsome, is a tall woman of decidedly Jewish type, and she speaks French perfectly. She was dressed in her graceful native costume. I hear the Rajah speaks of her as his "travelling wife," and I am puzzled as to what nationality this beautiful creature really is. The Emperor was absent at the manœuvres. As usual, the Empress was charming.

November 15, 1903.—To-day is the fête-day of the

* Mr. Huntingdon Wilson is now Assistant Secretary of State in America (1912).

King of the Belgians, and all the colleagues, and the Japanese of the official world, came to the Legation to congratulate A. on the event.

November 16, 1903.—We gave a large dinner party before going on to the Macdonalds' ball in honour of the Rajah of Kapurthala. Both the Rajah and his wife were dressed in native costume, and the Ranee looked lovely and graceful. She did not dance.

November 17, 1903.—We attended the wedding of Miss Sonoda, who was dressed in European dress and looked charming. There was a largely attended reception at the Imperial Hotel, and the Rajah and his wife were present. A. was asked to propose the young couple's health, which he did in appropriate terms, and the reply was pronounced in English by the bridegroom, Mr. Hayashi. The bride has been brought up entirely in England, where her father, who is a rich banker, was for many years Japanese Consul. She is a Christian, and is such a sweet, pretty girl, whom we have known from her childhood.

January 1, 1904.—The New Year's reception at Court took place to-day. It was attended by the whole Corps Diplomatique. The Emperor and the Empress and many Princes and Princesses were present, but not the Prince Imperial, who, so far, has never appeared at these Court functions. There were many handsome Court trains. Baroness Rosen, the Russian Minister's wife, wore the Russian Court dress, which consisted of an electric blue velvet dress and train, the whole embroidered in silver, crowned by the *kokochnik*, the massive Russian head-dress. The whole costume was very becoming to her and was extremely striking. I showed the Empress the ivory and gold lacquer fan she presented to me when I went home on leave nearly three years ago. She seemed pleased at the fact of my using it. A. and I got off as soon as possible, as I was giving a Drawing-room tea, and wanted to get home to receive our

colleagues, and others whom I had invited. It is a long walk through the immense corridors of the Palace, and I found some of my guests had already arrived at the Legation. It was the first reception given in the new Legation, and the carpet of the second drawing-room was only put down the day before. All the reception-rooms were thrown open, and as the wide, glassed-in verandas also open into the rooms, there was plenty of space for the two hundred and fifty guests. Indeed, the apartments would comfortably hold double that number.

People seemed to enjoy themselves, but there was much talk of the war which now seems inevitable. Japan has been more than patient, but they are at last sending troops to Korea. Russia has been asked to reconsider her answer, but it appears the Japanese mind is firmly made up.

January 3, 1904.—We hear to-day that we realised over sixty pounds at our theatricals at Yokohama for the "Union Jack" Club, of which my brother Arthur (Major Haggard) is the active and indefatigable secretary. Sir Claude Macdonald was our kind and patient and experienced stage-manager, and we acted both in Tokyo and Yokohama two plays, *Petticoat Perfidy* and *The Pantomime Rehearsal*. I played the rôle of Mrs. Montrevor in the first play of three women only, Mrs. Barclay and Miss Boville taking the other rôles. With regard to the object of these performances, we succeeded eventually, owing to Sir Claude Macdonald's and my efforts, and at the request of Arthur, through whose energetic exertions such vast sums have been obtained for the Club, in raising the sum of one hundred guineas. Consequently a bedroom, entitled the "Tokyo and Yokohama Bedroom," was established with this money in the Union Jack Club.

January 4, 1904.—We lunched at the British Legation to meet the ex-Vizier of Persia. I sat between him and M. Chinda, Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs,

and found the ex-Vizier an extremely pleasant and enlightened man.

My book of poems, *Love Songs and Other Songs*, was published to-day.

January 20, 1904.—I went to Yokohama for the meeting of the Ladies' Benevolent Association. I am honorary secretary for Tokyo of this excellent society, which is so helpful to destitute persons of all creeds and nationalities.

My little volume of poems is doing well, and I have already had some excellent reviews.

January 25, 1904.—The meeting of the Ladies' Monday Club took place at the German Legation. It was largely attended. Count d'Arco Valley (the German Minister) gave us a lecture on the late Empress Augusta of Germany, and it was followed by a little concert, in which Miss Aoki sang, and the daughter of Marquis Nabeshima performed on the *koto*, a long stringed instrument of many tones and semi-tones. The *koto* is laid on the floor, and the performer wears a species of thimble with which the chords are struck. It is difficult to play well, but when this is accomplished the result is decidedly harmonious.

January 26, 1904.—We gave our first really official dinner of twenty-six in our new Legation. Among the guests were Baron Komura, Minister of Foreign Affairs*; M. Chinda, Vice-Minister, and Madame Chinda; M. Yoshida, Permanent Secretary to the Minister of Foreign Affairs; Sir Claude and Lady Macdonald; M. and Madame Melegari, the Italian Minister and his wife; Count d'Arco Valley, the German Minister; Marquis and Marquise Nabeshima, and several others.

* H.E. Count Komura, to the great loss of his country, died in the autumn of 1911. (1912.)



DINING-ROOM OF THE BELGIAN LEGATION.



HALL OF THE BELGIAN LEGATION.

Photos by Ogawa, Tokyo.

CHAPTER XIV

1904

The Japanese recall their Minister from St. Petersburg—A.'s telegram to his Government—A dinner at the French Legation—A visit to Baroness Rosen—A correct view of the situation—A heated argument—Housing reservists—Miss Ozaki goes off to the war—Rumours—Exciting news—The sinking of the Russian ships—The Emperor's speech—A.'s speech in reply to His Majesty—A lunch at the Palace—The departure of the Russians from Japan—A pathetic send-off—We defer an official dinner—My war song—Two new warships arrive—A victory in a snowstorm—The Russian Legation sale—The Red Cross Society—Monster meeting of the Ladies' Branch of the Red Cross Society—An attempt to block the harbour at Port Arthur—A strenuous day at the Red Cross Hospital—A wet day for the Red Cross concert—Rescuing their enemies—Sir Bryan Leighton—A disappointment—Captain Troubridge, R.N.—Lieutenant Hirose—Reproduced in the *Times*—For the War Fund—General Sir Ian Hamilton—The sinking of the *Petropavlosk*—Lunch with the Minister of War—The *Imon Fujin Kwai*—Facts about the *Petropavlosk*—Admiral Makaroff—Theatricals for the families of those at the front—No Imperial Garden Party—Our theatricals in Yokohama—Kamakura—A murder of bygone days—The Korean Prince—Marching orders—The *Bushido* spirit—Off to the front.

February 6, 1904.—At last the long-expected crisis, and the war cloud has broken! To-day A. went to see Baron Rosen (the Russian Minister), who had just returned from the Foreign Office, where Baron Komura, Minister of Foreign Affairs, had informed him that the Japanese were recalling their Minister, Mr. Kurino, from St. Petersburg. At the same time Baron Komura requested that Baron Rosen and all the staff of the Russian Legation should take their departure from Japan as speedily as it was possible for them so to do. Baron Rosen remarked to A. in calm tones, "C'est une solution comme une autre." A. caught a glimpse of the poor Baroness, whose face showed signs of distress. A. returned at once and sent off his telegram to his Government, "Japon a rompu

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relations avec la Russie," or words to that effect. Baron Rosen had his interview with Komura at two p.m., and A. saw him immediately on his return from the Foreign Office, so A.'s wire, containing the news of the breaking-off of relations, will be among the first received in Europe.

We dined at the French Legation. It was a dinner for Baron Komura, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and for M. Chinda, the Vice-Minister, who, under the circumstances, naturally absented themselves. M. Harmand, the French Minister, told me he had been with the Rosens, who took their dismissal outwardly calmly. Mr. Griscom, the American Minister, sat the other side of me, and I realised that he seemed at first a little surprised that I already knew the facts, as the event so far was supposed to be such a dead secret, and there were certainly many that evening at the table who were quite unaware of what had taken place. The Macdonalds were there.

I feel extremely for the poor Rosens and also for Prince Koudacheff, the First Secretary of the Russian Legation, and for his sister who lives with him. We were all wondering when the Russians would take their departure, some even thinking that they might leave by the Canadian Pacific mail to-morrow. But surely they can never get off at such short notice as that.

February 7, 1904.—We went immediately after lunch to see Baroness Rosen. I found her calmer than I expected. She says that it will be a three years' war, and a war *à la mort*. Nothing is packed. So much for the rumours that have been flying round Tokyo to the effect that all the members of the Russian Legation have been packing secretly at night for weeks. The Rosens' intention is to leave their Italian man-servant to do all the packing and to arrange for the sale. They leave on Friday the 12th, by the French mail, twenty of them all told. It is a pity for their sakes, that they could not get off to-morrow.

Of course we offered them the hospitality of our Legation, but the Baroness says that they will not stir from the house until they leave Thursday evening, to catch the French mail the following morning. She kept herself under great control, but I could see she was very greatly distressed. As for poor Princess Koudacheff, tears were streaming down her face as she asked me to do her a little service, and as we said goodbye and embraced. We are so fond of her and her brother, and I feel intensely for them, as the brother and sister simply adore Japan. As for Baron Rosen, he and A. were Secretaries here together years ago, and he knows the country well and is much liked. How rightly A. has seen the situation all through! He knew well that the Japanese were serious, that from the first they meant business, and he has written to his Government consistently to this effect. Many others have, on the contrary, thought quite to the last that the Japanese were merely bluffing; and my thoughts go back as far as last August, when a Minister of a big Power came to see me at Kamakuru, and to the very excited argument he and I held that extremely hot afternoon on the subject of the possible war between Japan and Russia. Our colleague was as positive on one side as I, quoting A.'s opinions, was on the other, the consequence being we all but anticipated matters by ourselves coming to blows. However, a couple of lemon squashes succeeded in cooling us not only physically but mentally, and we eventually decided to defer discussing the exciting problem till the thermometer marked several degrees lower in the shade.

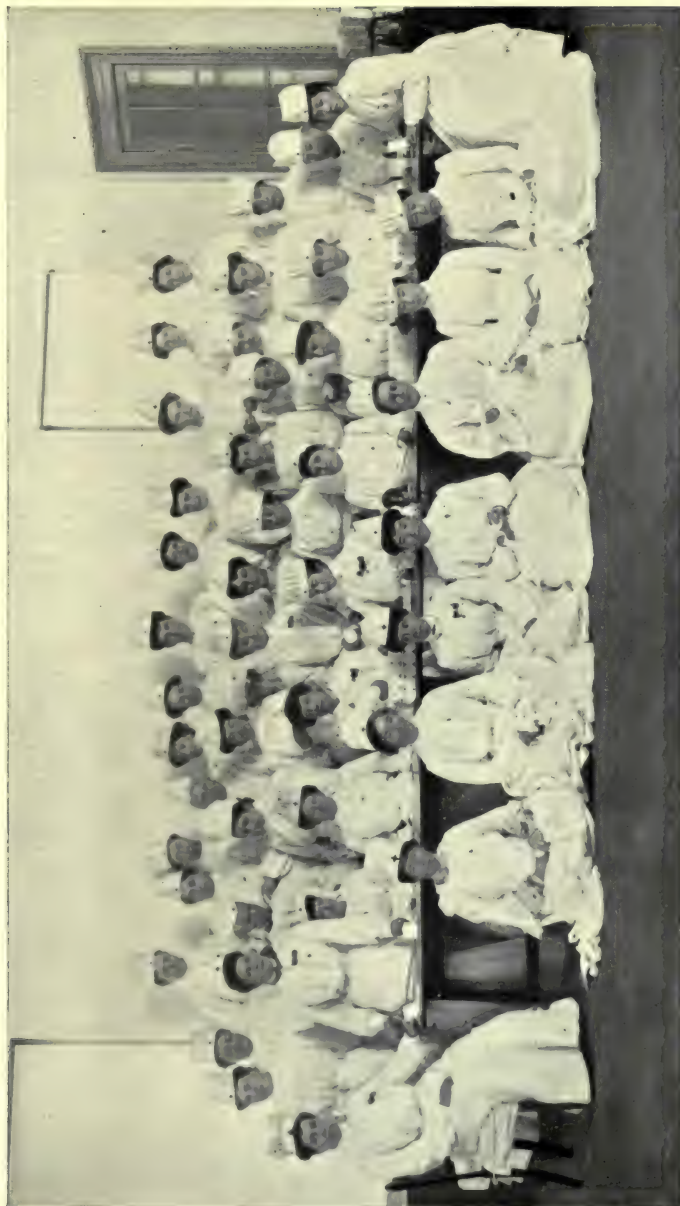
I went on to see Baroness Sannomiya, who has been ill. Of course she is very excited about the news, and she tells me that the Todas and the Inabas have already got many soldiers picketed in their houses. The Baroness is herself making arrangements to receive a certain number of these individuals.

She says they may be sent to her any time, and that she will have to provide everything for them for the space of three days. Afterwards I do not know what happens. These men are reservists passing through Tokyo for the seat of war.

I returned home to find that A. had meanwhile received a hurried visit from Miss Ozaki, who had come with the exciting news that she has been appointed to accompany the war correspondent of the *Times* on the vessel specially chartered by that organ for the purpose of following the movements of the war. She will act as interpreter, among other duties. She is to be sent off at once, and she thinks she is to go first to Korea and afterwards to Wei-hai-wei. What an exciting and adventurous life it will be! Of course she is delighted, and it is indeed a chance for her. I am so sorry to have missed her, and have written her a word of farewell, as she is off to-morrow.

February 9, 1904.—We dined with Viscountess Aoki. Rumours of the capture of certain Russian ships had arrived, but nothing positive was known. On account of the war, no dancing took place that evening, as had been formerly intended.

February 10, 1904.—I met on the road Mr. Denison, the Foreign Adviser to the Japanese Government. He was greatly excited at the news just received, of the Japanese having obliged two Russian battleships to sink outside Chemulpo. The Russians had issued out of the port, and had seen the Japanese signal, "Come on and fight," which they did. Then, the news goes on to say, rather than deliver themselves up to the Japanese, the Russians had sunk their own boats, the crews being saved by a French man-of-war. Triumph number one, for the Japanese. Triumph number two: the Japanese ships in the middle of the night got between Port Arthur and the Russian ships, sank two of the latter by torpedoes, and injured another so severely that it went ashore. So that is



H.I.H. PRINCESS NASHIMOTO (AT TABLE IN CENTRE), LADIES OF THE CORPS DIPLOMATIQUE, AND OTHERS, WHO
WORKED AT THE RED CROSS HOSPITAL, 1904-1905.

five ships in all lost to the poor Russians, and at Chemulpo there was certainly not a single Japanese sailor missing. Now, they say, an awful fight is going on outside Port Arthur, and we shall probably know the result to-night.

Captain Brinkley, editor of the *Japan Mail*, came in to ask me if I had a photo of Baron Rosen. I lent him the one the Baron gave me yesterday. How awful is this calamitous news for our poor friends at the Russian Legation, and to think that they can only get off on Friday! This is but Wednesday. I saw them all yesterday, and I sent my maid there to help them to pack, for they are in a terrible state of excitement and confusion.

On our return from our drive, A. and I found M. Watanabe waiting at our Legation, armed with the Emperor's speech for to-morrow's lunch at the Palace. It was couched in quite different terms from His Majesty's usual remarks. In it he said how he had been forced against his wish to go to war with Russia, but how he was thankful he was in friendly relations with all the other Powers. A. was obliged to write his reply at once—a difficult matter, as every point of the Emperor's speech had to be answered, and yet strict neutrality had to be observed. After it was written, he convoked a meeting at the Legation of all the Chefs de Missions, for that same evening, as the next morning a *maître de cérémonie* was coming to fetch the speech to be translated into Japanese for the Emperor's lunch at twelve the same day. A. wrote his speech in less than an hour. It was perfect in every respect, and when the Ministers and Chargés d'Affaires arrived at 9 p.m. (they one and all turned up), approval was unanimous, not a single alteration being suggested. I hereby insert A.'s reply to His Majesty's speech :

“SIRE.

“Au nom du Corps Diplomatique j'ai l'honneur d'offrir à Votre Majesté l'hommage des vœux très

sincères et très respectueux que nous formons pour son bonheur, celui de Sa Majesté l'Impératrice, et de Leurs Altesses Impériales les Princes de Sa Maison.

"Nous avons entendu avec une vive et douloureuse émotion les paroles par lesquelles Votre Majesté a bien voulu faire savoir aux Représentants accrédités près de Son Auguste Personne le profond regret qu'Elle éprouvait à s'être trouvée dans l'obligation de rompre les relations pacifiques avec une nation voisine.

"Nous sommes les interprètes fidèles de nos Souverains et Chefs d'Etat en exprimant l'espoir que les deux Puissants Empires avec lesquels nous entretenons des relations de constant amitié, ne soient pas longtemps privés des bienfaits de la paix.

"Nous remercions respectueusement Votre Majesté de Sa bienveillance à notre égard, et nous ne manquerons pas de transmettre à Nos Augustes Souverains et Chefs d'Etat avec les souhaits de Votre Majesté pour Leur santé et Leur bonheur, l'expression du désir de Votre Majesté de voir se resserrer encore des relations amicales qui existent si heureusement entre nos Pays et le Japon."

We were dining out that night, but naturally I had to go alone. Several of the Ministers, Sir Claude Macdonald amongst them, had dinners at their own Legations, but all engagements had to be forfeited, as a speech made in the name of all the Representatives had to meet with general approval before being pronounced.

February 11, 1904.—The lunch at the Palace went off successfully, and I am told A. spoke his speech remarkably well. I believe that both the Emperor's speech and A.'s have been telegraphed home to the *Times*.

The Japanese are very jubilant over their victories. The Port Arthur battle was entirely successful, and they succeeded in injuring two more battleships.

One of the chief incidents of this eventful week is

the departure this evening of all the members of the Russian Legation and of the Russian Consulate from Japan. They left at 9 o'clock p.m., and the whole Corps Diplomatique, and many too of the Japanese, mustered to see them off. It was extremely painful, as all seemed to feel it much, though both Baroness Rosen and Princess Koudacheff kept themselves under control. A. gave his arm to Baroness Rosen to convey her down the immensely long station to the railway-carriage. Their reserved carriage was quite at the end of the train, and as they passed, from some of the third-class carriages came a few *hurlements*, which however were promptly suppressed. There was a regular army of mounted police outside the station, and rows and rows of them inside. The Russians mustered eighteen or twenty from Tokyo, and about forty altogether were passengers on board the *Yarra*, the French mail. As we drove to the station we were witnesses of the illuminations at the Ministry of Marine, and of the processions of lanterns in the streets, in honour of the Japanese victories. These manifestations of joy must have been extremely painful for the poor Russians to behold just at the moment of their departure.

February 12, 1904.—A. went down to Yokohama by the early train to bid adieu to the Rosens and to the Koudacheffs. Their boat sailed at 9 a.m. He saw all but Prince Koudacheff, who was still in bed.

We dined at the British Legation. There were rumours that Hakodate was being bombarded by four Russian men-of-war, but it appears this was a *canard*.

February 14, 1904.—We put off our official dinner for the 19th, as we found that all the Japanese were dropping out, and not only I but four of the servants were down with influenza.

My war song, entitled "Alas!" appeared in a prominent place in the *Japan Times*. I did not sign it. I quote it here.

ALAS!

(The Proclamation of the Emperor of Japan, of war against Russia, was issued on February 10, 1904.)

War! bloody war!—the words are quickly hurled,
The threat'ning message rushes 'cross the world!
With triumph wild, athwart the land it flies;
An echoing shout is flung from low'ring skies!
War! bloody war! Deaf'ning the raging roar
Greeting that cry—that awful cry, "'Tis War!"

War! bloody war! The rusty, slumb'ring sword,
Plucked from the sheath, uplifted at the word
Of war, gleams glitt'ring in the Eastern sun;
Points ready, threat'ning, ere the fight's begun!
War! bloody war! Deaf'ning the raging roar
Greeting that cry—that tragic cry, "'Tis War!"

War! bloody war! Up to the list'ning skies
Triumphant shouts triumphantly arise!
Shouts of fierce thousands in their frenzied ire
Are drowned in one resounding yell, "Men, fire!"
War! bloody war! Deaf'ning the raging roar
Greeting that cry—momentous cry, "'Tis War!"

War! bloody war! With furious, frantic roar,
Onwards they rush, until they're drowned in gore!
Onwards they charge! with sabre lifted high!
Charge! thrust! and hurl! for life and victory!
War! bloody war! Deaf'ning the raging roar
Greeting the cry—triumphant cry, "'Tis War!"

War! bloody war! Across the swelling sea
Gigantic warships range—exultant—free!
No dread of death appals the hearts of those
Who die as nobly as their noble foes!
War! bloody war! deaf'ning the raging roar
Greeting the cry—the cannon's cry, "'Tis War!"

War! bloody war! shoulder to shoulder stand!
Mowed down like grass, strewing the blood-stained land;
Riddled by shot, in Death's grim agony,
Falling they fight, fighting they fall and—die!
War! bloody war! Deaf'ning the raging roar
Greeting the cry—ah! piteous cry, "'Tis War!"

War! bloody war! Forgotten bitter tears
That stain the mother's cheek—the woe—the fears—
Distress—death—barren fields, in that clear cry,
"To arms! Men, stand! Fight on for Victory!"
War! bloody war! Deaf'ning the raging roar
Greeting the cry—the clarion cry, "'Tis War!"

TOKYO, February 11, 1904.



THE TERRACE, BELGIAN LEGATION.



THE LAKE, BELGIAN LEGATION.

Photos by Captain Perkins.

February 15, 1904.—Great preparations are being made for the reception of the British naval men who are bringing out the two new Japanese warships. There is immense enthusiasm over this event. They have already arrived at Yokosuka.

February 17, 1904.—The Humes came to see us. Colonel Hume, the British Military Attaché, is told to hold himself in readiness to join the army.

February 19, 1904.—The Japanese had on the 14th another victory at Port Arthur. It took place in the middle of the night in a heavy snowstorm. They succeeded with two destroyers in the pitch dark night in injuring two Russian battleships. The whole performance was very gallant. They were fired on by the Russian ships, but the Japanese waited before retiring to hear the explosion on the enemy's ships. There were no casualties on the Japanese side.

February 23, 1904.—I was the whole day at the Russian Legation sale. We are furnishing two more bedrooms, but I found being in this house, where frequently I had been so hospitably entertained, very painful and pathetic under these circumstances. There were crowds there.

February 24, 1904.—I was enrolled as a member of the Ladies' Branch of the Red Cross Society. I am already a member of the Red Cross Society, having been presented with a medal after the Chinese War. I went to the Red Cross Hospital and worked for three or four hours rolling bandages. Baroness Sannomiya and Marchioness Nabeshima, who both superintend matters, were there, also Princess Fushimi. There were altogether over thirty ladies, I being the only European. It was most interesting, and business was conducted with the greatest method. I shall go as often as I can. I am also busy at home making caps and other things for the wounded.

Viscountess Aoki and her daughter came in to tea. They want me to act in a play for the Red Cross Society.

Sunday, February 28, 1904.—Baroness Sannomiya lunched, and she and I went on later to the meeting of the Ladies' Branch of the Red Cross Society, which took place in the grounds of Prince Kan-in's palace. Prince and Princess Kan-in, the Dowager Princess Kitashiragawa, Princess Fushimi, Princess Kwacho, and Princess Nashimoto were there. We were all standing in one immense room, when the members of the Imperial Family came in. The report was then read, and Count Matsukata, who is head of the Red Cross Society in Japan, made a speech in Japanese of which I understood the drift—namely, that the war would probably last a long time, that our patience would be taxed to the utmost, and that he was grateful to those ladies who were working for the cause. We stood during the meeting, and Marchioness Nabeshima, who is either Vice-President or holds some other high office, also made a little speech. I should say there were about three hundred persons present. The Princesses and the members of the Committee wore their nurse's dress, but all the other ladies were *en japonaise*.

Following the meeting we proceeded into the garden, and were photographed with all the Imperial Princesses. It was very interesting for me, as I was the only European, with the exception of Baroness Sannomiya, who is of course Japanese by marriage. Later, we were given a very nice tea. I sat with the Princesses, and with Prince Kan-in, who was very kind and who looked after our wants.

The Japanese made an attempt, I think it was on the 14th, to block the harbour of Port Arthur, by sinking old transports. Two thousand men volunteered for this dangerous feat, though only a few were chosen for each of the transports, and as they sank, the men were picked up by torpedo boats. It proved an unsuccessful attempt, but nevertheless it was wonderfully plucky, many of the sailors being

eleven hours in row-boats on a tempestuous sea, before being picked up.

March 3, 1904.—We had a very hard day at the Red Cross Hospital rolling bandages. Several European ladies are now joining the Society. Every bandage used during the war will come from the rooms in which we work. To-day we made over seven hundred bandages. We all wear long white overalls and nurse's caps, and look very imposing and business-like.

March 5, 1904.—It was a melancholy, pelting day for the Red Cross concert, got up by Lady Macdonald and myself. All the morning I was receiving wires and telephone messages from guests in Yokohama whom we expected to lunch, and eventually only eight instead of eighteen turned up to tiffin. I had to be at the Uyeno Musical Academy to receive Princess Kan-in, who honoured the concert, and I had to go alone, as A. was indisposed. I waited at the door for over twenty minutes, as she was late, and when she eventually arrived with her lady, Madame Nabeshima, I conducted her up to the little waiting-room where Sir Claude Macdonald joined us. Then we proceeded to the Princess's seat, when the concert commenced at once. The concert was a good one, and the room was full, in spite of the weather, and we ought to make a good deal of money.

March 10, 1904.—The Japanese had another naval victory, destroying one of the Russian torpedo boats. The Japanese behaved with immense gallantry. When they realised that the Russian torpedo was sinking, they made, in an excessively heavy sea, two voyages for the purpose of saving the officers and men. Eventually, just as the torpedo was disappearing beneath the waves, they put out once again to rescue their own flag, which had been hoisted on the sinking torpedo. They hurled it down just as the boat was vanishing from sight.

Our old friend Admiral Makaroff is now the

366 ATTEMPT TO BLOCKADE PORT ARTHUR

Admiral of the Russian Fleet. He is a very clever and charming man, and a great tactician, though many people say he arrives too late.

March 14, 1904.—A dinner took place at the German Legation. Sir Bryan Leighton was there. I have met him several times. He is an interesting man, fond of adventure, and I fancy has come out here as an amateur war-correspondent. He was Lord Dudley's aide-de-camp when the latter was Viceroy of Ireland.

March 22, 1904.—I heard that my brother, Rider Haggard, has renounced his trip here on account of the war. I am bitterly disappointed to think that I shall not see him. He and his daughter were both coming to stay with us. Now they have decided not to go farther than Egypt.

March 27, 1904.—We gave a farewell lunch for Captain Troubridge, R.N., the British Naval Attaché.* He has been on a Japanese man-of-war during the campaign, and has witnessed all the fighting that has, so far, taken place. He has to go home now to a ship, and expects his promotion before long. The Emperor has given him a very high decoration, which he deserves. He is replaced by Captain Pakenham, R.N.

March 28, 1904.—We heard of the second attempt of the Japanese to blockade Port Arthur by sinking seven transports. Not entirely successful, but nevertheless a decided hindrance. As usual, the act was a very gallant one. Brave and noble Lieutenant Hirose had already got safely away when he went back to rescue a sailor, and he was killed by a shell just as he was stepping into a boat from the sinking transport. The Japanese have also won a slight engagement on shore, their first fight on land.

March 31, 1904.—The Emperor's speech and A.'s reply have both been wired home, and appeared

* Now Rear-Admiral Troubridge, Chief of the War Staff of the Admiralty (1912).

EXPLOSION ON THE *PETROPAVLOSK* 367

translated into English in the *Times* of the 15th. A letter received mentions A.'s speech as "a marvel of clever diplomacy."

April 7, 1904.—There has been no war news for ages.

April 9, 1904.—Captain Boyle (who brought over the two Japanese men-of-war from Italy, and was consequently received by the Japanese with the greatest enthusiasm), Sir Bryan Leighton, and others came to lunch. We went on later to a variety show for the relief of those at the front. An English play was translated into Japanese, and was acted admirably by the Misses Lloyd. I sat next Lieutenant-General Sir Ian Hamilton, of Majuba, and many other battles, fame.

April 11, 1904.—We gave an official dinner. Baron Terauchi, Minister of War, Count and Countess Toda, and many Japanese, Sir Claude and Lady Macdonald, and other members of the Corps Diplomatique were present. General Sir Ian Hamilton dined with us, and came in his uniform. Sir Ian is a perfectly charming man.

April 14, 1904.—The Russians have met with a terrible catastrophe. Admiral Makaroff, Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Fleet, and the whole staff, were drowned through the sinking of the battleship *Petropavlosk*. There are rumours going about of all sorts and kinds. Some say the Russians struck a mine, some say the explosion took place in the bombardment off Port Arthur, and some say they blew themselves up. So far there is no official news from the Japanese, but it is confirmed from all other sources.

A. attended a great lunch given by Baron Terauchi, the Minister of War, at the Arsenal Gardens to all the military officers now in Tokyo, who are waiting to follow the war. Only the Ministers who have officers here were invited, with the exception of A., who has of course no officers, but who was,

nevertheless, "bidden to the feast." I am glad he was well enough to attend this most interesting lunch of eighty-eight in those perfectly lovely gardens.

I attended the committee meeting of the *Imon Fujin Kwai*, a society for the relief of the families of those at the front. Lady Macdonald, Mrs. Wood (wife of the American Military Attaché), and I are the three European ladies on the committee. All the others are Japanese, and Baroness Sannomiya is Japanese by marriage. Princess Mori is the President of this committee. After the meeting the whole committee, which consists of over thirty ladies, were photographed in the garden for *Harper's Magazine*.

April 15, 1904.—I went down to Yokohama to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Payne for a fête given for the relief of the families of those at the front. I travelled down with Captain Boyle, who brought over the Japanese men-of-war (the *Kishin* and the *Kasaga*), and with Sir Claude Macdonald. The latter told me that he had heard through a telegram (from the Consul in Korea, I believe) that the night before the catastrophe of the *Petropavlosk* the Japanese had laid a mine, or rather—Captain Boyle says—it must have been a bed of mines. They had gone out in torpedo boats outside of Port Arthur for this object. Two Russian torpedo boats ventured forth and fought them, the Japanese sinking one, the other retreating back into Port Arthur. The next day the Japanese sent out four decoy cruisers. The unfortunate Russian fleet took the bait, started forth, and proceeded to fight, the fatal result being that the *Petropavlosk*, with Admiral Makaroff on board, went straight on the mine! There were seven hundred souls on board, including Grand Duke Cyril, and six hundred at least were blown to pieces or drowned. Poor Makaroff! I feel bitterly grieved for him. He was a fine fellow and the Russians' most efficient Admiral. I knew him intimately, we having spent a summer with him at the Fujiya Hotel at Myano-



THE PRINCESSES MANIPULATING A LAY FIGURE DURING WAR TIME,
1904-1905.



shita, some years ago. I have framed his signed photograph which he gave me at that time. What a wonderful victory for the Japanese! This surely must be the end of the Russian fleet. The very next day two Russian men-of-war collided in the harbour of Port Arthur, injuring each other considerably. There certainly seems to be a fate against the unfortunate Russians, their ill-luck pursuing them time after time.

April 18, 1904.—Our theatrical performance—at which we have been working very hard for some time—for the relief of the families of those at the front took place this evening. We were favoured with a crammed house. The *pièce à deux*, *A Fair Encounter*, played by Miss Boville and myself, went off without a hitch, and we were much applauded, the audience seeming very good-tempered and amused. We were loaded with flowers. Herr Jünker directed the orchestra, which was excellent, and Princess Kan-in honoured the performance with her presence. Mrs. Barclay's piece, acted with Mr. Brady, of Yokohama, was also a great success. It was entitled *The Highwayman*, by Justin McCarthy, and the scene was laid in the eighteenth century. Mrs. Barclay looked quite lovely, and acted, as did Mr. Brady, extremely well.

April 19, 1904.—The Press is extremely complimentary about our theatricals.

April 20, 1904.—The Imperial Garden Party was to have taken place to-day, but it was hopelessly wet, so it was put off. Our second evening of theatricals went off without a hitch, before a very full house, and the audience were just as appreciative and appeared as greatly amused, as on the 18th.

April 23, 1904.—We went down to Yokohama for the performance of our theatricals on the Yokohama stage. A. and I stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Payne for the occasion. We had conveyed from Tokyo

all the stage properties and furniture of the Tokyo Dramatic Society. The house was simply crammed, and the reception from our kind and appreciative Yokohama audience was the most enthusiastic I have ever received. Both pieces went without a hitch, and I received banks of flowers. The audience seemed to delight in *A Fair Encounter*, and all through there was one unceasing ripple of laughter. Mrs. Barclay and Mr. Brady also acted splendidly, and a gavotte danced by them was encored.

April 24, 1904.—A. and I and some friends went down to Kamakura to join Colonel Hume, the British Military Attaché, and Mrs. Hume. We went later on for a walk in the beautiful neighbourhood. The spot was pointed out to us where, in the very early days of the Restoration, two young English officers were killed. In those days the anti-foreign feeling was extremely pronounced, and it was a menace to public safety, and especially to members of the foreign community, to meet a procession of turbulent and undisciplined two-sworded *samurai* escorting their *daimio* on his travels or on a visit of state. The warlike class of *samurai* disapproved entirely of the introduction into Japan of the hated foreigner, and on this occasion these two officers, members, I believe, of one of the English regiments quartered at Yokohama, were riding in the vicinity and managed to unfortunately irritate a band of turbulent men-of-arms whom they met on the road. A fight ensued, and the two young men and others with them were attacked by the long swords, the result being the murder of the perfectly innocent young Englishmen. My Japanese maid, a woman over sixty, tells me she can, as a girl of fifteen or sixteen, perfectly well remember the grand funeral given to the two gentlemen, whose bones now repose in the cemetery of Yokohama.

April 25, 1904.—A. returned to Tokyo for the re-

ception given in honour of the Korean Prince who has come to Japan as a special ambassador, and is the honoured guest of the Emperor at the Shiba detached Palace.

April 26, 1904.—I left Kamakura, and I travelled back to Tokyo with Sir Claude and Lady Macdonald and General Sir Ian Hamilton, who were coming from Myanoshita. The latter told me that all the officers and the Military Attachés have received their marching orders to proceed to the front next Saturday.

April 29, 1904.—The Russians have torpedoed and sunk a Japanese transport. Many of the soldiers declined to give themselves up, their officers ordering them to stand in a row, and to shoot at the big guns of the Russians with their rifles! Then they were torpedoed again, and many committed suicide rather than fall into the hands of the Russians. Their gallantry is really marvellous. Imagine these heroic fellows returning the fire of the Russian cannons with their little rifles, and then committing *hari-kiri* rather than yield! This is indeed the true *Bushido* spirit.

April 30, 1904.—A. and I went to the station to assist at the send-off of the Military Attachés and of the officers going to the front. General Sir Ian Hamilton was in khaki, and Captain Jardine was in his Lancer uniform. Colonel Hume, British Military Attaché, Baron Corvisart, French Military Attaché, Major von Etzel, German Military Attaché, Captain von Dani, Austrian Military Attaché, and Major Caviglia, Italian Military Attaché, were all there in their varied uniforms. I felt great sympathy for the deserted wives of these gentlemen, as no one knows at present where they are to be sent. They will only receive their orders *en route*. The Japanese are most secretive, and quite right too. Letters will be irregular, and the officers have to carry all their money with them, nothing being allowed to be sent

by cheque. There was an enormous crowd at the station, and in the end Colonel Hume and Baron Corvisart just escaped being left behind, having to tear after the train and jump in as it was going at full pace.

CHAPTER XV

1904

Military lunch—Colonel Haldane—General Sir William Nicholson—Miss McCaul—The Battle of the Yalu—Heroic to the last—Port Arthur is blocked—Sports at the Peeresses' School—Details of the blocking affair at Port Arthur—Destruction of the *Hatsuse* and the *Yoshino*—Visit of the Empress to the Red Cross Hospital—A lunch at Marquis Oyama's—The Battle of Nan-shan—A tragic funeral procession—An official dinner—A loss of two Japanese transports—A narrow escape for the Naval Attachés—The true *Bushido* spirit—A land victory—A letter from Colonel Hume—An imperial request—A false alarm—Some interesting details—Was it a spy?—An interesting photograph—The Empress's delicate attention—A visit to the wounded officers at the Red Cross Hospital—The typhoons commence—I re-visit the wounded officers—Some pathetic incidents—An Imperial acceptance—The officers following the war—For the families of the wounded—Departure of distinguished officers for the front—A great slaughter—The Russians in close quarters—Danger for the *Korea*—The *Korea* is safe—A visit to Hakone—Sir Hiram Wilkinson—Village rejoicings over a Japanese victory—Two letters from the front.

May 1, 1904.—We gave a lunch, which was attended by, among others, General Sir William Nicholson, Colonel Haldane,* the Honourable Miss Colburne, Baroness Corvisart, Mrs. Hume, and Madame von Dani. The three last-named are the bereft grass-widows of the Military Attachés who have proceeded to the seat of war. Both Sir William Nicholson and Colonel Haldane are charming men; the former has held many important posts in the War Office, and has been sent here to study Japanese tactics at the seat of war. It was Colonel Haldane who, during the Boer War, was imprisoned with Mr. Winston Churchill, and who, after living underground for a long space of time, managed to make his escape. He has written an interesting book, a copy of which he has kindly presented to me, relating his experiences at that time. Talking of the *Kinshu Maru* affair

* Now General Haldane (1912).

(the Japanese transport which was sunk by the Russians), and of the fact of the two hundred officers and men commanded by Captain Sakurai going down with the boat rather than yielding to the enemy, Sir William Nicholson said to me, "Of course an enemy such as that, who calmly commit suicide, sinking with their boat rather than surrendering, an enemy with no dread whatsoever of death, on the contrary, who glory in sacrificing themselves for their Emperor and their country—such an enemy is unconquerable. There is no other nation on earth who would act like this."

I heard from my brother Arthur (Major Haggard), enclosing the receipt for the one hundred guineas Sir Claude Macdonald and I collected and sent for the bedroom of the Union Jack Club, so now there exists a "Tokyo and Yokohama Bedroom." He also writes introducing to me Miss McCaul, who has been sent out, by the Queen of England's desire, for the purpose of examining the Japanese methods of nursing. She is on the Union Jack Club committee.

May 2, 1904.—Details are received of the Japanese success in crossing the Yalu. It was a terrible fight, in which the Japanese lost 800 men and the Russians nearly 3,000, the result being a complete victory for the Japanese. They took thirty officers and many men as prisoners, captured twenty-eight guns, and destroyed seven fortifications. This all happened yesterday, the 1st, though with hard fighting they got across the Yalu actually on April 30, having constructed two bridges at different parts of the river.

I am told that those magnificent two hundred who calmly went down on the *Kinshu Maru*, as they were sinking, gave three cheers (*banzais*) for the Emperor and their country!

May 7, 1904.—Important news is received that the Japanese have eventually succeeded in blocking Port Arthur by sinking nine more merchant ships.



H.E. VISCOUNT AOKI.



Comte Toda

H.E. COUNT TODA, GRAND
MASTER OF CEREMONIES.



Général, Katsura,

H.E. GENERAL PRINCE
KATSURA.



顯光中田爵子

H.E. COUNT TANAKA.



May 8, 1904.—Admiral Foote, who has just been promoted, and his wife, came to lunch to-day.

May 10, 1904.—We attended the athletic sports at the Peeresses' School. They were very interesting this year, and the Empress and all the Princesses were present. A. and I were the only diplomats. Miss McCaul was introduced to me. She is travelling with a friend, Miss St. Aubyn, and the American nurse, Dr. Magee, and her staff were also there. The young peeresses did bandage rolling and ambulance work. They went through the operation wonderfully quickly, and with great efficiency, and all the foreign nurses who were present were naturally much interested. The Empress kindly sent for A. and for me up to her tribune, and spoke a few words to us, saying how glad she was to see us there, etc.

May 12, 1904.—Rumours were received yesterday that the Russians were occupied in blowing up the remains of their fleet in Port Arthur, great explosions being heard.

There are details of the last successful blocking affairs in the papers. It appears that the day after the Japanese fleet started on this operation a great storm at sea came on. The Admiral signalled to them to return, but the storm had separated the vessels, and, not seeing the signals, they proceeded with their noble operation, one after the other blowing up and sinking their own particular vessel. The storm was so terrific and the waves were so high that it was impossible to save any of these noble men, as was successfully achieved on former occasions with the torpedo boats. Thus they calmly blew up their vessels in the knowledge that they were going to sure and certain death. Some few were picked up, but I gather that many hundreds, at least, were drowned. The Japanese performed this heroic work under a most tremendous and deadly fire from the Russian forts, and of course many were slain

independently of those who were drowned with the sinking of the vessels.

A lunch was given by Baron and Baroness Sannomiya, but just at the last the Emperor commanded a lunch at the Palace, so our host, and Baron Komura, and several other high Japanese who were lunching with the Sannomiyas, had to proceed instead to the Palace.

I heard to-day that we made 21,000 yen (£210) by our theatricals for the relief of the families of those at the front. We are very pleased at the result.

May 19, 1904.—The news arrived of a terrible Japanese disaster. The finest battleship the Japanese possessed, the *Hatsuse*, has been blown up by a Russian mine. There has also been a collision of the *Yoshino* with the *Kasuga*, the former going to the bottom. The *Hatsuse* was twice hit by the mine, and the second time she went down. They say, with the loss of these two ships, that eight hundred souls have perished. It is the first great disaster for the Japanese, though they have lost several torpedo boats in this dangerous mine-removing business.

May 20, 1904.—This terrible news with many details is in all the papers to-day.

May 23, 1904.—I was due at the Red Cross Hospital at 9.30 a.m. The occasion was a visit from the Empress for the purpose of receiving in audience the ladies of the Diplomatic body who have been working at the hospital. We were adorned in our caps and aprons, and were placed by protocol at different tables rolling bandages. The wives of the Ministers were at one table, the Secretaries' wives were at another, and the Princesses had a table to themselves. It was past eleven when Her Majesty arrived in our room. She received us each, one by one, in audience, starting with me, as *doyenne*. She thanked me very charmingly for all I had done, and was doing, and was going to do. I replied I was only too happy to give my services, but that I

trusted that there would soon be no further occasion for this sad employment, and that I prayed with all my heart that peace might soon be proclaimed.

May 24, 1904.—A lunch party took place at Marquis Oyama's country house. He is the General who captured Port Arthur in the Chino-Japanese War. It was a large party, of which the chief element was military. Marquis Oyama took me in, and he had Mrs. Griscom, the wife of the American Minister, the other side of him. General Kodama was there; he is the soul of the General Staff, pulls many of the strings, and is wonderfully clever. A certain diplomatist who was the other side of me affirmed emphatically that A. is the only one of the Ministers here who believes in the final success of the Japanese, and he offered to bet me £10 that they would eventually be beaten by the Russians. When he saw, however, how very willingly and promptly I accepted the bet, he retracted, giving as an excuse that he had no wish to wound the feelings of a colleague! I replied that so far A. had proved himself right in every prognostication. All along he had known that the Japanese were seriously determined to go to war. Likewise, when many others were loudly announcing the contrary, he was consistent, not only in expressing generally his opinion, but in also writing to his Government his most firm conviction that the Japanese would be every bit as successful in their land engagements as they hitherto had proved themselves on sea. Consequently, I added indignantly, I should certainly continue to have every confidence in my husband's opinion, even though it differed from the whole Corps Diplomatique.

I felt considerably better after I had expressed myself thus strongly. Of course many people affirm that the Japanese money will ere long become exhausted, but they are prepared to make every sacrifice, and I expect they will succeed in contriving for it to last as long as is necessary. It is afterwards

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that they will feel the pinch. Meanwhile, the Japanese have just made a big loan, covered I don't know how many times.

May 27, 1904.—We have heard that the Japanese are once more victorious, having captured Kin-chow, and later on, Nan-shan. The Battle of Nan-shan was a terrible fight of sixteen hours, the Russians having laid mines, and having entrenched themselves in every possible way. The Russians had the advantage, being on the hill, and they had taken every precaution, having laid these subterranean mines, and making use of barbed wire, etc., all of which obstacles had to be overcome before the Japanese could make a breach. The Japanese, to quote the *Japan Times*, made "repeated and unsuccessful charges upon the enemy, dashing at the openings between the defence works, the failure being due to the fact that officers and men were invariably shot down as soon as they reached within twenty or thirty metres of the enemy. At the same time we made a renewed and final charge which led to the complete repulse of the enemy and to the capture of the position."

All the guns in the fort were captured, and 400 Russians were left on the battlefield, while the Japanese lost 3,000—a terrible slaughter, and their victory was indeed dearly bought. Nevertheless these places have certainly to be taken if they wish to capture Port Arthur. The combined fleet assisted the land operations from the commencement, and two Russian shells alighted on two of the Japanese battleships, killing two officers and many men, but not injuring the ships, which is certainly fortunate, as the Japanese cannot afford to lose many of their battleships.

May 29, 1904.—I watched pass, from the bottom of the hill that leads to our Legation, the funeral cortège of many of the poor fellows killed in the *Yoshino* and *Hatsuse*. It was a most pathetic and

solemn procession, and it was heartbreaking to listen to the sound of the muffled drums and to see coffin after coffin go slowly by, many containing, we were told, but a limb or lock of hair of the deceased.

I sent Viscount Inaba 100 yen for tickets sold for his show for the Relief Fund, and I have still 20 or 30 yen to send him.

May 31, 1904.—We gave an official dinner of twenty-four, including Marquis Ito,* M. and Madame Kato, and various colleagues. Mr. and Mrs. Cæsar Hawkins came from Yokohama to stay with us for it. I had a long and interesting conversation with M. Kato, late Minister of Foreign Affairs and late Japanese Minister in London. We have a great affection for both him and his wife. He told me that the gallant Hirose, who was killed by a shell in the act of rescuing a sailor, was an intimate friend of his. He had the very greatest admiration for his character, and he bemoaned the loss to his country of one so brave, so noble, and so single-hearted.

June 10, 1904.—We had General Sir William Nicholson and Colonel Haldane to dine, both of whom were very pleasant and interesting.

June 16, 1904.—A. and I, Mrs. Hawkins, Baron Chazall, and Mr. Albert Iitaka (who has succeeded his late father as the Legation interpreter) started on an expedition to Shoji Lake, which ideally lovely spot lies almost at the foot of Fujiyama. We had glorious weather and a delightful trip lasting a whole week.

During this week the Japanese lost two transports, the *Hitachi Maru* and the *Sado Maru*. They were surprised by the Vladivostock Fleet, which came out from the harbour. The *Hitachi Maru* was completely riddled, the Russian men-of-war being only

* Just a few years later, in 1909, Prince Ito was shot by a Korean, at the railway-station at Harbin, and half an hour after the attack this great statesman succumbed to his wounds. This murder was a national disaster, and the grief of the Emperor at the loss of this faithful adviser and friend was outwardly proved by the magnificence of the funeral accorded to the famous statesman. (1912.)

two hundred yards off. It appears the boat was honeycombed through and through, and that the scene on board was simply a living hell, only thirty-six of the crew escaping. The English captain, Captain Campbell, and some other Englishmen, the first officer and the engineers, were all slain. Many Japanese committed *hari-kiri* or shot themselves. The flag was destroyed by an officer, who immediately afterwards was killed by a shell. A shell burst in a cabin, slaying at the same moment twelve officers and wounding many others. Many on the *Sado Maru* escaped, but everything on board was lost, and, we are told, amongst other things our bandages, which we have been fabricating all the summer. The Naval Attachés who were on the *Manchuria*, a boat captured from the Russians, just escaped being caught. If they had been a day earlier they would certainly have been captured, but they were stopped in the Inland Sea and prevented proceeding farther. It would indeed have been a triumph for the Russians if they had succeeded in not only recapturing their own man-of-war taken from them quite at the commencement of the hostilities, but if also they had secured as prisoners-of-war all the foreign Naval Attachés who had ventured forth to see the fun! About the same date the Japanese had a great victory on land, the Battle of the Teulitz, in which thousands of Russians were left dead on the field, and in which comparatively but few Japanese were killed.

June 20, 1904.—My Japanese teacher, Mrs. Inagaki, to-day translated to me a very interesting letter. It was written from the seat of war by a Japanese officer to his wife, a friend of Mrs. Inagaki's. This gentleman gives a thrilling account of the Battle of Nan-shan, of the terrible fight of many hours, of the assault of the hill on which the Russians were entrenched, and of the difficulties which had to be overcome before a breach could be made. He mentions the thousands of killed and wounded left



BARON d'ANETHAN

on the field and shot down before the enemy was repulsed, and the position captured. All this is described in graphic language, and he finally concludes his letter with this remark, expressing in plain words the true spirit of *Bushido*. "Alas!" he writes, "to think that I still live. But I am indeed unworthy of the honour of giving my life, or even of being wounded, for my Emperor and my country!"*

June 24, 1904.—Sir Claude Macdonald called and brought me a letter of Colonel Hume's to read. There was nothing very interesting in the letter, as the Military and Naval Attachés are allowed to write no particulars, not even the name of the place where they are at the moment. So far the Military Attachés appear to be seeing nothing, their time seeming to be chiefly employed in having indigestion and in playing bridge. It appears to me they would have been just as well off in Tokyo, though no doubt, later on, they will come in for more exciting experiences.

June 25, 1904.—Baroness Sannomiya dined with us. She told me that the Empress does me the honour of wishing for a copy of my book of Poems, so I am having a special copy bound in white satin to present to Her Majesty.

June 26, 1904.—I went to the Métropole Hotel after Mass at the Cathedral, to invite Miss McCaul and Miss St. Aubyn to dinner to-night. The former was most interesting in the account of their experiences. They were almost caught, she told me, in that transport business in the Inland Sea, but providentially being delayed by a fog, they arrived just twelve hours after all was over. Their transport had 160 wounded on board. When they were about thirty miles from Moji, suddenly, at eleven o'clock at night, their boat was stopped. They immediately imagined that they were surrounded by the Russians, then perceived, to their relief, that they were friends, not enemies, in their

* I heard later on that this gallant soldier finally achieved his great desire, and that he was nobly slain in some following battle. (1912.)

vicinity, and that many Japanese torpedo boats were near. They were ordered to extinguish all lights on board, and, conducted by the torpedo boats, the transport had to steam back as fast as possible whence it had come. They were obliged to dress in complete darkness, and were told to tie up any valuable papers, ready, if necessary, to drop overboard at once. In fact, they were warned to be prepared for any emergency.

Miss McCaul, Miss St. Aubyn, Mr. Ferguson, and Mr. Laughlin dined with us. It was an extremely interesting little dinner, all thanks to Miss McCaul. She told us how, on this trip for the purpose of visiting and inspecting the field-hospitals, the two ladies had seen the Russian prisoners, and had stayed a long time with them. The only condition imposed by the Japanese was that they were not to talk about the war with the prisoners. She says that the Russian prisoners are treated magnificently, with great generosity, and with every kindness and consideration. The two ladies also inspected the battlefield of the Yalu, and have picked up some bits of shell and some Russian bullets as interesting souvenirs. Everything connected with field-hospital arrangement was splendid, she disapproving of only one thing—the *placement* and arrangements of the field-hospital at Antung. She says that, in her opinion, it is in a somewhat unhealthy situation. She told us that it is presumed that it was a spy on board the *Sado Maru* who informed the Russians by wireless telegraphy of the fact of those two transports being where they were, as otherwise there was no means of knowing their whereabouts. What a ghastly result to rest for ever on the conscience!

June 29, 1904.—It is terrifically hot, and really I have not the courage to go for my work to the Red Cross Hospital to-day.

July 3, 1904.—Miss McCaul and her friend, Mrs. Hume, Miss Boville, Mr. Hayashi, the Japanese

Minister to Korea, and Captain Hutchinson, R.N., the extra Naval Attaché, came to lunch.

I went on later to tea with Lady Macdonald. Sir Claude showed me an excellent photo of himself and five other K.C.B.'s, including Sir William Nicholson, Sir Ian Hamilton, General Fukushima, and Admiral Ijuin.

July 6, 1904.—It was a terribly hot day, but, in spite of it, Lady Macdonald called for me, and we went together to the Red Cross Hospital. The Empress sent her Grande Maitresse, Viscountess Takakura, and also Miss Kitashima, to again thank us. They brought us tea and some delicious ice-cream, by H.M.'s desire—a delicate attention much appreciated by many thirsty and weary workers. Baroness Sannomiya made a little speech, and I replied, thanking Her Majesty for her kind thought, and saying how very happy we were to assist in the work. After tea, twelve of us European ladies were taken round by Baroness Sannomiya and a doctor to visit twenty-four of the wounded officers in their wards. All was comfortably arranged in apple-pie order, and so spotlessly clean. Each officer had his own little room laid down with matting, and a table, iron bedstead, chairs, etc., and for each six rooms there was a special bathroom, most beautifully fresh and airy. I spoke to all in Japanese, my very imperfect knowledge of the language carrying me far indeed. There was, however, one officer who spoke the most extraordinary book-English, and another who knew a few words, though it mostly amounted to "Yes, sir," or "No, sir," to every remark I made. They were all so jolly and bright, and looked so fresh, dressed in nice white cotton *kimonos*, with the Red Cross embroidered on the sleeves. They were intensely proud of their wounds, and showed us many of them, one man baring his breast, and exhibiting where the bullet had not only gone in but had come out again. Several were hit in the arms and legs,

the bullets making quite a tiny hole. One officer (he who spoke the queer, perfectly correct book-English) had a double wound on his skull from the bursting of a shell. One piece went in at the top of the skull, coming out in the cheek. All the wounded were getting on splendidly. The shell man informed us in graphic language how he had been actively employed in bayoneting a Russian when the shell burst, and then he added, "*Aboemassen*" ("I remember no more"). Query: Was the Russian killed by the bayonet or the shell? One gentleman had three wounds, all of which he was most keen to show us, but, fortunately perhaps for our ideas of decency, one was still bandaged! My "Yes, sir," friend we came upon twice. The second time he had been put back to bed, and when I made some remark on this, he said, "First I met you in another room, now I have come back to receive you in my bed!" I was very proud, as I was made the spokeswoman on the occasion, though indeed my Japanese is feeble enough. Mrs. Wood had some little fans in the shape of cigars; one pulls them, and out comes a fan. These she gave to the dear, simple, brave fellows, delighting them extremely. Most of the wounds had been received in the Battle of Nan-shan, though one man told us he had been engaged in all three battles, the Yalu, Kin-chow, and Nan-shan, but that he had had the good luck to escape being wounded until the last battle. He added that he was delighted to think that he would soon be well, and thus able to assist in the capture of Port Arthur. We remained with them for over an hour, and indeed we did feel sorry for, and interested in, the poor dear fellows. One man who spoke a little English told me he had learnt it in Yokohama, so I said, "Oh, Yokohama English," and he promptly replied, "No, Japanese English," amid roars of laughter. I was asked to cheer up one poor fellow, as he was suffering from great depression of spirits. I promptly told him that

he had such a healthy, good-looking face that I did not believe he was a bit ill, and that I was sure he was only putting it on to arouse sympathy and to remain in such comfortable quarters. This sally met with the greatest success, not only from the poor wounded man himself, but from all his room-mates, being greeted with roars of laughter, as a piece of immense wit.

There were five Princesses working at the hospital to-day. Lady Macdonald and I stopped at the tennis club for half an hour on our return. It was deliciously cool after the intense heat and the hard work of bandage rolling at the hospital.

July 10, 1904.—We are having shocking weather, which has culminated in the tail end of a typhoon. Rain penetrated in buckets through the sliding windows of the verandas. It is also stiflingly hot, as we have to keep everything shut. We hear that the bridges are down and the roads washed away between Nikko and Chusenji, and many of our colleagues who are *en route* to Chusenji are stopped indefinitely at the hotels in Nikko. *Cela commence tôt cette année !*

July 13, 1904.—I went in the morning to the Red Cross Hospital. I visited all my poor wounded officers, taking each of them a pair of cool straw slippers and a packet of cigarettes. They were delighted to see me, and were equally so with their little gifts. Some had already left the hospital cured, but the talkative one with the shell wound in his head was still there. One of his fellow-officers, a captain, showed me a photo of his battalion of the third regiment. Against each person who had been killed he had placed a little red cross—alas! so many were crowned with this little red cross, considerably more than half! He also showed us his flask, through which there were two bullet-holes, and his knapsack, containing a Japanese *kairo* in tin (a kind of hot-bottle), which was completely shot

through. The bullet had penetrated into his body, but the force had been broken by these objects. The little *kairo* had been wrapped round with a piece of paper, given to the young officer as a souvenir by a lady, and he informed me he was going to write a poem about his narrow escape on this same piece of paper! Only a Japanese could have this pretty and romantic idea. When I returned through the wards they were all wearing their slippers and smoking their cigarettes contentedly. One jolly fellow, with a bullet still in his knee, was going about on crutches, and he beamed as he pointed out the slippers to me. He was such a nice boy, quite young. I told him he was very nice-looking, and he was so pleased, and beamed still more, but doubtless he will be greatly chaffed by his companions over his evident conquest of the *Seyo no Fujin* (European lady).

Baron Sannomiya accompanied me on my rounds. At first the fussy little doctor who was with us informed me I should not be allowed to give my small presents without first getting permission from the War Office—a piece of red tapeism which the Baron soon quashed by getting hold of some officer in authority.

A. and I went and had tea with Baron Chazall in his little Japanese house. His two house-mates are Captain Barron, Aide-de-Camp to the Governor of Colombo, and Mr. F. Whiting, the *Graphic* artist. The latter showed us one of his late pictures in the *Graphic*, "A Morning in the Row." He is quite young, and evidently a clever artist. He told me he exhibited a great deal in the Academy. Captain Barron seemed also very intelligent. He has employed his two months' leave in Japan in studying the language, of which he already seems to have quite a smattering.

We dined with Mr. Laughlin, the American Secretary. His friend Mr. Morgan, who is also in the American Diplomatic Service, was the only other



THE CORPS DIPLOMATIQUE IN THE GARDEN OF THE BELGIAN LEGATION, 1904.

Photo by Baron Chazal.

guest. Mr. Laughlin lives in a perfectly lovely Japanese house, placed in a poetic garden. He declines to have anything to do with a house built on European principles, and during the summer months certainly no habitation could be more delightful or romantic.

July 14, 1904.—My copy of *Love Songs and Other Songs* which is to be presented to the Empress has arrived to-day from the binder's. It is artistically bound in white satin with raised rose-buds in pink velvet. Instead of the picture of a *geisha* as a frontispiece, it is considered more seemly to insert a portrait of myself!

We dined at Colonel and Mrs. Woods'. He is the American Military Attaché, and on account of his health is unable to accompany the other Attachés to the front. General Sir William Nicholson and Colonel Haldane, Baron Komura, Mr. Chinda, and others were there. It was a pleasant and interesting dinner, and the pretty little house was decorated with the flags of different nationalities. Colonel Haldane was the other side of me, and I had interesting conversations both with him and General Nicholson, but neither of these officers yet know when they are to proceed to the front. They are getting very impatient.

July 15, 1904.—The Sannomiyas and Miss Hayes lunched with us, and the Baroness and I went later to attend a committee meeting of the *Imon Fujin Kwai*. We have 6,000 yen (£600) in hand, and every month 1,500 yen (£150) is spent in relieving a certain number of the families of those at the front. We shall have more money later on, we hope.

July 20, 1904.—General Sir William Nicholson, Colonel Haldane, Colonel Macpherson, and all the other officers of all nationalities, who have been waiting so long and so impatiently to go to the front, started at length to-day. We went to see them off. There was a huge crowd at the station, and these gallant officers, who were all in uniform, were given a

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most noisy and enthusiastic send-off. Tokyo society will indeed be dull without the addition of the presence of these brilliant officers at our dinners, dances, and various functions.

July 21, 1904.—Details are received to-day of the Battle of Mohenling, which took place on the 17th. The Russians took the offensive with picked troops just out from home, commanded by General Keller. They were beaten and pursued after hard fighting. The Japanese buried 200, and the Russian official report confesses to 1,000 killed.

July 22, 1904.—We left for Shiri-ga-hama (Kamakura), our little house by the sea. It is deliciously cool, and there are no mosquitoes. It is a great and blessed change after the stifling atmosphere and intense heat of Tokyo.

July 23, 1904.—Mr. and Mrs. Griscom came to see us at Shiri-ga-hama. She was driving tandem, and naturally had considerable difficulty in getting across the primitive and narrow bridges. Mr. Griscom told us that the Russian fleet was not far off, and that probably by to-morrow it would be somewhere in our near vicinity. I am tremendously excited at this news. What is the fleet going to do? Bombard Yokosuka or Yokohama? And will our poor little bungalow be pulverised by a Russian shell?

July 24, 1904.—I have been looking out the whole day long with our very strongest opera-glasses for the Russian fleet, but so far, to my great disappointment, I have seen no sign of it.

July 25, 26, 27, 1904.—General and great excitement is caused by the existence of three Russian warships which are known to be cruising somewhere about in these waters. Much alarm is felt for the *Korea*, which is expected in Yokohama Harbour on the 29th. There is absolutely no means of warning her, and it appears she has much contraband of war on board—bullion, to say nothing of three submarine boats. The *Knight Commander*, an English boat, has

been sunk by the Russians, the crew having been taken off and put on to another English boat, which was also stopped. There is great excitement and anger among all the shipping agents. They sent A., as *doyen*, a joint letter, asking him to appeal to the various Governments to try to prevent these ways of procedure. A.'s answer was, as usual, extremely diplomatic.

July 29, 1904.—The Japanese have won another big battle and gained an important position, but it is beyond me to know where it took place. It was, however, a most bloody fight.

The *Korea* is safe—thanks, it appears, to a thick sea-fog. This fine boat came steaming serenely into harbour yesterday, the crew and passengers all unconscious of the tremendous excitement her progress had caused.

August 20, 1904.—I wrote the last words of my novel *It Happened in Japan*, and sent it off to the typist.

August 21, 1904.—We left our house at Shiri-gahama, Kamakura, for Hakone, to stay with Sir Hiram Wilkinson, Chief Justice of Shanghai, who is spending his holiday in his lovely Japanese house on Hakone lake. The electric tram managed to arrive at Fujisawa just as we saw our train steaming out of the station, so we had to possess our souls in patience, remaining in a very modest little tea-house near the station for a space of over two hours. We arrived at Yumoto about five, and started up the Hatta Pass, A. and I in chairs and the servants in *kago*. The views were lovely, but the pass was frightfully steep, especially the last part, down an extremely precipitous, rocky road. The descent had to be performed in the dark, as the moon was covered and the men had brought no lanterns. In spite of the gloom, the coolies went at a great pace, and it was really wonderful how they did not slip over the loose rocky stones. They were, however, as sure-

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footed as mules, though my heart was in my mouth more than once as, at a most unpleasant angle, I clung frantically hold of my chair. We arrived long after eight at Sir Hiram's Japanese abode, where we found a large house-party, including the three charming daughters of Sir Pelham Warren, Consul-General of Shanghai, Miss Lloyd-Thomas, Mr. Hall, the Consul of Yokohama, and his daughter, Captain Wilkinson, of H.M.S. *Thetis*, and a lively young midddy called Masters. We were greeted with a warm welcome from our genial and kind host.

August 22, 1904.—To-day Sir Hiram Wilkinson has been forty years in the service. There were great festivities in the evening in consequence of this happy anniversary, got up by the young people. Lanterns and fireworks were indulged in over the lake, and much singing and merriment. A., who has known Sir Hiram well for over thirty years, made at dinner a very neat little speech, which our host replied to in equally well-chosen and complimentary terms.

September 2, 1904.—We hear to-day that the Japanese have achieved an important victory after hard fighting at Liao-yang.

September 5, 1904.—We went to see the rejoicings in the village of Kamakura over the Japanese occupation of Liao-yang. The fighting which took place for this object was, for over a week, of a fearfully desperate nature, but eventually the Japanese succeeded in achieving their desire. At Kamakura the model of an enormous man-of-war, all complete with funnels, guns, etc., was built of wood. Hundreds of people dragged this colossal model through the village, accompanied by music and war songs and shouts and yells and cries. The whole population of the village turned out, following the procession as it proceeded from the temple where a service was held, to the great Buddha of Kamakura, where further festivities took place. At night the whole village

was illuminated with torches and with lanterns, and the rejoicings were carried on till a very late hour. All the proceedings were of the most picturesque and quaint description, and, in spite of the centre of attraction, the modern warship, these graphic and unusual festivities were vivid relics of the ancient feudal days.

September 14, 1904.—The other day I received two interesting letters. One was from Captain Sir Alexander Bannerman, who is with the Japanese army near Port Arthur. He says that the Japanese have fought splendidly, and that the artillery practice is magnificent. He adds that the Russians also fight extremely well. The night before he wrote to me there had been two Russian shells whizzing over their camp ; he says they were far too near to be pleasant. The other letter was from Dr. Fremantle. He had visited a great many of the field-hospitals, and was greatly struck with the organisation and efficiency of the Japanese in their hospital arrangements. He adds, however, that in his opinion there are one or two matters that require remedying. He tells me he has made an offer through Sir Claude Macdonald to undertake to arrange for sixty English doctors to come out to the assistance of the Japanese. He proceeds, however, to say that he does not know that it will be absolutely necessary to have this outside assistance, or whether the offer will be even accepted, in spite of the scarcity of doctors. It seems to me the difficulties with English doctors who do not know a word of the vernacular, might be very considerable.

September 23, 1904.—We left Kamakura and returned to Tokyo to-day.

CHAPTER XVI

1904

Prince Carl Anton Hohenzollern—A.'s introduction to His Serene Highness—Japanese amiability to the Prince—A dinner for the Prince at the German Legation—Our dinner for Prince Hohenzollern—Prince Fushimi's dinner for the Prince—Lunch at the German Legation—The German Emperor's choice—The Belgian Order—Dinner given to the Prince by the German Minister—The Prince at Mass—For the War Fund—Prince Hohenzollern's dinner—The conversation with the Prince—A Japanese lunch—Baron Iwasaki's gardens—The cult of the stone—An anachronism—Captain Brinkley's collection of china—Another victory—List of the killed—A curious change of post—Bombardment at Hull of fishing-boats—An engagement—The Corps Diplomatique are photographed—Speech for the Emperor's birthday—The lunch at the Palace—The Emperor's speech—A.'s reply to the Emperor's speech—The Imperial Garden Party—The Empress's poems—The chrysanthemums at Dongasaka—Baron Sannomiya's operation—Electric wire fallacy—Mr. Rutherford Harris—A change of faith—Marriage of Miss Aoki to Count A. Hatzfeldt—Return from the seat of war of two famous Admirals.

September 25, 1904.—Prince Carl Anton Hohenzollern, who has been sent by the German Emperor to Japan for the purpose of following the war, has arrived. A lunch of fifty of his own compatriots was given to H.H. by Count d'Arco Valley at the German Legation. The Prince is married to one of our Princesses, Princess Joséphine de Flandres, so we are going to give him a dinner. He is the guest of the Emperor for a week at the Shiba Riku Palace. Our dinner is to be on Thursday next, the 29th, which does not give us much time for the invitations. Prince Fushimi will also attend our dinner. We shall be twenty-four in all, and with the exception of the Prince's suite and the members of the German Legation, all will be Japanese. The



TRIUMPHAL ARCH OUTSIDE THE STATION.



THE TRIUMPHAL RETURN OF ADMIRAL TOGO, AND OF ADMIRAL
KAMAMURA DECEMBER 30TH, 1904.

Photos by Baroness d'Anethan.

dinner will be followed by a small soirée of the Chefs de Missions and their wives, and a certain number of important Japanese.

September 26, 1904.—A., accompanied by his two secretaries, went to the Shiba Riku Palace to write his name down in the Prince's book. Just as he was doing this, the Prince came up to him and introduced himself. A. is much taken with him, and he seems to have charming manners. He said how delighted he was to be dining with us on Thursday, and how he had already written and told the Princess that he was dining *en Belgique*. A. introduced his secretaries, and the Prince introduced his aide-de-camp, Major von Bronsart. H.H. was on his way to his audience with the Emperor and to lunch at the Palace when A. met him.

September 27, 1904.—The Japanese are doing a great deal for the Prince. He comes as a special envoy from the German Emperor to follow the war, and likewise, I am told, for the purpose of proving that Germany's relations towards Japan are by no means so antagonistic as is supposed. He stays in Tokyo three weeks, and then he proceeds to the seat of war. He dines to-day at the German Legation—a dinner of fifty guests.

Later.—The Prince was introduced to me as I came into the room at the German Legation for the dinner this evening. He is a very tall, distinguished, good-looking, fair man, with a pointed beard and humorous eyes. Marquis Ito took me in to dinner, but I was placed between Prince Fushimi and Admiral Yamamoto, the Minister of the Navy. It was a horse-shoe table. Prince Carl took in Princess Nashimoto, who speaks very fair French, and whom he found charming. The Prince and I had a few words after dinner, but no actual conversation, as he was much taken up in making himself agreeable to the Japanese.

September 28, 1904.—The Prince dined with General

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Terauchi, the Minister of War. It was a military and a man's dinner. A. was there.

September 29, 1904.—We gave a dinner for Prince Carl Anton. The dinner table looked lovely with its glass and silver and masses of flowers, many of them from our own garden, but some lovely orchids had also been sent to me from the Imperial gardens. The front of the house was arranged with festoons of lanterns, which, starting from the gate, decorated the whole length of the drive, and in the garden we had thousands of lanterns, which shone like huge glow-worms among the trees. The effect was lovely. A good band played all the evening in the garden, just outside the Legation. Our Secretary and his wife arrived early, as did also the Japanese. Prince Carl arrived before Prince Fushimi. A. and the Staff were at the front door to receive him, and I, with Madame de Man, the wife of our Secretary, was standing at the drawing-room door, and as he came in I introduced her to the Prince. The Prince was accompanied by his suite—Major von Bronsart (his aide-de-camp), Colonel Nagayama, and Mr. Ito. The German national air was struck up as soon as he arrived. Prince Fushimi followed soon afterwards, when the Japanese national air was played, by which time everybody had arrived. The guests were, besides those mentioned, Count Katsura (Prime Minister), Baron Komura (Minister of Foreign Affairs), Admiral Yamamoto (Minister of the Navy), General Terauchi (Minister of War), Count d'Arco Valley (German Minister), Viscount Tanaka (Grand Maître de l'Impératrice) and Viscountess Tanaka, Viscount and Viscountess Aoki, Baron and Baroness Sannomiya, Major Mihara, M. and Madame von Erckart (German Secretary), Mademoiselle Kitajima (Dame d'Honneur de l'Impératrice), and M. and Madame de Man. Later on in the evening a small reception was held of all the Chefs de Missions and their wives, and the rest of the available high Japanese. The Prince

appeared to enjoy himself, and talked a long time with Mrs. Griscom, wife of the U.S. Minister, who was looking extremely pretty in a lovely frock, and also with Lady Macdonald. During dinner he was most pleasant with me, and of course we had much conversation, as on his other side was Viscountess Tanaka, who can only speak Japanese, and on my other side was Prince Fushimi, who took me in, and whose French is not very fluent. A. was between Viscountess Aoki and Miss Kitajima. It was a lovely warm night, and we had all the veranda windows open, and later on people circulated from the *salons* on to the verandas to the supper-room, where we had a standing buffet with small tables dotted about. After every one had left, A. and I wandered through the grounds to look at the lanterns, which were still burning brightly, and we were glad that the dinner and the evening had gone off well, and with so much animation.

September 30, 1904.—A dinner took place at Prince Fushimi's for Prince Hohenzollern. Outside the German Legation, we were the only members of the Corps Diplomatique invited. Prince Fushimi took me in, and the German Prince took young Princess Fushimi (Kwacho). Prince Carl and I had a nice chat after dinner. It is strange how he resembles the King of the Belgians. He has the same slow, deliberate, rather drawly way of talking, though he is no relation. He is devoted to his wife, Princess Joséphine de Flandres, and speaks most affectionately of her. He writes to her every day, and has very strict ideas of the duties of a husband. He informed me he considered a man could do what he liked before marriage, and that no one had any right to ask questions, but that "un homme qui trompe sa femme est un méchant crétin." Naturally, I highly approved of these satisfactory sentiments from the mouth of this young Prince.

Everybody was kind and complimentary about

our dinner and little fête of the evening before, and the Prince spoke very nicely about it.

October 1, 1904.—We lunched at the German Legation to meet the Prince. The Italians and the Portuguese were there besides ourselves, these two royal branches being related to him. His mother is a Portuguese Princess, and is sister to the Queen Dowager of Italy.

The Prince and I had a charming and intimate conversation. He is full of humour, and has most refined and nice ideas. He told me many interesting details, and how flattered he had felt when the German Emperor had chosen him for this important mission. He received a telegram from H.I.M. when he was, I think he said, in Belgium with his wife. The telegram was in cypher. He said it commenced, "*Je te prie de te préparer,*" and then he thought "*Oh, bother!*" he was going to be asked to represent the Emperor at some ceremony or other, and it was only after having deciphered all the telegram he discovered what was required of him. I asked him if he was pleased, and he replied, "*Non, au premier moment pas,*" as he did not like the idea of going "*au bout du monde,*" so far away from his wife and children, but that when he began to reflect, he was of course, immensely honoured to think that the Emperor had chosen him from among all his numerous relatives for this important mission.

He came straight to the lunch from the Red Cross Hospital, and apologised to A. for not wearing the Belgian Order, but he had not had time to go back to the Shiba Riku Palace to change. It is the only time he has not worn this Order. He was immensely struck at all he saw at the hospital, by the building, the arrangements, etc., and he told me he had conversed with four hundred and odd wounded soldiers—a rather exhausting process, I should say.

In the evening the German Minister gave a dinner

at the Imperial Hotel for two hundred people in honour of His Highness. Before dinner I introduced him to various ladies of the Corps Diplomatique. There were several of the Princes and Princesses there. Prince Arisugawa, whom I had not seen for over a year, as he had been ill, took me in to dinner.

Prince Hohenzollern, in proposing the health of the Emperor, talked about the magnificent army, "the admiration of the world." Prince Fushimi, who replied in French, proposed the German Emperor's health, and after each speech, *banzais* were given and the national airs were played. Then A. proposed the health of the Prince's wife, Princesse Joséphine de Belgique, Princesse de Hohenzollern, to which toast the Prince replied in graceful terms.

October 2, 1904.—It is eleven years to-day since we arrived in Japan. We went to Mass at the cathedral. Prince Hohenzollern, being of the Roman Catholic branch of Hohenzollerns, was there on a prie-dieu by himself, just in front of our pew. He was extremely devout, and I had ample opportunity of admiring his uniform, which gave him a most angelic waist. We met his carriage—a Court carriage, with Count d'Arco Valley in it—and we all drove up to the church door together. On my return I found he had sent me an admirable photograph of himself, taken in Brussels. He is thirty-six years old, and is certainly an extremely good-looking man.

Lady Macdonald called to engage me for a rôle in the coming theatricals for the War Fund. I have undertaken to play the part of "Dearest Mama" in the play of that name.

Prince Hohenzollern's dinner at the Shiba Riku Palace was beautifully done. We were the only diplomats there, outside his own Legation. I sat on his left, Princess Kan-in on his right. The Prince made a much longer speech this evening, drinking the health of the Imperial Family, and thanking them for all the kindness and hospitality he had

received. He said how delighted he was to be following in the "magnificent army"; in fact, he was very complimentary and friendly, and he was answered in the same spirit by Prince Yamashina. Both Princes read their speeches. Prince Carl told me he was greatly relieved when his part was over. He made himself extremely pleasant during and after dinner. The conversation with Princess Kan-in could not proceed very far, as neither Her Imperial Highness nor the Prince knows much English. The Prince leaves to-morrow for Nikko, his official visit to the Emperor being over. The table was beautifully decorated with lovely orchids, arranged in the handsome silver stork and tortoise *épergnes*, which were made expressly for the silver wedding of the Emperor and Empress, and were first used at the dinner given on that occasion.

October 3, 1904.—At the lunch at the German Legation on the 1st the Prince and I talked much of the Japanese. He told me he had come to this country rather prejudiced—in fact, "*très Russe*"—and that he had completely turned. He added that this had nothing to do with their amiability to him, but that he was greatly impressed by the seriousness and thoroughness of the Japanese in everything that they undertook. As for the workings of the Red Cross Hospital, he was astounded at it. He told me that he wished to have a conversation with A., as he was aware that A. thoroughly knew and understood Japan and the Japanese, and he added that the Japanese were confident of this themselves. After lunch he and A. held this conversation, which lasted a long time. It took place on the veranda, A. enlightening the Prince on many subjects connected with Japan, and the Prince informed me later how very greatly interested he had been by what he had heard.

October 4, 1904.—Baron and Baroness Sannomiya gave us a Japanese lunch at their house. They know



THE JAPANESE GARDEN OF THE BELGIAN LEGATION.

Photos by M. Grénade.

how greatly both A. and I appreciate good Japanese food. On this occasion the lunch was most delicious, and it was cooked expressly for us by the Emperor's head cook.

October 7, 1904.—We went with Mrs. Hawkins and a young friend, who lunched with us, to see Baron Iwasaki's lovely gardens. He had kindly given us permission to visit them, as I had not been there for some years. The gardens cover a large acreage of ground, and are entirely Japanese, with a huge lake, and every beauty in the way of trees, fantastic bridges, and curious stones. I should imagine that few of us of the West can ever reach the meaning of this genuine admiration of the natural stone indulged in by the people of Japan, so deep and so abstruse is it. These unhewn stones are to them replete with suggestions of poetry and of art, of sensations of affection and of fear, and it is really impossible for one who is not of the country truly to understand the artistic meaning, the real character, the intrinsic value of these great flat slabs, these blocks of natural rock. Who can say how many centuries ago these semi-volcanic rocks which adorn the ancient gardens of Tokyo had, with infinite labour, been transported from the mountains, or been extricated from the depths of the river beds? Who can say how many centuries ago each stone was placed in its correctly calculated artistic position, within the shelter of these far-away, secluded, and poetical gardens?

Mr. Glover and Mr. Utzumatzu met us at the gardens and showed us round. The house is a fine modern one, furnished all through by Maple; and there was a piano, costing, I was told, £350, which had never been played on, the Iwasakis never living there, or in any other of their magnificent dwellings in Tokyo. Attached to the European house is a very lovely Japanese building. The European house is full of beautiful *objets d'art*, Captain Brinkley having,

I am told, sold his fine collection of Chinese porcelain to the Iwasakis for 30,000 yen (£3,000). He might, I am informed, have secured much more for it if he had undertaken to sell it in America, but he considered it was only right that such a collection should be kept in the country, which was very public-spirited of him. We wandered for long through the lovely grounds, and afterwards all over the house, admiring some very good pictures by Leighton, Millais, and other artists, most of which were unfortunately hung in the most shocking lights. Before we left we were regaled by a delicious tea, which was sent, with the servants, from one of the other distant domains of the Baron.

October 14, 1904.—The Japanese have achieved another victory, but so far we have very few details.

October 16, 1904.—The special says that the Japanese have killed twenty thousand Russians; they are surrounding them, and I suppose the whole army will be annihilated. What will be the next move?

October 17, 1904.—It is now said that the Russians have lost fifty thousand men. How truly horrible is this slaughter!

October 22, 1904.—We gave a farewell dinner to M. and Madame Melegari, the Italian Minister and his wife. M. Melegari has just been appointed Ambassador to St. Petersburg, and proceeds there shortly. This seems to me such a strange appointment and transference, considering the war. The Melegaris are very old friends of ours, and were colleagues of A.'s in Brazil years ago. We are dreadfully sorry to lose them.

October 25, 1904.—The Russian Baltic Fleet have been bombarding poor innocent Hull trawlers, killing several men, and sinking several defenceless boats. The indignation and fury in England is intense. Will it lead to war?

October 26, 1904.—We heard that Count Becken-

dorff, the Russian Ambassador, has been mobbed and stoned in the streets of London.

I took Lady Macdonald with me to the Red Cross Hospital, and after our work I drove Viscountess Aoki and her daughter home, hearing *en route* the pleasant news of the latter's engagement to young Count Hatzfeldt, who was for some time Attaché to the German Legation here. The engagement will be generally announced in a few days.

The Corps Diplomatique, with very few exceptions, was photographed in the garden of our Legation to-day. It was a great business, as the Diplomatic Body consists of over eighty members, but the result was a splendid and picturesque group, taken on our upper terrace and going down the steps.

October 30, 1904.—A. had to return to Tokyo from Yokohama, where we were staying for the races. His speech for the Emperor's birthday had to be written, and likewise he had to call a conclave of Ministers for the purpose of reading it to them.

November 3, 1904.—It was perfect weather to-day for the Emperor's birthday. We were all up early for the Review, our friends Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins staying with us for it. The streets were crammed, and very gay in honour of the event. There was a large gathering of colleagues and of Japanese on the parade-ground. The Crown Prince arrived first. This is the first time he has attended the Review. The Emperor drove up in his gala carriage, and all the Ministers penetrated into the pavilion to offer him their good wishes. There were between fifteen and twenty thousand troops on the ground. The men and officers were not in full dress; they wore their working uniforms, and looked a thoroughly serviceable body of men. They marched past splendidly, and the artillery went by with great dash. It is wonderful to think of all these troops being present at a Review, when one knows of the thousands at the front, and how awful that at the Battle of the Sha-dho alone,

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there were double this number of Russians slain. Realising this fact, for the first time I seemed really to grasp the grim horror of this prolonged war.

A. attended the lunch at the Palace, and had, in the name of the Corps Diplomatique, to reply to the Emperor's speech. It is an epoch-making speech, and will be telegraphed all over the world. The correspondent of the Associated Press was waiting for A. at the Legation on his return, as they wished to telegraph the speech immediately it was pronounced. He received many compliments on the speech itself and on the way in which it was delivered from all his colleagues and from the Japanese.

I hereby give the Emperor's speech :

"It gives Us great pleasure to welcome and to entertain the Foreign Representatives, Ministers of State, and other officials and distinguished persons, on this occasion of Our Birthday. We regret that the time has not yet come to see the peace of the Far East restored in the realisation of Our desire. We propose the health of the Sovereigns and the Rulers of the States which are so worthily represented here, and We earnestly desire that the bonds of friendship uniting this Empire with those States may be drawn still closer."

This was translated into English by Baron Sannomiya, Grand Master of the Ceremonies.

A. replied, as *doyen* of the Corps Diplomatique :

"SIRE,—

"S'il est une tradition chère au Corps Diplomatique, c'est bien celle de venir au 3 Novembre offrir à Votre Majesté l'hommage des vœux, très sincères et respectueux, qu'il ne cesse de former pour Son bonheur, celui de Sa Majesté l'Impératrice, et de Leurs Altesses Impériales les Princes et Princesses de Sa Maison, ainsi que pour la prospérité du Japon.

“ Nous avons entendu avec douleur les paroles Augustes, par lesquelles Votre Majesté a daigné nous faire savoir que, malgré les désirs de Son cœur, la paix ne peut encore être établie en Extrême Orient.

“ Au début de la guerre le Corps Diplomatique a été admis à l'honneur d'exprimer à Votre Majesté l'espoir que la lutte terrible, qui venait de s'engager entre deux puissants Empires, ne serait pas de longue durée.

“ Nos vœux, hélas ! n'ont pas été exaucés. Aujourd'hui, encore réunis par la bienveillance de Votre Majesté, nous osons renouveler ces vœux de pacification, et nous le faisons avec d'autant plus de ferveur que nous contemplons avec une profonde émotion les ravages causés déjà, les familles en deuil et les milliers de nobles victimes, qui, de part et d'autre, dans les armées en présence ont lutté et versé leur sang avec une bravoure sublime, et un héroïsme indomptable.

“ Dans ces moments si graves et si solennels Nos Augustes Souverains et Chefs d'Etat seront tout particulièrement touchés par les aimables souhaits que Leur adresse Votre Majesté.

“ Ils partagerons avec Elle le désir de maintenir et de resserrer encore les relations amicales qui existent si heureusement entre le Japon et les Puissances que nous avons l'honneur insigne de représenter auprès de Votre Majesté.”

This was translated into Japanese by Baron Sannomiya, and seemed to afford His Majesty much satisfaction.

November 4, 1904.—Lady Macdonald and I drove together to the meeting of the *Imon Fujin Kwai*, which on this occasion took the form of a garden party, and was held in Baron Mori's pretty garden. We were each of us presented with a charming little medal, in honour of being members of the Committee of this Society for the relief of the families of those at the front.

November 11, 1904.—It was a perfect day for the Imperial Garden Party, and I enjoyed the party greatly this year. The gardens were, as usual, looking most lovely. The Emperor had a long talk with A., and the Empress was particularly kind to me. She thanked me much for my book of poems, and she said she had had the poems translated into Japanese for her benefit. She also talked much of my presence at the Peeresses' School the other day. I told the Empress that I had been reading the translations of Her Majesty's poems, which I found very beautiful. These charming poems, which have been translated by the Rev. Arthur Lloyd into English, and the profits of the sales of which go to the War Fund, prove not only that Her Majesty is a woman of great culture, but also that her generous and warm heart is capable of lasting friendships, and of the deepest and truest sympathy in trouble or distress.

November 13, 1904.—We lunched with Mr. Laughlin, of the American Embassy, and went later with our host and Mr. Ferguson to see the chrysanthemums at Dongasaka. The chrysanthemums this year were extremely interesting, vast scenes of the present war, personages, fights, and the fields of battle, all being fabricated from the growing plants with the greatest ingenuity. The Russians were systematically represented with villainous faces, and with bright yellow hair and beards, and of course they were always getting the worst of it. There were scenes of the Japanese storming fortresses, and tearing up hills and down dales, and of warships going wholesale to the bottom. One especial arrangement was a vast representation of the unfortunate Admiral Makaroff and of his staff being blown up into the air. They had caught the resemblance to Makaroff extraordinarily well. There were crowds of admiring and patriotic sight-seers wandering from booth to booth.

Captain Hart Synott, who was all through the



General
Baron
Kuroki.

General
Count
Nodzu.

Marshal
Marquis
Yamagata.

Marshal
Marquis
Oyama.

General
Baron
Oku.

General
Baron
Nogi.

General
Viscount
Kodama.

General
Kamamura.

TAKEN AT MUKDEN, JULY 1905, DURING THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR.

South African War, and who was twice dangerously wounded, came and had tea with me. He is a nice fellow, and is one of the language officers sent by the War Office to learn the Japanese language. These young officers, drafted off from different regiments, are sent by the War Office to Japan, and remain here two years for this purpose.

November 18, 1904.—To-day poor dear Baron Sannomiya underwent a most serious operation. I got up early, to be with the Baroness during this terrible ordeal, and was with her at the hospital for some hours.

November 25, 1904.—I sat, at a dinner at the British Legation, next an American, a Major Kühler, who had just come from the seat of war. He told me that he felt sure that it could not be long now before Port Arthur fell. He also told me that the first he knew of the barbed wire being charged with electricity was when he returned to Tokyo. He had heard nothing of this at the front. The newspapers have written a good deal on this subject, but it is evidently a fallacy.

December 5, 1904.—There was a pleasant dinner at the British Legation, and I met Mr. Rutherford Harris, one of the participators in the Jameson Raid. He was Cecil Rhodes's secretary, and is himself supposed to be a millionaire. He knows several of my brothers, and has brought letters to the Macdonalds from Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Arthur Balfour, etc. He is here for the purpose of trying to do business with the Japanese.

December 14, 1904.—I stood sponsor to-day for Miss Aoki, who was received into the Roman Catholic Church. She is shortly to be married to Count Hatzfeldt, and her presents are very numerous. The Empress has sent her a couple of such beautiful lacquer boxes.

December 19, 1904.—To-day was the marriage of Miss Hanni Aoki, daughter of Viscount Aoki and

of Viscountess Aoki (who is a German lady), to Count Alexander Hatzfeldt de Trachenberg. A., Sir Claude Macdonald, and Count Katsura, the Prime Minister, signed the register, and afterwards, at the house, A. made a most happy speech, proposing the couple's prosperity and health.

December 30, 1904.—Mrs. Bonar and I went down to the station to witness the triumphant return of Admiral Togo and of Admiral Kamamura. I got some excellent photographs of both of them. There were vast crowds, and great enthusiasm was shown and a magnificent reception given to the heroes who have done so much for the honour and greatness of Japan. The decorations were beautiful, and the cheers were simply deafening as they descended the steps of the station and drove through the crowded city straight to the Imperial Palace.

CHAPTER XVII

1905

Reception at Court—Surrender of Port Arthur—My verses "Let There be Peace"—Terms of surrender—Return from the front—General and Madame Stoessel—Pope Leo XIII.—A threatened revolution in Russia—Successful theatricals—A festive ending to strenuous work—A dinner given to A.—The Peeresses' School—Baron Kurino—General Sir Ian Hamilton—Fencing by women—Japanese women—Count Otani—The Russian prisoners—Two bullets—A token of regard—A farewell to Prince Arisugawa—Facsimile of Prince Arisugawa's cabin—A life of adventure—The garden party—Return of Princes from the front—Our lunch to Prince and Princess Kan-in and Prince Hohenzollern—*Un diner intime*—Dinner with the Minister of War—The Prince's dinner—Baron Sannomiya's second operation—A trip to Miyajima—A forbidden photograph—A moonlight sail—The sacred dance—The *tori* of Miyajima—A row around the island—A narrow escape—Votive offerings—An uncanny departure—Rumour of the naval fight—The supreme victory—Battle of the Sea of Japan—Admiral Togo's telegrams—Dinner at the German Legation for the Crown Prince's wedding—A pitiful sight—Captain Pakenham, R.N.—Some details of the great sea fight—Necessary reserve.

January 1, 1905.—The reception took place at Court, and there was this year a large attendance of the Corps Diplomatique, and a great many ladies. I introduced Countess Alexander Hatzfeldt (*née* Aoki) on her marriage and Madame de Visser, the latter lady a member of the Dutch Legation, to the Empress. After the Palace function was over, the whole Corps Diplomatique and about a hundred other people reunited here for my Drawing-room tea reception. It was a brilliant gathering, the uniforms and Court trains making a lovely mass of colour.

January 2, 1905.—About 10.30 a.m. a Japanese special came out with the grand news of the surrender of Port Arthur, after a fresh and last assault. General Nogi may well feel proud. He is one of the finest figures the war has produced, which is saying

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much. At last the main object of Japan's enormous sacrifice of life has been attained. Where now is Alexieff's proud boast—"The fortress of Port Arthur has been placed in a state of defence, and is ready to serve Russia as an inaccessible stronghold"?

January 3, 1905.—The terms of surrender are not yet published. There is immense excitement, but few details are known as yet.

January 4, 1905.—My lines, "Let There be Peace" appeared in the *Japan Times*. I give them here:

LET THERE BE PEACE!

Let there be Peace! Ah! yearning, throbbing cry,
Reaching to realms beyond the Eastern sky,
And echoed back to earth in frenzied song,
Stirring the heaving soul of that vast throng
Whose chorus voice proclaims the right from wrong:
Let there be Peace!

Let there be Peace! Athwart the list'ning world
Those healing, love-borne words are swiftly hurled;
Words beautiful—that dry the bitter tears,
Words wonderful—that calm the heart's dread fears,
And 'cross the universe the message bears,
Let there be Peace!

Let there be Peace! Cease, cease the bloody strife;
Silence the shell; cease yielding life for life;
Of dying, dead—vanish the gore-stained sight,
Despair and agony's eternal night;
Sheathe, sheathe the sword—and face the only Right!
Let there be Peace!

Let there be Peace! Behold, the young Year stands,
The olive branch raised in his infant hands.
With clarion voice and conqu'ring, shining eyes
He summons Peace from far beyond the skies.
List to her silver wings! to Heav'n arise
Earth's songs of Peace!

TOKYO. *New Year's Day*, 1905.

The terms of surrender are magnificent for the Russians. The officers can either return to Russia by taking the oath not again to raise arms against the Japanese during the war, or if they do not take

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this oath, to remain as prisoners. The private soldiers are, anyhow, to be kept as prisoners.

January 5, 1905.—Colonel Haldane came to see me. He returned yesterday, with General Sir William Nicholson, from the front. He was most interesting, and remained two hours with me, telling me his experiences. He has, of course, an immense opinion of the Japanese, their courage and their perseverance. He and a friend were on one occasion nearly killed. They found themselves in a village which they thought had already been captured by the Japanese, when suddenly the Russians began shelling the village. They took refuge in a wood, while the shells were bursting all around them, and it was only several hours later that this village actually fell into the hands of the Japanese.

January 7, 1905.—It is now known that there were sixty thousand persons in Port Arthur. General Stoessel has taken the oath, and returns to Russia a free man. From all the accounts that we hear at this actual moment, his wife's name deserves to be written in the book of fame.*

January 12, 1905.—We gave a tiffin party, which included General Sir William Nicholson, Captain Calthrop, M. Cambon, and Count Metternich. The whole time during lunch, the talk was of the war and of the hope of peace being proclaimed.

January 17, 1905.—The Archbishop-Délégué for the Philippines, Monseigneur Aguys, dined with us. He is an Englishman, and a charming man. He gave us many interesting details as to the last moments of the late Pope Leo XIII., and of his wonderful memory, energy, intelligence, and quickness to the very last. Monseigneur Aguys was with him when he passed away. He is, however, likewise a great admirer of the present Pope.

January 25, 1905.—Matters in Russia are getting

* It was only later that the true facts of what went on inside Port Arthur were made public. (1912.)

more and more serious. A huge mob collected before the Palace, and were fired on by the police. Some papers say two thousand persons were killed. The Czar and Czarina have left St. Petersburg, which appears to be in a complete state of revolution. No newspapers are being published there.

Dearest Mama, our play got up for Tokyo charities and the War Fund, went off perfectly before a full and enthusiastic house. Sir Claude Macdonald was our efficient and kind stage-manager. My make-up as "*Dearest Mama*," an old lady with snow-white hair and black lace hanging from her head, seemed to meet with general approval. I had numberless baskets and bouquets of lovely orchids and of hot-house flowers presented to me, and I put down my success entirely to my white and venerable locks. Miss Boville acted delightfully, and all the minor rôles were good.

January 27, 1905.—The second night of the theatricals went off even better than the first, and the applause was still more cordial. We finished up with a very jolly supper at the British Legation, and Mr. Brady, who by his amusing recitations had added so much to the success of the performance, gave us several more after supper; he was altogether inimitable. I retired to rest quite worn out after the most exhausting rôle I have ever played.

February 2, 1905.—A. was given a dinner by the Liège exhibitors, and he had to make a rather important speech. After many difficulties he has pulled the whole thing through, succeeding in getting the Japanese to exhibit at Liège, and he is very pleased about it.

We cleared, after all expenses were paid, 1,524 yen (£152) by our theatricals, our expenses being only 250 yen (£25). The money was divided among various local charities, the Red Cross charities receiving over 600 yen (£60). I am still very done up after our performances.

February 7, 1905.—I paid a visit, with Miss Eldridge, to the Peeresses' School. It is years since I went over the interior of this interesting school. There are now six hundred girls studying there. We saw many of them hard at work in their classes. The little tots of the *kindergarten* were going through their drilling exercises. It was such a pretty sight to see the tiny mites in their bright-coloured *kimonos*, performing the exercises in the most sedate, serious, and conscientious manner possible.

February 13, 1905.—A very pleasant dinner took place at the British Legation. The late Japanese Minister to St. Petersburg, Baron Kurino, took me in, and we had a long and interesting conversation. He told me much about those last exciting days before the war was declared, and he said that between January 1 and February 11 he had sent one hundred and fifty telegrams to his Government. After dinner I had a conversation with General Sir Ian Hamilton, who has just returned from the front. He has the same high opinion as every one else who was present at the seat of war, of the Japanese and of their prowess and powers of organisation.

February 15, 1905.—I attended at the Red Cross Hospital as usual, but I am beginning to hope that the day may not be far distant when our sad work there may be no longer necessary.

February 20, 1905.—The British Naval Attaché (Captain Pakenham, R.N.) and Mr. Laughlin came to lunch, and they and Mrs. Saxton Noble went later with us to witness the fencing performed by Miss Tsuda's school girls at her most flourishing school. These active young maidens learn to fence and wrestle in exactly the same way, using the same methods, as the women fenced and wrestled in the olden days. In those turbulent times it was necessary for the women to know how to protect their husbands' and fathers' homesteads and cattle while the men were far away, occupied with the

many internal wars that were everlastingly being fought in Japan in those days. The performance at Miss Tsuda's school was an extremely interesting and amusing spectacle, and the old teacher of fencing, a woman of long past sixty, was one of the most active and agile individuals for her age that I have ever beheld. In the part where the combatants energetically slash with swords at each other's feet, this old lady would jump like a kangaroo right up to the ceiling, and time after time she was thrown by her pupils on to the hard boards, a proceeding to which she seemed perfectly indifferent, knowing well the art of how to fall, for she always got up smiling and went to work again. Miss Tsuda showed us all over her interesting school and gave us tea.*

March 1, 1905.—I attended the Red Cross Hospital as usual.

We dined at the Dutch Legation, where I did the honours, and sat next to Baron Komura. He is always interesting, and on this occasion we discussed the status of women in Japan. He is very conservative, disapproving highly of the modern Japanese woman and her Western education and up-to-date methods. In fact, I gathered that Baron Komura is entirely for keeping women as much as possible in the background. This surprised me, for one so modern and so clever, and for one who has lived so much abroad and among foreigners. And yet I can, to a certain degree, understand the Baron's point of view. He considers women's advance, instead of being an advantage, is a disturbing factor in the life of new Japan, and he says the modern Japanese husband of the upper middle class—which, after all, forms the bulk of the nation—requires something more in his wife than the veneer of a Western edu-

* Miss Tsuda, who is an extremely charming and enlightened woman, was, as a child, sent by the Empress of Japan, with Marchioness Oyama and another young lady, to study in America. She remained there many years, and then returned and founded this school. She speaks English like an Englishwoman. (1912.)

cation, learnt mostly in the mission schools. And this is certainly true. These would-be husbands argue that more practical methods are expected of their wives than literary aspirations and needless accomplishments, such as piano-playing, learning languages, and painting on silk. Only the other day I was discussing this important question of the altered position of the modern woman of Japan with a young and most advanced Japanese, and I was surprised to hear this gentleman, who had spent much of his life abroad, and who I thought would have been the last to express such an opinion, announce in emphatic terms that when he chose a wife it would certainly not be what he called a "high-collar" girl, but one who was—like in the olden days—gentle and submissive and obedient to her husband, coupled with a thorough knowledge of the domestic duties and of household management according to the altered circumstances of the day.

"In fact," I remarked, "like most men, you require perfection in your wife."

"No, not perfection," he replied, smiling. "Perfection nowadays in our women is the 'high-collar' young lady, such as — and as —: girls who gabble English, strum on the piano, and even venture, not only to possess, but actually to express, their opinions. I don't want one like that. I want a wife as is my mother to my father—one who never says her husband 'nay,' who understands thoroughly how to make him comfortable and to decently keep his house."

So much for the point of view of the marriageable man of new Japan. Contrary as it is to what one would expect of the youth of this go-ahead nation, most with whom I have talked on the subject have expressed the same opinion.

Now for the much-discussed ladies themselves.

On this important question of their settlement in life there is no doubt but that these independent,

“high-collar” girls have—just as strongly as the men—their independent and most decided views. No wonder that the male sex of Japan quakes before this new species of womankind that within the last few years has sprung suddenly into existence! How can they possibly explain the unwelcome fact of certain girls of the new school not merely protesting, with tears and supplications, against the husband proposed by the parents and the go-betweens, but at times actually proving their temerity by flatly refusing the marriage contemplated. And yet of late there has occurred, to my own knowledge, more than one case in society of this unusual insubordination.

With these strong characteristics so speedily developing in the heretofore timid and submissive maiden of Japan, one is apt at times to ask oneself that momentous question as to how short will be the period before the country of Japan is considered in a ripe condition for the enfranchisement of her women?

March 2, 1905.—A very agreeable lunch took place at Baron and Baroness Sannomiya's. We met Count and Countess Otani. Count Otani, who speaks excellent English and is quite young and very good-looking, is the High Priest for the whole of the district of Kyoto. His wife, Countess Otani, is the sister of the Crown Princess, and is a charming and extremely intelligent woman. She lectures and speaks at meetings, and she is greatly considered for her very high class of intelligence.

March 3, 1905.—We had tea with Captain Calthrop in his tiny Japanese house. This sweet little abode, with its miniature garden, was so extremely Japanese that it was only possible to produce two chairs in the whole establishment. These chairs our host politely allotted to his European visitors, while he and his Japanese friend squatted contentedly on the ground. Captain Calthrop is a charming fellow, very amusing and clever, and I should say he has a brilliant future before him.

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March 5, 1905.—We dined at the French Legation. Herr von Erckart (the German Secretary), who had lately been to visit them, gave me much information about the Russian prisoners. He told me the prisoners are wonderfully well treated, having all they can possibly want, and every care and attention. Nevertheless, many complain bitterly that when they take their walks abroad, a Japanese soldier is ordered off to accompany them. I could not help remarking, "Of course it would be pleasanter to be a gentleman at large, and not a prisoner."

March 10, 1905.—Captain Sir Alexander Bannerman came to tiffin. He has followed all the war so far, and he kindly presented me with two bullets, which he picked up after the Port Arthur surrender. One was a Russian bullet, and the other a Japanese, and they were of quite different shapes. They are rather ghastly souvenirs, but I have placed them among my curios.

March 15, 1905.—I attended the Red Cross Hospital as usual.

March 23, 1905.—Baron and Baroness Sannomiya gave a large lunch party to inaugurate the silver bowl which several of the Chefs de Missions had presented to the Baron on his recovery from his serious operation some months ago. A. chose the bowl. It was placed in the middle of the table, and it is really a very fine piece of Japanese work.

March 25, 1905.—A banquet of fifty took place at the German Legation, in honour of Prince and Princess Arisugawa, who are leaving in a few days to attend the marriage of the German Crown Prince. Count Komura took me in, and Count Matsukata sat the other side of me.

March 29, 1905.—We dined with Prince and Princess Arisugawa. The Chefs de Missions were Monsieur Harmand (French), Baron Schwertz (Dutch), Count Vinci (Italian), and Representatives of the various countries which the Prince and Princess are intending

to visit. The Prince took me in, and was very charming. Marquis Ito took in the Princess, and A. was the other side of her. After dinner the Prince, who is an Admiral of the Fleet, showed us a room furnished exactly as is his cabin on board his man-of-war. It was extremely spic and span, and comfortable. We had at the dinner lovely silver boxes given us as souvenirs.

April 19, 1905.—A. and I went down to Yokohama and tiffined with Sir Henry Tichborne at the Oriental Hotel. We met a Mr. Bettelheim, who formed one of the Jameson Raid, and who had on that occasion been condemned to death. He was also in French's Scouts during the Boer War, and was left for dead on the field of battle, with a bullet through his lung. It was a very pleasant little tiffin.

April 24, 1905.—The Imperial Cherry Party was advanced a day. Madame Temple Potts and Made-moiselle David, two Belgian tourists, went with us to the party. The Emperor was ill, and could not appear, but the Empress and many of the Princes and Princesses attended.

April 28, 1905.—Prince Carl Anton of Hohenzollern and Prince Kan-in arrived together from the seat of war. A. went to meet them, and he lunched with them later at the German Legation. With the exception of A., only Japanese were at this lunch.

April 30, 1905.—Prince and Princess Kan-in and Prince Hohenzollern lunched with us at the Belgian Legation at 1.30. We were twenty-four to lunch, including the suites of the two Princes and of the Princess. The Ministers of War and of Foreign Affairs, the Grand Master to the Empress and Baroness San-nomiya, Marquise Oyama (wife of the Field Marshal and *le Chef de l'Armée*) and her pretty daughter, Count d'Arco Valley (German Minister), Miss Kagawa (Dame d'Honneur de l'Impératrice), Madame Nabeshima (the Princess's lady-in-waiting), the Theils (of the German Legation), and our own Secretary and his wife, were

among our guests. A military band played during lunch. Fortunately it was fine, and after lunch we could wander about in the garden, which was looking lovely with the cherry blossom and many flowers, and with the azaleas and wistaria bursting into bloom. Consequently the period after lunch was much less stiff and formal than is generally the case at these official functions. Princess Kan-in looked sweet, and wore a lovely *eau-de-nil* Liberty satin dress, on which cherry blossoms were painted by hand—an ideal frock. The table was entirely decorated with masses of pink double cherry blossom and maidenhair fern, and looked quite fairy-like. Prince Hohenzollern led the way with Princess Kan-in, and I followed with Prince Kan-in. The two Princes sat opposite to each other. A. was on the left of the Princess, and Baroness Sannomiya sat on Prince Hohenzollern's left. I had Baron Komura on my left, and could talk across the table to Prince Hohenzollern. They stayed till nearly four, so I suppose they enjoyed themselves.

May 1, 1905.—A. dined, *un dîner intime*, with Prince Hohenzollern at the Shiba Riku Palace. He had an interesting conversation with the Prince, who is very open with him, as to his extremely frank opinions on people and on things in general.

May 2, 1905.—A. dined at General Baron Terauchi's, Minister of War, to meet Prince Hohenzollern and Prince Kan-in. There were many speeches, and the King of the Belgians' health was drunk, and the Brabazon was played. The Prince said, "Ah, je préfère cette musique à toutes les autres." He is devoted to Belgium and to his Belgian wife. He has taken a great fancy to A., and yesterday he asked for our photos. We sent them to-day.

May 5, 1905.—We dined with Prince Hohenzollern at the Shiba Riku Palace. H.H. had an awful cold, and could hardly speak. Prince and Princess Kan-in, Prince Yamashina, and Princess Nashimoto were

there. Prince Hohenzollern took in Princess Kan-in, and had Princess Nashimoto, who was looking quite lovely, the other side of him. We were given charming little silver boxes, with the Hohenzollern arms, as a souvenir of the dinner.

May 7, 1905.—A. went to the Yokohama station to meet Prince Hohenzollern as he passed through. The Prince got out of the train, and talked with him while it remained in the station. He said many polite and kind things about both A. and myself, and he also told A. how delighted and interested he had been with the campaign. He makes no secret of his great admiration for the martial spirit and military tactics of the Japanese.

May 8, 1905.—Dear Baron Sannomiya's second operation took place yesterday in his own house. The day before, the Baron had actually been down to the races at Yokohama, for the purpose of presenting the Emperor's cup. We travelled down with him, and he was in the best of spirits, though he knew he had this ordeal before him. It was a far more serious operation than they expected. The operation, till it took place, was kept a dead secret, no one but the Kagawas, ourselves, and the Baron's own family having been informed.

On my return from Baron Sannomiya's, where I had been to inquire as to his condition, Mr. Gubins, of the British Legation, called to show me the introduction which he had written for Miss Ozaki's new book on the Legends of Japan. He kindly wished me to give my opinion of his introduction. It is admirable, as is the book itself.

May 19, 1905.—Mrs. Bonar, Mrs. Cæsar Hawkins, and our two selves proceeded on our journey from Onamichi to beautiful Miyajima. We breakfasted at seven, and about nine started in a large boat of the Osaka Steamship Co. It was a perfect day, clear and brilliant with a clearness and brilliancy experienced in the Orient alone. We *were* lucky in

the weather. We spent a delightful day on board the steamer, passing in and out through the islands and promontories, and skirting the entrancing scenery of the Inland Sea. The islands, which were green with the pale shades of the early Spring, were of various sizes and such strange shapes. We passed Kure, the great arsenal, and Ujina, the harbour of Hiroshima, whence are dispatched all the transports to the war, and we also skirted many other interesting places. As I glided on and on through the limpid, transparent water, I experienced in these moments of perfect peace, an unreal charm of dreaminess, the faint and indescribable sense of something intangible, unknown, and viewless, and I found myself wondering why we could not be permitted, forgetting all the sadness and the worries of the world—with the melody of the gentle waves lapping against the sides of the boat—to glide thus for years, for centuries, for ever! None but those who have been favoured with a lovely spring day in the seductive scenery of the Inland Sea can really realise the all-reposing peace of a Nature that yet smiles and speaks to one. The charm of those hours is indescribable, but never to be forgotten.

At one place, which is very fortified, Mrs. Hawkins, quite unaware that she was not allowed to do so, took two or three photos of an interesting and historical lantern, standing in the sea. Some one on the boat saw her doing this, and went up to Mr. Iitaka, our interpreter, and complained about it. A. thought it was wisest at once to mention the facts to the police of Ujina; they were most polite, but had to consult the head of the police. That dignitary was equally polite, but explained he must take the kodak and develop the photos. Of course it was at once given up to him, and they have promised to return it. It was fortunate that Mrs. Hawkins was with A. and that matters could be properly explained, as just now, during the war, the Japanese are so frightfully

particular about photographing that it might have been disagreeable for her.

We arrived at the lovely island of Miyajima at about 5.30 p.m. It was low tide, and we saw the magnificent *torii*, the gateway to the temple, standing far out from the shore. Our tea-house is an ideally romantic spot. It consists of separate little *bessos* (wooden bungalows), of which A. and I have one to ourselves, and Mrs. Bonar and Mrs. Hawkins have another. Our balconies over-look the rippling streams and one gazes far beyond into masses of varied and rich vegetation.*

Mr. Laughlin, the Secretary of the American Legation, who is also at Miyajima, came to see us, and he told us that the three hundred and fifty lanterns were going to be lighted to-night, and he asked if we should like to accompany him and Mrs. Bronson in their *sampan* to see this spectacle from the sea. We accepted with pleasure, and after dinner we all embarked, accompanied by the High Priest of Miyajima, the Chief of Police, and various other officials. It was a lovely, dreamy, still night, and we sailed slowly forth, while the hundreds of perpendicular stone lanterns uprising as it were from the water, so close were they to its border, cast streams of brilliant, luminous light around us. The full moon was visible from time to time from behind banks of scudding clouds as we glided on the perfectly calm sea, while the sacred *torii*, like a ghostly shadow towering in supreme solitude in the midst of the ocean, was before us. At first, filmy and indistinct, this massive *torii* stood up against the moonlit sky. But as our boat drew silently nearer and nearer, it sharpened into its natural size, with its cross-beam in a horizontal line with the sky, and its vast supports standing aloft in all their colossal grandeur. We passed beneath it without a sound, except for the

* Now, alas! there is, instead of the romantic tea house, an imposing European Hotel at Miyajimi. (1912.)

distant and weird strains of the temple music. And on and on we glided, till we arrived at the special place of embarkation, where, we were told, but few are allowed to land. From the sea we saw the priestesses and the priests, on a platform outside the temple, performing their ancient sacred dance to the strains of the ghostly music. These spectral figures, attired in flowing robes of the richest white silk, and dancing slowly with strange but graceful gestures in the magic moonlight, were accompanied in their steps by the tinkling of the bells held aloft in their right hands, and by the strains of that unearthly music which, uprising on the still night air, enthralled my imagination. I could not withdraw my eyes from these mute figures floating slowly to the music, first to one side of the stage and then to the other. I seemed to realise that in watching this weird, unusual dance I was observing something very ancient, immeasurably old. I was told indeed that these temple dances date from time immemorial, tradition relating that when the Sun Goddess retired and hid herself in her cave, they were danced before the entrance as a temptation for the angry deity her to issue from her seclusion.

Finally, assisted by our attentive bodyguard, we ascended the steps of the landing-place, and as we climbed, the inhuman music, the temple drums, the *biwas* and the fifes, shrieked louder and louder. The white figures, till now so calm and dignified, flitted round and round, backward and forward, faster and faster, till, with one long wail of the music, one final rapid yet floating movement of the elfish dancers, musicians and performers vanished within the night shadows as if by enchantment, and were seen and heard no more.

And naught but the grey, sea-washed temple, with its interminable red galleries, naught but the High Priest, with his eternal and mysterious smile, remained to prove to me that I was not dreaming, that all I

had witnessed with such bated breath was not some fantastic, unreal fancy of the brain.

We found ourselves being conducted by the priests, attired in their white garments, through the temple, the vast red corridors of which were lit up by the dim light of lanterns of wrought iron and of stone work, many hundred years old. Nothing but the distant music and the beating of the waves against the piles of the temple echoed on the silent summer air. After we had passed through the many corridors hanging over the water, we emerged upon the other side, and, always accompanied by our bodyguard, were conducted through the maple groves and up the hill to our tea-house.

Though it was getting quite late we sat for some time, drank Japanese tea, and exchanged confidences. The dignified old priest told A. how he had read his speeches and how much he admired them, how honoured he was at receiving us, etc., and A. made similar civil replies.

May 20, 1905.—The High Priest came to show us round the island. The sacred *torii* is really a marvellous sight by daylight, standing out in the deep sea. Immense, imposing, and severe is this work of man, almost crushing in its aspect of regal grandeur and of settled power—a power so supreme that for centuries it has stood there, a triumphant symbol of the Shinto faith. In solitude it stands, while the majesty of its structure is untouched, uninjured, by the storms and the winds, or the beating and the wearing of the eternal waters against its vast pillars and supports.

May 22, 1905.—The Chief of Police offered us a *sampan* to row us round the island, and we went, a large party of us. It was an ideal row of a couple of hours through perfect scenery. We passed two forts, and saw soldiers on the shore. We disembarked at a lovely shady spot where we tiffined. Our return journey was rather rough round some of

the points, and suddenly, without warning, the huge mast snapped in two. The supports were rotten, and we were within an ace of being capsized into the sea as it fell over us. Luckily, too, it did not fall *on* us, or the results might have been disastrous. A little later, as it was hard work going against the tide, we got out and walked home, our walk traversing a very wide road, with deep precipices each side buried in luxurious vegetation, including the most beautiful ferns.

Mrs. Hawkins's kodak was returned to her, and she was made happy by being given special permission from Hiroshima to photograph scenes on the sacred island of Miyajima. The island is so very sacred that no living four-footed animal but the gentle tame deer is allowed to wander through its forests, and it is so very holy that neither the birth nor the death of man, or any other creature, is permitted to pollute its simplicity by taking place within its fragrant groves. It is indeed an ideal and romantic spot.

May 23, 1905.—The Chief of Police and the High Priest conducted us about all day, and amongst other places we visited the Temple of a Thousand Mats, on the massive pillars of which a multitude of wooden ladles, on which the donors' names are inscribed, are nailed as votive offerings. This interesting idea was started long ages ago, after the successful war with Korea. We bought ladles, on which our names were written both in English and in Japanese, and the High Priest with considerable difficulty found vacant places, and nailed them on the pillars.

We left Miyajima at about 9.30 at night. We were rowed across the sea in an immense covered-in *sampan*, under which we had to crawl. We felt like rabbits in a burrow, as it was perfectly dark, and the boat was so low that we could hardly sit up in it. It took us about an hour to cross to the other side, and in the transit we were within an ace of being run down by a steamer. We heard the shouts and yells

and the general excitement, but from our burrow we could see absolutely nothing, so until we had got beyond the reach of the steamer it was a somewhat unpleasant moment, and we simply resigned ourselves to our fate.

May 25, 1905.—We left our friends the Bonars at Kobe, and proceeded to Kyoto, where we had an enchanting time till we left, on the 28th, for Yokohama, *en route* for Tokyo.

May 28, 1905.—We heard, by a telegram to A. from Baron Sannomiya, the first rumour of the great naval fight that was going on.

May 29, 1905.—A. went straight through to Tokyo. I heard on my arrival at Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins's, at Yokohama, that the Japanese had achieved a great victory. That night at the theatre there were speeches and great enthusiasm, and many *banzais*.

May 30, 1905.—I returned to Tokyo, and at last I obtained details of the great fight.

The Japanese have captured or sunk the whole Russian fleet—thirty-three ships in all—and they have only lost three torpedo-boats of their own, including 116 killed and 538 wounded! It has been a glorious and a marvellous achievement. Rozhdestvensky, who is seriously wounded, was taken prisoner. His flagship was sunk rather early in the fight, and he, with eighty other officers, were on a torpedo-boat when captured. The battle is to be styled “The Naval Battle of the Sea of Japan.”

Before the battle Admiral Togo dispatched the following telegram to the Admiralty:

“Having received a report that the enemy's warships have been sighted, the combined Fleet will immediately set out to attack and annihilate them.”

To this telegram Admiral Yamamoto, Minister of the Navy, wired in reply:

“We wish the combined Fleet a grand success.”

On May 30 Admiral Togo again wired :

“ The main force of the First and Second Squadrons of the enemy has been almost annihilated. Please be at ease.”

What a wonderful man is Admiral Togo ! Coupled with extraordinary and innate modesty, a Spartan training, such as all those of the *samurai* class are forced to undergo, has strengthened the natural bravery and calm physical courage of this marvellous man, who is rightly called the “ Nelson of Japan.”

June 5, 1905.—There was a banquet at the German Legation in honour of the Crown Prince’s wedding to-morrow. It was a brilliant affair, fifty-two being entertained in one room and twenty-four in another. There were only a few diplomats—the Alliance and ourselves. Prince and Princess Kan-in, Prince and Princess Yamashina, and Prince Kita-shira-gawa honoured the dinner. The latter took me in, and I had Baron Komura, Minister of Foreign Affairs, the other side of me. Baron Komura was most interesting about the prospects of peace. He told me the unrest in Russia is growing, but he thinks the peace party will eventually swamp the war party, which, though small, has, however, everything to lose by Peace being proclaimed. A *soirée* was held later on in the evening, to which all Tokyo was invited, and dancing took place till a late hour.

June 7, 1905.—This is our last day at the Red Cross Hospital during the hot weather, and I think none of us is sorry for the respite.

A wounded officer, by his own special request, was brought into our room to see us working. Poor creature ! one’s heart bled for him. He had no legs further than the knee, and no fingers, only the thumb of the left hand remaining. All these limbs had been frozen off while lying in the bitter cold for

eighteen hours outside Port Arthur, after receiving a bullet wound in the chest. Poor miserable wreck of a man! He was indeed a piteous sight as he was carried in, but so bright and interested withal, and not one murmur or complaint did we hear issue from his lips.

We dined at the Barclays'. I was told that Captain Pakenham had returned. Captain Pakenham is the British Naval Attaché, and he and Captain Jackson were the only Naval Attachés who were allowed to be on a man-of-war to witness the great fight.* Captain Pakenham was on the *Asahi*, on the bridge with the captain, and though he was implored to quit so exposed a position and to take shelter in the conning-tower, he insisted on remaining on the bridge, and was taking notes the whole time. I was given some details of his experiences, though not by himself. The first shell that hit the ship took off the leg of a lieutenant who had been saved from the *Hitachi* or the *Sado Maru* (I forget which). The poor fellow died some hours later, crying *banzai* with his last breath. It appears that the men were literally blown to pieces; no whole limbs even were seen—simply pieces of flesh. Pakenham himself was hit on the ankle by a human jaw-bone without teeth, and Captain Jackson was spattered by pieces of human flesh! The Japanese fought like devils, and every shot they fired told, whereas the Russians' firing was most wild. M. Pannefieu, the French First Secretary, told me that out of about a thousand Russian officers, only two hundred and thirty escaped. Those two hundred and thirty are all prisoners-of-war in different places in Japan, none being retained in Tokyo itself.

June 8, 1905.—Captain Pakenham came in to tea with me. I tried to get some details from him about

* Captain Thomas Jackson is now Director of the Intelligence Division of the War Staff of the Admiralty (1912).

the battle, but he was extremely reserved, pretending, with his quiet smile, that he had been at Kobe all the time. I said it was strange that we had not met, as we ourselves had just come thence. For the present he is bound, I suppose, not to say anything of his experiences. He told me one thing, however—that the ships that fire at each other are thought to be uncommonly near if they are within three land, or two and a half sea, miles of each other, and that very often they could hardly see each other, “so he had heard.” He has applied for leave, and may be off by the Vancouver mail to-morrow. Naturally he has much to say to the British Government, though, with an innocent and quiet twinkle in his eye, he puts down his hurried departure to the desire of seeing his many friends, and being included in some of the autumn shooting-parties.*

* Captain Pakenham, R.N., is now the Fourth Sea Lord (1912).

CHAPTER XVIII

1905-1906

Peace proposals—Japan's probable moderate demand—A Red Cross reception—Pleasant hearing—Death of Baron Sannomiya—The Baron's funeral—The cortège—The service at the temple—Return of Prince and Princess Arisugawa to Japan—Peace terms agreed to—A Russian gramophone—Uncalled-for indignation—An unbiassed view—Count Okuma's and my husband's opinions of the peace—Press dissatisfaction—Riots—Fighting in the streets—Churches burnt—Martial law—Police boxes destroyed—Tokyo but little changed—A dinner at the British Legation—The British Fleet in Tokyo—The alliance—Miss Riddell and her hospital—The marriage of Miss Ozaki—Admiral Togo's return to the capital—The Naval Review—The illuminations—The garden party given by the Minister of the Navy—War trophies—A party at the Arsenal Gardens—A diplomatic meeting—Congratulations on the peace—Dinner at Prince Arisugawa's—The Emperor's speech on the occasion of his birthday—A.'s reply to His Majesty's speech—Dinner given by the Minister of Foreign Affairs—New Year's reception—The first Ambassador in Japan—A good sale—Prince Arthur of Connaught's arrival in Japan to present the Garter to His Majesty—A ball at the British Embassy—We meet some old friends—A dinner at the British Embassy—An alarming earthquake—A wicked hoax—A performance given to the Prince by Tokyo business men—Some wonderful dancing—Will Adams—Her Majesty's gift—Entertainments for Prince Arthur—Farewell dinner given to me by Prince and Princess Arisugawa—Another farewell dinner at the Foreign Office—Her Majesty's photograph—Departure from Tokyo—A.'s farewell reception by the Emperor—An Imperial gift.

June 11, 1905.—The Peace proposals were out yesterday. President Roosevelt wired a long telegram to Mr. Griscom, the American Minister. This telegram is to be laid before the Japanese Government, and it proposes that the two belligerents should come to terms. Japan returned a telegram saying that they would be only too delighted. It remains to be seen what Russia says to all this, but all these preliminaries have, I suppose, been arranged beforehand. I am pleased to think that A. sent that

telegram three days ago, saying that he had heard *de bonne source* that Russia was inclined to contemplate terms. He is always so prompt and well-informed.

June 12, 1905.—There is no doubt but that Russia will enter into the negotiations for Peace. A. is of the opinion that Japan will be very moderate in her demands, and that they will not ask for Vladivostock, except to be made a free port. Saghalien they will claim, he thinks. It belonged to the Japanese until 1878, and is far more useful to them than to the Russians, though before the outbreak of the war there were roughly 10,000 Russians in S. Saghalien, the chief resource of which place seems to be fishery. Baron Komura, and Mr. Takahira, as Advisor, will be the probable Japanese delegates who will be sent. Mr. Denison will accompany Baron Komura, and Washington is spoken of as the seat of the conference. I wonder whom they will choose on the Russian side.

June 14, 1905.—There was a reception at Prince Kan-in's Palace for all the ladies of the Red Cross. It was a pouring wet day, so we could not go into the beautiful garden, and the refreshments were served in the house. All the Princesses were present, and there was an immense crowd of my sex, Prince Kan-in, our host, being the only man. As usual, His Highness was ubiquitous, helping and attending to the wants of the many ladies.

July 17, 1905.—The heat in Tokyo is most intense, and we shall indeed be glad to get off to-morrow to Kamakura.

A. and I dined last night with Mr. Laughlin, the Secretary of the American Legation. It was a *partie carrée*—Sir Claude Macdonald making the fourth. He was extremely interesting, and gave us many details on the siege of Peking. He said one thing, talking of the rescue, which pleased me more than I can say, namely, "I have always considered we

owed our lives to Baroness d'Anethan's poem 'Make Haste!' " A. looked so pleased, and I flushed up and replied, "Oh, Sir Claude, it does make me happy to hear you say that, but indeed I cannot dare to think it for one moment." He answered, "Yes, for the Japanese sent their troops immediately after its publication. They had many women and children there, and your poem made a very great impression on them." I was all the more astonished at his words, as neither Sir Claude nor Lady Macdonald had ever mentioned the subject of these verses to me before, and I have often wondered what effect they made on them at the time. The leading article on my poem "Rescue," in the official organ, the *Japan Times*, certainly hinted at the time that the poem "Make Haste" had had the effect of stirring up the Japanese Government, while they were still hesitating and wavering about taking the initiative. But though I hastily penned and despatched the lines with that fervent and secret hope, I have never for a moment flattered myself that my verses, however much they were written from the depths of my heart, had biassed the determination of the Japanese. Consequently, these most kind words of the English British caused A. and me all the deeper pleasure and heartfelt satisfaction.

August 15, 1905. Kamakura.—A wire from Baroness Sannomiya arrived in the middle of the night to say that the poor Baron had passed away yesterday at 7.15 p.m. I went up to Tokyo immediately on receipt of this bad news, to see the Baroness. All that remained of the dear Baron had been brought downstairs, and was lying in state in the dining-room. He looked very peaceful, and was but little changed, except for the emaciation. His hands were clasped, holding a rosary, and his sword was lying on his bed to keep away the evil spirits. The white *yukata** was crossed the wrong way, and the screens sur-

* A kind of *kimono*.



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF H. E. BARON SANNOMIYA.



rounding the bed were turned upside-down. A little altar of white wood, on which food was placed, was behind the bed, and money was lying by his side, all for his long, long journey. His Grand Crosses and other decorations, of which there were over twenty, were laid out on a cushion at the foot of his bed. It was a very touching spectacle, and I was much upset at this, my eternal farewell to my old friend. I stayed with the poor Baroness for over an hour. Baron Sannomiya's body will be taken to the family burial-place, near Kyoto.

August 18, 1905.—A. and I went up from Kamakura for Baron Sannomiya's funeral. My "In Memoriam" verses were in the *Japan Mail* to-day.

The cortège of the state funeral was an immense one, quite a quarter of a mile long. It was most picturesque, solemn, and interesting. Our carriage was third. First came the High Priest's carriage, then the widow's, then ours; after which followed a long string of other carriages. It took us over an hour and a half, going at foot's pace, to get from Shinagawa to the temple at Tsukiji, and the heat was intense. The coffin was carried by relays of bearers, and the whole length of the road was lined by vast crowds of people. It was wonderful to put one's head out of the window, and to look back at the long procession—the numberless priests, in their strange dresses and headgear, the bearers, all dressed in pure white, the huge white lanterns attached to long poles, the many mourners on foot, the battalion of soldiers, the porters carrying the pyramids of flowers and an enormous quantity of wreaths, the massive white coffin itself, followed by bearers carrying the decorations on red cushions, all slowly and sadly wending their way in one immense line through the shade of the solemn cryptomeria pines of Shiba Park. One thought of the many thousands of times that the dear Baron had driven through that very park on his way to his daily duty at the Palace, and a

lump rose in one's throat at the knowledge of this, his last, solemn journey along the familiar road.

We reached the temple about 5.15. There everything was extremely well arranged. All the male members of the Imperial Household had walked in the cortège in that great heat, but were nevertheless there in time to show us to our places. The Japanese were placed on one side of the temple, and the Corps Diplomatique on the other. It was a very solemn service, the coffin standing on great trestles at the back of the altar. The many priests and Priest Count Otani, who was the chief officiating priest, were clad in stiff brocaded vestments, and there was one old, old priest who stood just near to us. He was adorned in cloth-of-gold, and at long intervals he struck from a deep and musical gong one solemn and reverberating note. At the end of the service all the relatives went up to sprinkle incense into a little *koro* (incense burner) before the altar. It was very touching to see the Baroness proceed slowly in her widow's garb, and with great dignity perform this last service to her husband, first of all bowing to the High Priest, then to the coffin. The adopted son, a small boy of eight, now Baron Sannomiya, also walked up the long temple alone to perform this duty, then all of us, the late Baron's friends, advanced for the same purpose; after which the service was over, and we dispersed.

A. went to the station at 10 p.m. to say goodbye to Baroness Sannomiya and to Miss Hayes, a special train conveying the body to Kyoto. The coffin was in the carriage next to that of Baroness Sannomiya, covered with a wealth of flowers. All the members of the Imperial Household were at the station.

August 26, 1905.—We left Kamakura by the eight a.m. train to go to Yokohama to meet Prince and Princess Arisugawa, who were to arrive from Europe by the German mail. It was pouring with rain, and we remained in the waiting-room on the *hatoba* with

the young Prince and Princess, who had come to meet their parents. Fortunately the rain stopped for our long walk along the wharf. It was quite impressive to watch the huge boat, decorated with innumerable flags, slowly creeping up to the pier, with the Prince and Princess and the other passengers leaning over the railings, while bands were playing and rockets flying. We got on board, and were received in audience. The Prince and Princess were looking radiant, and they took us down to the saloon and gave us champagne; then they went off to catch their special train to Tokyo, and we followed in our carriage and saw them off. They called us up to their railway-carriage and thanked us much for having come to the boat. The Princess was dressed in white serge, and looked very smart and nice, and the Prince was in a naval uniform.

Peace is still hanging in the balance.

August 30, 1905.—A. returned to Tokyo from Kamakura. The Japanese have virtually agreed to Peace, and there is great excitement and indignation, as they relinquish the indemnity and half Saghalien, after having asked for the former and conquered the latter. The Press is very indignant. Many of the printing-offices have hung out flags decorated with crêpe. Some people say it is a great diplomatic triumph for Russia, but on the contrary, it is in reality a defeat for Russia, and, as time will prove, a diplomatic victory of the very first order for Japan.

September 1, 1905.—A. is still in Tokyo. I went with Miss Tsuda to Commander Uchida's house, to hear the gramophone which was taken off the *Oriol*, the Russian battleship that was captured by the *Asahi*. Commander Uchida was an officer on board the *Asahi*, and was in command of one of the big guns. He and his wife are charming people, young and good-looking. He is now with his ship at Yokosuka, but he was staying at Kamakura on a few days' leave. It was an excellent gramophone, and it played many Russian airs—

unusual sounds to issue from a charming little Japanese house on the sea and from an entirely Japanese *milieu* !

A Japanese friend who came to see me was most indignant about the Peace, and all that Japan is supposed to be giving up. She said that an officer of the Navy remarked to her, " I wonder what poor Hirose would have said to this disgraceful Peace," and that the wife of a distinguished military officer wrote that she was " stunned " by the news, so I suppose the feeling both in the Army and in the Navy runs pretty strong. They affirm that they have sacrificed their lives and their money for nothing. This is, of course, nonsense, as they gain what they fought for—Korea—and the Russians will have to evacuate Manchuria. There is not a flag put out in Tokyo, nor a sign of rejoicing.

A. returned from Tokyo, and as usual takes a moderate view. He says that all this excitement is very absurd, and that there are two sides to the question—namely, Had Japan enough money to go on indefinitely with the war ? and if they had done so, would they have gained more in the end, even an indemnity ? A. says that, on the contrary, the Japanese, as usual, know perfectly well what they are about in now agreeing to Peace and to the Peace terms, and that they have chosen the right moment.

September 2, 1905.—The Press is still very furious about the Peace proposals. A speech of Count Okuma's is published. He says, what is, in his opinion, considerably worse than no indemnity, is that there can be no possible assurance that before some years are passed there will not be another war with Russia ! Count Okuma designates it " a disastrous Peace." A. is not at all of that opinion. He says there is far more likely to be an alliance, than another war with Russia within the next few years. We shall see who is right.*

* The Russo-Japanese Agreement for guaranteeing Peace in the Far East, signed at St. Petersburg on July 17, 1906, by I. Motono and M. Iswolsky, answers this question. (1912.)



MARTIAL LAW IN TOKYO, SEPTEMBER 1905.
Photos by Baroness d'Anethan.



DISSATISFACTION OVER PEACE TERMS 453

September 3, 1905.—Dissatisfaction is increasing in all classes in connection with the Peace proposals. The Japanese Press has quite lost its head, publishing caricatures of Marquis Katsura, Baron Komura, etc., surrounded by skulls, skeletons, and other ghastly and obscene objects.

September 5, 1905.—The newspapers are more excited than ever. A. returned from Tokyo, and told me all about the mass meeting in Hibiya Park. The crowd broke down the barriers which had been put up to keep them out, and swarmed inside the park. They threw stones at Baron Yoshikawa's house. He is the Home Minister. They tried to force their way in with drawn swords to kill him, and thereby wounded his servant, after which they attempted to set fire to his building. They also attacked the *Kokumin* office, which is the newspaper of the Government, attempting to break the printing press. A. was among the crowd, which was very uproarious, and was throwing stones. Later on we telephoned to Tokyo, and heard that troops were posted all round the Foreign Office and in our neighbourhood. Matters are really becoming serious. The Peace terms are, so far, not even published, nor are the terms of the armistice settled upon. The populace was, yesterday, even excited here in quiet Kamakura.

It is perfect weather here, with a lovely breeze. A. says it is 96° in Tokyo.

September 6, 1905.—A telephone message came through from the Legation that there was fighting in the streets in Tokyo, and that the troops had been called out and were guarding all the Legations and public buildings. A. returned to Tokyo immediately after lunch. Feeling a little anxious about him, I begged him to allow me to accompany him, but he would not hear of it. A telephone message came from him in the evening to say that the mob were destroying and burning all the police-stations and the police-boxes. There were further attacks on Baron

Yoshikawa's dwelling, and the mob were burning the tram-cars. He says that the whole of our street is patrolled by troops, and that next door to our Legation, at Mr. Chinda's, the Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs, the garden is like one huge camp.

September 7, 1905.—I went down into the village to telephone myself to A. I had to wait an hour before getting into communication. Matters appear to be somewhat quieter in Tokyo, but disturbances are still taking place, and, though by no means anti-foreign, in the excitement some churches have been burnt, notably a Roman Catholic chapel and a school at Hongo. Opposite Baron Yoshikawa's house five more tram-cars have been burnt.

A. telephoned to me again in the evening. Matters are quieting down somewhat. He had dined at the German Legation, but was back in the house by 9.15.

September 8, 1905.—I went to the telephone. The night had passed off without disturbance, owing, I presume, to martial law having been proclaimed yesterday. A. was to have returned to Kamakura to-day, but I received a wire to say that he was detained by an appointment with Marquis Katsura.

The newspapers are very interesting, but many of the Japanese papers have been suppressed.

September 9, 1905. All the newspapers are very indignant against the police, and at the fact of martial law having been proclaimed. Every single police-box in Tokyo has been destroyed.

September 19, 1905.—During the following days quiet was quite restored in Tokyo. A. and I returned on this date to Tokyo, and I saw but little change in the city, except for the soldiers camping out in Hibiya Park, round the Foreign Office, and elsewhere, and for the spectacle of the burnt police-boxes in all parts of the town.

September 23, 1905.—A dinner took place at the British Legation to meet Sir Michael and Lady

Hicks-Beach and their two tall daughters. Lord and Lady Robert Cecil were also there. He is the late Lord Salisbury's second son. I sat between Marquis Ito and Viscount Tanaka. A. took in to dinner a Miss Dickinson, a friend of Lady Robert Cecil's. She stands 6 feet $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches in her shoes, and when a little Japanese tailor measured her for a gown, she quaintly suggested the use of a ladder. She seems a very nice girl. I had a long and pleasant chat with Lord Robert. He is a tall man with a round back and a student's face—a particularly interesting face. I enjoyed my evening much. It was pleasant seeing people again after our long sojourn in the country.

October 12, 1905.—The British Fleet came up to Tokyo in detachments. There were immense rejoicings, gorgeous decorations, and the Rising Sun and Union Jack flying everywhere together. The streets were most festive with bunting, and crowds were patrolling the streets. A. and I walked to Hibiya Park, and I took some photos of the bluejackets marching and enjoying themselves. Various tents and booths were placed in Hibiya Park, and beer was ladled out gratis from ten in the morning. Consequently the condition of "Jack" by four o'clock in the afternoon was more amusing than dignified, and it was not an unusual sight to see him driving in a 'rickshaw, and with a foolish and blissful expression on his face, holding a giggling *geisha* girl perched at a very dangerous angle on his knee.]

Miss Noel, cousin to the Admiral, tiffined with us, and we drove her and Miss Dening through the town. The crowds were amusing and extremely jovial and friendly.

October 13, 1905.—The festivities were a repetition of yesterday. The beer in Hibiya Park was served gratis by *geisha* girls, the consequence of this unwise proceeding being that the sights later on in the day were hardly seemly.

It was, however, amusing to see "Jack" and the Japanese sailor, neither of them knowing a word of each other's language, going about mutually pleased with each other, with their arms round each other's shoulders. All the shops had placards hanging out, "Reduced charges to our gallant Allies."

Miss Riddell came to tea. She told me many interesting things about the lepers and the hospital she instituted eight years ago at Kumamoto. She is a self-sacrificing woman, and devotes her life and her means to this sad object. She says, under certain conditions leprosy can be cured, but it is a long treatment, taken internally. It is more common among men than women. There are twenty thousand cases in Japan, and so far the Japanese have not done much for these unfortunates. Miss Riddell, likewise the Catholic Fathers, have frequently to refuse cases for want of space.

October 14, 1905.—To-day was Miss Ozaki's wedding-day. She was married to Mr. Ozaki, the Mayor of Tokyo. He has the same name, but is no relation. Miss O'Yei Ozaki herself is half Japanese and half English, her father, Baron Ozaki, being a member of the House of Peers. It was a glorious October day, and Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins and Mr. and Mrs. James tiffined with us before the happy event. We arrived at Shiba church in good time. Admiral Noel had provided an escort of honour of forty sailors and marines, who were drawn up on each side of the church path. They looked extremely smart, and when the bride and bridegroom issued from the church they were greeted with a ringing British cheer. The bride, who is a talented authoress, looked very charming, and it was an extremely pretty wedding. After the ceremony the bride's father, Baron Ozaki, held a reception at the Nobles' Club. A. proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom in a neat speech.

October 16, 1905.—A very successful ball took place



DECORATIONS IN YOKOHAMA ON THE OCCASION OF THE NAVAL REVIEW, OCTOBER 1905.
Photos by Baroness d'Anethan.



at the British Legation in honour of the British Fleet. We had several people staying here for it.

October 22, 1905.—Admiral Togo returned to Tokyo. Before reaching the capital, the great Admiral first made his way to the holiest place in the whole country, the sacred shrine of Ise, and there offered his pious thanks for the magnificent victory achieved. Tremendous crowds and wonderful decorations greeted the hero's return. An immense triumphal arch was built of plaster of Paris outside the station. We drove down to the station, and I took several photographs. I never in my life saw such masses of people, all perfectly orderly, in spite of the immense enthusiasm and the roaring cheers. Admiral Togo looked modestly pleased at his reception as he drove from the station through the streets to the Palace.

I went down by the express to Yokohama for the Naval Review to-morrow. I stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins. Everywhere there were immense crowds, and at the station it was difficult to get through. Yokohama was beautifully decorated with bunting and coloured lanterns. Certainly the Japanese excel in the art of decoration, all is so dainty and full of colour.

October 23, 1905.—The Grand Naval Review in honour of the Peace took place. Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins and I were invited by Captain Grant to witness it from H.M.S. *Sutledj*, and though we had to get up at an unearthly hour, we spent a delightful day on board. From some of the lower port-holes of the *Sutledj* I succeeded in getting some photos of the Emperor's ship the *Asama*. There were two hundred Japanese men-of-war, also many British men-of-war, and in the distance were seen several of the captured Russian ships. We had a magnificent view of the *Asama* passing the Review. I had also been invited to go on board the *Princess Alice* (Norddeutscher Lloyd), but I am so glad I did not go, as there was such an immense

460 GARDEN PARTY AT THE NAVAL CLUB

crowd on the boat, and I did so enjoy being on an English man-of-war. The *Sutledj* is a first-class armoured cruiser, and Captain Grant and Mr. Elliot and all the middies made themselves charming to us. The Fleet saluted three times, each time firing twenty-one guns. It was very grand and stirring. We were not off the ship until five o'clock.

In the evening we went to see the illuminations. All the ships were lit up and outlined with electricity, and the flags of each ship were ablaze in different coloured lamps. It was a fine sight.

October 24, 1905.—I came up from Yokohama by the twelve o'clock train to attend Admiral Yamamoto's garden party at the Naval Club, in honour of Admiral Togo and all the other Admirals. I travelled up with scores of English naval men, amongst whom was Mr. Elliot, who kindly took me under his protection in that frightful crowd. A. met me at the station, where I took a sandwich in the refreshment-room, as there was no time to go home. Admiral Togo was introduced to me at the garden party, and I had a talk with the great man. He is a little spare man, very modest and retiring. It is difficult to believe that he had done deeds that rival, if not excel, the achievements of Nelson.

At the banquet later I was next to him, and the other side of me was Admiral Noel. The table was wonderfully decorated. There were two thousand guests present. The decorations on the tables consisted of models of huge anchors, gigantic cannon-balls, beautiful men-of-war, and deadly shells. Many people took these objects away as souvenirs of this historical banquet, but I never have the courage for that sort of thing. I was not a loser, however, for many of these interesting and ingenious articles were presented to me later. Admiral Noel's speech, in which he proposed Admiral Togo's health, was greeted with many and prolonged *banzais*.

THE EMPEROR'S BIRTHDAY SPEECH 461

October 25, 1905.—A garden party given by the Minister of War, General Terauchi, took place at the Arsenal Gardens, for Admiral Togo. It was cloudy, and I was tired, so we did not go. I was sorry later, as the only Europeans invited were the English, Americans, and ourselves. I sent Admiral Togo a beautifully enlarged copy of the photograph I took of the *Asama* at the Naval Review.

October 30, 1905.—A. had a meeting here of the Foreign Representatives for the purpose of discussing the speech for the Emperor's birthday.

October 31, 1905.—The Emperor received in audience all the Chefs de Missions, who proceeded to the Palace for the purpose of congratulating him on the Proclamation of Peace. There were no speeches, but they were invited to a European lunch. Each Chef de Mission was received in turn by precedence, and offered their congratulations. Prince Fushimi and Prince Higashi Fushimi were present at the banquet, likewise Marquis Katsura and Baron Komura. A. was back from the Palace about two o'clock.

We are all wondering whether Sir Claude MacDonald will be made Ambassador now that the British Legation here is going to be raised to an Embassy.

November 1, 1905.—A pleasant dinner took place at the Palace of Prince Arisugawa. H.I.H. took me in to dinner, and A. took in the Princess. After dinner they showed us the many photos that had been presented to them by the Royalties of the countries which they had visited in their tour. The signed photographs of the King of the Belgians and of Princess Clémentine were especially excellent.

November 3, 1905.—To-day is the Emperor's birthday. At the Imperial lunch given to the Corps Diplomatique and to the high Japanese, H.I.M. made the following speech :

“ It affords Us great pleasure to welcome and to entertain the Foreign Representatives, the Ministers

of State, and other officials and distinguished persons on the occasion of this Our Birthday. We are happy to be able to announce that the Peace of our Empire, which for a time was unfortunately interrupted, has been re-established. We propose the health of the Sovereigns and Rulers of the States, which are so worthily represented here, and it is Our earnest desire that the ties of friendship uniting the Empire with those States may be drawn still closer."

A. replied in French, as *doyen* of the Corps Diplomatique, to His Majesty's speech, the translation being as follows :

"SIRE,—

"The Corps Diplomatique has heard with the greatest happiness the august words of Your Majesty on the re-establishment of Peace.

"The entire world has experienced immense joy and genuine relief at the news of the completion of the war, and has applauded the Peace which, inspired by the lofty sentiments of humanity, adds such a beautiful page to the glowing history of Your Majesty's reign.

"The Monarchs and Rulers whom we have the honour to represent will appreciate deeply the gracious messages Your Majesty addresses to them. They, like Your Majesty, have the keenest desire to witness these friendly relations, already happily existing between Your Majesty's Court and our Governments, brought even closer.

"In desiring long life to Your Majesty, we permit ourselves, Sire, to express those wishes which we shall never cease to entertain for Your Happiness, that of H.M. the Empress, and of the Imperial Family.

"May Japan, the friend to-day of all the Powers, continue to enjoy those advantages which cause a nation to be strong, happy, and prosperous!"

The above was translated into Japanese by Count Toda, Grand Master of the Ceremonies, for the benefit of His Majesty, who appeared to be especially pleased to receive the foreign reply.

Baron Komura gave a dinner in honour of the Imperial birthday at the Foreign Minister's official residence. A. proposed the health of the Emperor of Japan and of Count Katsura, to which Count Katsura replied.*

January 1, 1906.—To-day was the New Year's reception at the Palace. There was a large assemblage of the Corps Diplomatique this year; a great many ladies attended, and there were some lovely trains. The British Ambassador and Lady Macdonald on this occasion naturally preceded A. and myself. A. has been *doyen* seven years, and I *doyenne* for nine years. Lady Macdonald gave the "Drawing-room tea" this year, being now, in virtue of her rank as Ambassadors, *doyenne*. Also our Court mourning for the Comte de Flandres is another reason against my holding this function at the Belgian Legation. It was a very brilliant and a very pleasant party.

January 5, 1906.—Seventy volumes of my novel, *It Happened in Japan*, have been sold in Yokohama before Christmas in four days. I have received the agreement to sign from my English publishers.

February 19, 1906.—The arrival in Japan of Prince Arthur of Connaught took place to-day. H.R.H. has been sent on a special mission to present the Emperor with the Order of the Garter. I drove to the station to see him arrive. It was a brilliant scene. The Emperor went to the station to meet H.R.H. This gracious act of H.I.M.'s is quite a new departure, and is a heretofore-unknown honour bestowed on any foreign Prince. The Crown Prince of Japan and Prince Arisugawa were in Prince

* Marquis Komura, this able and enlightened Statesman, died, after a prolonged illness, in the autumn of 1911. (1912.)

Arthur's carriage. H.R.H., who is a very fine-looking young man, stands, I am told, 6 feet 2 inches in his stockings. I did not attempt to take a photograph, as the Crown Prince was in the carriage, and it is against the Japanese ideas of etiquette to photograph the Emperor, the Empress, or the Crown Prince and his family. Prince Arthur is entertained at the Kasumigaseki Palace, which is just opposite our Legation, and was formerly the palace of Prince Arisugawa. It has been beautifully renovated and refurnished for the occasion, and I hear that the elaborately embroidered linen sheets have been obtained from England.

February 21, 1906.—All the Chefs de Missions were received in audience by Prince Arthur. In the evening a grand ball of five hundred was held in honour of H.R.H. at the British Embassy. All the available Princes and Princesses were there. I was introduced to the Prince, and found him very pleasant. He told me in perfect French without accent that he had made A.'s acquaintance in the morning, and when I told him I was English, he said, "Oh, I'm so glad; let us talk English, then," which we straight-away continued to do. I danced in the *quadrille d'honneur* with Count Toda, who, since Baron Sannomiya's death, is Grand Master of the Ceremonies. Sir Edward Seymour, Admiral of the Fleet, who forms one of the Prince's suite, is an old acquaintance of ours, and Captain Wyndham, who is also attached to the Prince, is a son of our old friends and former colleagues, Sir Hugh and Lady Wyndham. Lord Redesdale, General Kelly-Kenny, Colonel Davidson, and Mr. Lampson also form members of the Prince's suite.

February 23, 1906.—We dined at the British Embassy to meet Prince Arthur. Prince and Princess Arisugawa, Prince Kan-in, and Prince Fushimi and Princess Higashi Fushimi were there. There were forty guests, but Count d'Arco Valley, the German

Minister, and ourselves were the only diplomats. A performance of jiu-jitsu took place afterwards in the big room built out for the occasion. A select few were invited after dinner. While dressing for the dinner, an alarming earthquake took place.

February 24, 1906.—I was received in farewell audience, before my departure for home, by Princess Higashi Fushimi. She gave me as a parting gift a lovely silver bowl. I was very touched at her gift, and at the kind words that accompanied it.

At 9.15 that same morning a most terrible earthquake took place. It lasted several minutes, and the house rocked furiously, many of the pictures falling from the walls. These successive earthquakes made one feel somewhat nervous in connection with the concert which was to take place to-day, in that perfect death-trap, the Uyeno Musical Academy. There are only two small exits to the hall, and both are reached by narrow staircases. The concert was honoured by Prince Arthur, and by all the Japanese Princes and Princesses. When we were about half-way through the first part, Mr. Nagasaki came up to Prince Arisugawa, and I, who was sitting immediately behind him, heard him say something about "*jishin*," the Japanese for earthquake. The next minute Prince Arthur turned round to me and said, "They foretell a terrible earthquake any time after three o'clock. It has been telephoned from the Meteorological Office." It was then a quarter to four. I replied, "But, sir, it is, I am informed, impossible to foretell these earthquakes." However, for the next twenty minutes, during the completion of the first part of the performance, one's feelings can be better imagined than described. At the end of the first part of the concert the Royalties all rose, and we—the Committee—followed them, and walked quietly out of the hall. The rest of the audience imagined we were proceeding to the tea-room, and as they knew nothing of this alarming prediction

there was no scrimmage. Meanwhile Sir Claude Macdonald and A. went among the audience, and quietly mentioned to certain people that the concert would not be proceeded with. When it was understood, the hall was quickly cleared, and as a rumour of the truth got about, one saw many pallid and fear-stricken faces. The general company were, however, in ignorance of the cause of the abrupt close of the concert. The message had been telephoned to certain members of the Imperial Household straight from the Meteorological Office. It was afterwards found out to be simply a terrible hoax. The news had actually been telephoned all over Tokyo, and hospitals, schools, and many private houses were deserted that night, every one camping out. When we got home we were informed that our Legation had, through the telephone, likewise received this mysterious information. The perpetrators of this shameful hoax, who might so easily have been the cause of a disastrous panic, and whose false information was conveyed originally through the public telephones, were never discovered.

We dined that night with Mr. and Mrs. Huntingdon Wilson, and the talk during all the dinner time was "earthquakes." Yokohama suffered far more than Tokyo from the earthquake of the morning; many houses were injured and chimneys thrown down.

The business men of Tokyo gave a magnificent performance to the Prince at the Japanese theatre in Tsukiji. All the Corps Diplomatique were there. We went on from the Wilsons' dinner, and sat in the Royal box which had been arranged for the Princes. Several times I found myself thinking, "Suppose that an earthquake takes place, we are done for," the exits in this theatre being even more complicated than at the Musical Academy. However, one's fears were quite forgotten in watching the proceedings on the stage, and in gazing at the marvellous spectacle of rich and gorgeous dresses that literally

dazzled the eyes. There was a sumptuous supper in the middle of the performance, and all the arrangements were perfect. I had never seen such a mass of gorgeous *kimonos* on the stage, or such wonderful dancing. A play was acted, expressly composed for the occasion, in which Will Adams, the first Englishman who ever came to Japan, as far back as 1600, was the hero. Will Adams, a pilot of a ship, was wrecked on these shores. In spite of the English wife he had left at home, he settled down in Japan, and married a Japanese. In course of time he became the friend and adviser of the great Shogun, Iyeyasu, and, amongst other assistance, he it was who gave the Japanese their first lessons in the art of building men-of-war. His tomb and that of his Japanese wife, which had fallen into neglect, have now been beautifully restored by the Japanese, thanks to the efforts of the late Mr. James Walter, and later on to Sir Claude Macdonald. Will Adams is buried in a romantic spot, near Yokosuka, and a fine stone detailing his deeds is elevated to his memory.

Mr. Brady rendered great assistance in the play. The Japanese Will Adams was an excellent reproduction of a seventeenth-century Englishman, and he acted extremely well.

February 25, 1906.—Miss Katajima, one of the ladies-in-waiting of the Empress, came by appointment at 11 o'clock. She brought me a magnificent present from the Empress of a massive pair of silver vases. The vases are beautifully worked with flowers and birds in different metals. Each of the four panels has a different design, and the whole is crowned by the Imperial Chrysanthemum in gold. I was greatly touched and delighted at this kind and unexpected attention. Miss Katajima told me this is the first time that a Minister's wife has been thus honoured. Miss Katajima also delivered from Her Majesty many kind messages and her dear love.

Countess Toda called to bid me goodby, and

presented me most sweetly, with a lovely silvery brocade as a parting gift.

February 26, 1906.—I was received in farewell audience by Princess Fushimi.

There was a grand entertainment given by the Mayor of Tokyo—Mr. Ozaki—for Prince Arthur at the Hibiya Park, the principal feature of which was a procession of *daimios* in their ancient costumes and with all their paraphernalia. It was very picturesque and interesting. A. took part at the lunch given in the Prince's honour, and I attended the proceedings that followed.

In the evening a dinner party, at which A. and I were present, took place at the German Legation in honour both of Prince Arthur and of the silver wedding of the German Emperor and Empress.

February 28, 1906.—We dined with Prince and Princess Arisugawa. It was quite a small party, a farewell for Count d'Arco Valley, the German Minister, and for myself. Count d'Arco sails by the same boat as I do. He is appointed Minister to Athens.*

March 1, 1906.—A farewell dinner was given for me at the Foreign Office. We were thirty-six, and Mr. Kato (the Minister of Foreign Affairs) took me in to dinner. It was a most pleasant dinner, and my health, accompanied by a charming little speech, was drunk by my host, who has always been one of our kindest and best friends.

To-day the Empress sent me her full-sized photograph, signed by her own hand. This is an unusual honour. I am told that Her Majesty very seldom signs a photograph. A charming letter from Miss Kitajima accompanied the photograph, with all sorts of kind messages from Her Majesty, expressing hopes of my return, and her kind love.

March 2, 1906.—I left Tokyo station at 4.30 for Yokohama. It was the day of the Imperial Garden

* Count d'Arco Valley died about four years ago at his post—Brazil. (1912.)

Signed portraits of the Crown Prince
and the Crown Princess.

Signed portraits of the Emperor
and the Empress.



THE SILVER BOWL AND VASES PRESENTED BY T.I.M. THE EMPEROR
AND EMPRESS OF JAPAN TO BARON AND BARONESS d'ANETHAN.

Photo by M. Itaka.



IMPERIAL GIFTS.

Photo by Colonel von Dani.



Party, and most of the guests came on to the station from the party, to give me a "send-off." There were certainly, high and low, over 150 people present. Every one was extremely kind, and I have been more than touched by all the attention shown me, and by the lovely presents and beautiful flowers showered upon me. The Japanese especially have been most charming, and have overwhelmed me with kindness of every sort. I feel pleased and gratified, though of course I know that the greater part of this attention is chiefly for A.'s sake. I sank back on to the seat quite exhausted and moved after my "send-off" with the emotion, the farewells, the shaking of hands, and, above all, the kissing.

I stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins in Yokohama, and on March 3, 1906, I left in the German mail for home. The bands played and people cheered and waved their handkerchiefs as the ship slowly bore me farther and farther away. Feeling very forlorn, I watched my husband and many others with him standing on the pier in a terrific snowstorm that chilly March morning, until they grew smaller and smaller and fainter and fainter, and finally vanished out of sight.

June, 1906.—In the month of June A. was received in farewell audience by His Majesty the Emperor, who also gave a lunch in his honour. Following the lunch he was received again, and on this occasion, accompanied by many kind and gracious expressions of goodwill, he was presented by His Majesty with a magnificent silver bowl, extremely massive and beautifully designed, and ornamented by the Imperial Chrysanthemum in gold.

A. left Japan shortly afterwards to join me in Europe.

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CHARLES

E. PEARCE. Author of "Love Besieged," "Red Revenge," etc.

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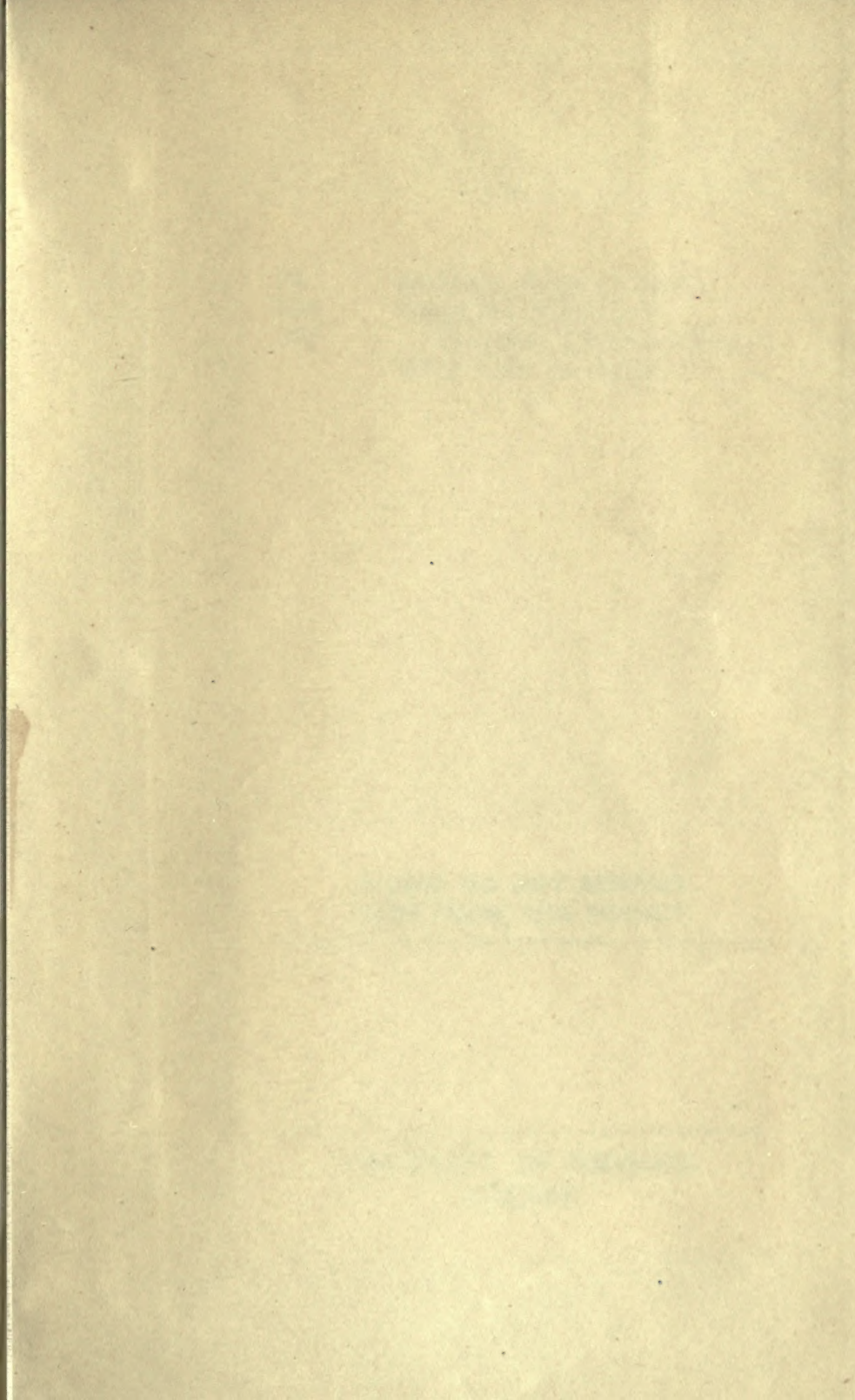
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